Official Name = **Storybro's Magically Lewd Sleepover Adventure**

The author used to happily chat with everyone; But everything changed when the fire nation attacked. You can try shooting them an email at StorybroAdventures@outlook.com and the author will get back to you.

Links!

For those of you seeking the first story (and looking to start the adventure) Go here.
-Wordpress Site -Has various wiki pages and oodles of history about the stories. Also has links to anything you'll possibly need to get started, including snippets not available on the documents.

Sleepover (You are Here)
-First Story (WordPress) -The Hub Page for the first story
-First Story (Document, Raw) -Original Doc, Allows Full commenting/Suggested edits
-First Story (Document, Mobile) Can Read Comments via lettered citations, click to load comment, click same letters to return., loads 1000x faster.

Road-Trip
-Second Story (Wordpress) -The Hub Page for the second story
-Second Story (Document, Raw) -Original Doc, Allows commenting/Suggested edits
-Second Story (Document, Mobile) *New* - HTML, Can Read Comments via lettered citations, click to load comment, click same letters to return., loads 1000x faster.

-Chapters 63+
-Second Story, Second Document (Raw)
-Second Story, Second Document (Mobile)

Other Things
Fanart
Donations (Additional Stories about the girls can be found here)
Contact The Author
Skype Group

(This is a table of Contents, Click the Chapter Title and then click that text that shows up below it to navigate) *You should probably read the notes below if its your first time reading though*

Notes: Read these first.

Update #1 : March 30th, 2014
Update #2 : April 1st
Update #3 : April 3rd
Update #4 : April 4th
Update #5 : April 6th
Update #6 : April 8th
Update #7 : April 9th
Update #8 : April 10th
Update #9 : April 11-12th
Update #10 : April 13th
Update #11 : April 14th
Update #12 : April 15th
Update #13 : April 16th
Update #14 : April 17th
Update #15 : April 18th
Update #16 : April 19th
Update #17 : April 21st
Update #18 : April 23rd
Update #19 : April 25th
Update #20 : April 26th
Update #21 : April 28th
Update #22 : April 30th
Update #23 : May 1st
Update #24 : May 3rd
Update #25 : May 4th
Update #26 : May 5th
Update #27 : May 6th
End of Rine
Story #2

Notes: Read these first.

There's **four things** you should know before you start reading,
You don't really need to know them, but they change the way you'll experience the story.

1). **Use firefox**, trust me. Chrome shows the pages all funny (look for yourself).

2). Each section of text was posted roughly 8-11 minutes from one another on average. The threads play out much differently for the anons who read it first hand, suspense, cliffhangers and drama are far more heightened. You can go to any of the archived threads (linked below in a huge list, or below each update section) and read the story along with commentary as it was posted. This includes the original woody pictures (one unique picture per post on 4chan).

3). My writing style goes from strict-greentext lewd story format, to something completely different rather quickly. It was supposed to be a short story until we got to the sexy times, i forgot to stop. It's rough at first i know, but i thought it was a cool feature so i didn't revise the beginning.

Archived Threads

Note: Archives go down all the time. If these archives are down note the post numbers and the board and you can input those numbers into any currently active r9k archive and view the threads.

These are the **Raw threads**, in order, the story was posted on.
For all intents and Purposes, this is like reading the story on **HARD MODE**
There may be serious typos, mistakes or missing lines. I suggest reading them like this only if you can place this document beside them. If this list is incomplete, the links are also below every chapter, so use the table of contents up above.

Do note: That the commentary is absolutely great, and you'll get to experience the suspense and feelings along with every anon that was watching, in nail-biting agony. Maybe you can even join in on the faction wars along the way. Along with me-commentary that isn't up on the doc.

Update 1-3 Are kinda rough to read, with various imposters as we're getting the thread system settled.

(Update #1): https://archive.foolz.us/v/thread/237776591/
(Update #1 Part 2): https://archive.foolz.us/v/thread/237779649/ I got temp banned for this one
(Update #1 Part 3): https://archive.foolz.us/v/thread/237781045/ I got a 4 day /v/ ban for this one.
(Update #2): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11156228
(Update #2: Part 2): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11179778
(Update #3-4) : http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11199112
(Update #5): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11233664
(Update #6): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11257646
(Update #7): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11272240
(Update #8): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11285082
(Update #9): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11296271
(Update #9 Part 2):http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11303026
(Update #10): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11321229#p11321581
(Update #11): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11333293
(Update #12): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11346186
(Update #13): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11358202
(Update #14): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11370390
(Update #15): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11381321
(Update #16): Corrupted, No Archive
(Update #17): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11420429
(Update #18): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11440683
(Update #19): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11466232
(Update #20): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11481014
(Update #21): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11506193
(Update #22): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11531888
(Update #23): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11545614
(Update #24): http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11569512
(Update #25):http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11582143
(Update #26):http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11594658
(Update #27):http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11606991

Note: Archives recently went down and were swapped from http://archive.heinessen.com/ to http://archive.moe.com Please report any broken links. Thank you. Then Archive.Moe went down and they were all swapped to desuarchive.org

Story Time

Update #1 : March 30th, 2014

>Grew up as an awkward nerdy kid
>instead of having nerdy friends, i was friends with mostly females for most of my life
>ended up in an vidya/anime club (Because they always went together) back in middle school.
>Our ages ranged around 15-16 (I can't remember who was what)
>We all watched naruto and played smash all day.
>shit was great
>wrote fanfiction about some other crappy anime's the girls were all over.
>They were pretty damn erotic
>female friends frequently demanded to read my stories and thoroughly enjoyed them
>I figured i would start inserting the girls i was crushing on into the stories
>they loved them
>continued writing dirty stories about my friends and anime characters
>fast forward a couple months
>one of them has a huge birthday party
>rents a limo, invites me, another guy and like 5 other girls.
>we just eat delicious food, drive around, play vidya on the TV in there and go and do cool shit all day.
>end of the day
>girls are planning a sleepover
>i'm invited

>my best friend demands i stay and keep her company
>makes the choice for me
>i manage to somehow avoid all the parental landmines thrown at me
>seriously how did they not throw up massive alarms at letting a male and 5 female teenagers alone.
>probably figured i was gay or something
>(i find out later that's exactly what they told them)
>Eventually it's decided i'm staying
>Its not that late so we're all at the vidya and anime stage of the sleepover still.
>shithappens.jpeg
>Parent has a medical emergency with a relative
>has to leave us alone, probably gone all night and tomorrow as well
>takes daughter aside and tells her some stuff while we're still busy with vidya.
>daughter comes back in with a huge smile on her face

>she sits beside me and right as i'm winning a round of SSBM with samus whispers in my ear
>"Its ok, she says she trusts me and that i know where the condoms are"
>instantly lose concentration and die
>lose the round of smash
>she breaks into giggles
>tells her friends
>im now getting laughingirls.jpeg IRL

>that humiliation
>that feel
>i hope you never know that feel
>shameful boner is no more
>now extremely self conscious, because being set off guard by hints of sex is a bad thing or something
>it pretty much was at that age wasn't it?
>coming from a guy that wrote dirty stories about the women in this room i liked
>laughter settles down, and we start up more rounds of smash or mario cart or something.
>I pretend it didn't happen
>But i'm now the object of entertainment for a group of 5 teenage girls.
>every time i start winning anything, they take turns whispering things in my ear.
>sometimes its pretty innocuous, like telling me girls at school who had crushes on me (that i knew already or didn't care about), or telling me funny jokes.
>this doesn't make me lose my concentration
>One of them tells me which color underwear they were wearing and of course i glanced towards their crotch and lost the lead by crashing.
>they know my weakness

>I'm trying to drone them out
>I've started humming loudly every time i'm winning
>they find this pretty funny
>not just pretty funny, "Constant giggles" funny
>the kind of funny where you're laughing at absolutely everything even though it's not even remotely as funny as the thing that got you laughing in the first place.
>the humming means they have to talk louder when whispering secrets in my ear
>all the girls had been telling me things the other girls couldn't hear up until this point
>but now the other girls could hear little tidbits of the secrets, choruses of "oohs" and "ahhs" each time.
>im now immune to underwear colors after the second or third one.
>One girl with glasses tries underwear color and gets no reaction
>she steps up her game
>tries to flash me the real thing by stretching the waistband of her sweatpants
>I'm for whatever reason really intent on winning this round, so i don't look.
>(what a faggot thing to do right?)

>she leans over and tries her ace in the hole
>"when i read your stories anon"
>"i imagine you're the main anime character"
>oh shit
>oh shit
>lose concentration

>crash
>head's not in the game
>everyone's laughing.
>they don't know what i've lost to though, just that the glasses girl did it.
>she whispers it to another blonde haired girl, and the second girl just blurts it out loudly
>everyone's laughing at both of us now
>everyone stops the whispering game at that point, i figure they had taken it as far as they wanted.
>whispering happens between them now.
>yay i can finally win
>lose a couple games before i'm back in the groove
>we're on some PS2 game or something now
>Im winning at whatever the fuck it was, i just remember it was ps2 because of the controller.
>why the controller you ask?

>I'm winning again, i was a beast at console games back then.
>Not for long
>The birthday girl blurts out
>"Anon, i've used that controller on myself"
>hushed silence in the room
>everyone somehow still miraculously playing the game somehow
>until we realize what she just meant
>i drop the controller first, just drop it right there and stare blankly forward
>Girl besides me looks at me dropping it, then me, then realizes and drops hers too
>all controllers on the ground now
>instead of all the other girls turning towards Birthday girl, they all look at me
>still staring blankly forward
>more laughter
>me: "I think im done with video games for a while"
>even louder laughter
>we decide its time for anime and not teasing the only boy in the room with lewd things.
>well, i decide that second part, i don't think they agree
>i pretend i'm scarred for life, but i've pretty much got a massive boner
>i think i'm cleverly sitting with like a blanket or something.
>maximum disguise

>we dim the lights for proper anime-watching brightness
>girls decide to put on something extremely flirty/romancy
>phew thank god, i can let this boner go away as i'm bored to tears
>thirty minutes of buff anime dudes and romantic drama and my penis has shrunk inside of my body in what can only be described as the exact opposite of arousal
>I didn't say i liked ALL anime, i had to put up with the bad too.
>us all being underage teenage faggots, none of us are even sitting remotely close to one another
>that awkward personal space zone with 5 people in a small room watching TV.
>We decide to change rooms because its too cramped, the parents are gone and theres a big TV in the living room anyway.

>Of course, moving to a bigger room with a bigger TV means absolutely nothing to logic
>five of us (me in the middle) cram onto the couch for a socially acceptable excuse to get rid of awkward personal space zone.
>one poor girl doesn't fit, and ends up on a armchair
>its ok she wasn't my type anyway
>another anime goes into the TV
>its ecchi
>ohboyherewego
>it was girls bravo or love hina or something
>im pretty sure they had this planned
>boner occurs relatively early on
>no blanket to cover it
>girl on either side literally smushed into me
>hands suddenly on my lap
>one girl has hand on my crotch, birthday girl has hand ontop of hers.
>they fire silent eye-lasers at one another cross me, birthday girl wins

>Birthday girl has no clue what she's doing
>other girl alternating looks between anime and my crotch and the birthday girl.
(quick cap on girls in the room)
Birthday Girl: Reddish brown hair, almost nice body but boring face, has a little weight on her but isn't fat, everyone else is just really skinny.
Brown Hair Glasses Girl: Attractive, skinny, dark brown hair, sitting to my right
Blonde haired girl: Far left, was the cutest of the group
Black haired skinny girl: Jet black hair cropped short below ears, really tomboyish, my best friend since childhood.
Brown haired "Homely" girl: On the armchair, wasn't fat, but had some flesh on her, big tits, not my thing.
>All the other girls are paying attention to the anime
>Except Homely girl, she sees whats happening and is just staring at birthday girl's hand
>Birthday girl is abrasively rubbing my pants trying to feel through them

>Oh man i'm actually starting to chafe this is awful
>place my hand calmly on hers, and just firmly press it downwards to give her a good feel
>her eyes go kind of wide like
>we're talking anime saucer status here

>homely girl gets up and walks to the kitchen to get something to drink
>really just an excuse to turn off the lights on her way back in, and make the room really dark
>its just the glow of the TV now, can't really see what's going on with me and birthday girl too well
>homely girl makes an excuse to ask for a turn on the couch
>Brown hair Glasses makes up some kind of complaint but gets up
>Black hair scoots close to me, homely gets on end
>Black hair does her usual job of keeping a decent amount of body contact without being lewd at all.
>Glasses says she knows a better place she wants to sit

>Glasses Girl gets up to go to the kitchen
>Comes back with a coke
>Walks over and is about to sit down on my lap
>Birthday girl (also kind of a bitch) fires more Eye lasers
>Glasses girl flashes a bright smile at birthday girl and raven/black haired cutie
>exclaims "Just kidding!" and sits down at my feet on the floor
>im crushed on the inside but relieved on the outside.
>naw im pretty fucking crushed all around.
>Suddenly glasses girl says shes uncomfortable sitting against my legs
>Drapes one of my legs over her right shoulder and the other over her left
>before i realize what she's doing, my feet are resting on her clothed breasts
>first thought to mind "Man i sure hope my feet don't stink"
>second thought "Man she's weird"
>third thought "oh who am i kidding this is awesome"
>My feet still have socks on though, so really its not that great
>but i'm a virgin so yeah it was

>Birthday girl has gone back to trying to give my penis indian ropeburn
>through pants (it was pretty impressive she was that bad at the time).
>Being whatever dirty anime this was, the women on screen have an obligatory shower scene.
>With the bouncing breasts and steam covering nipples and all
>Boner is now at full mast
>have to stop birthday girl because she's not actually helping
>i think i've hurt her feelings
>black haired cutie to my other side has noticed. She's jealous and has decided its her turn.
>surprises me, we've never fooled around
>maybe trying to save me from penis doom

>doesn't know what she's doing either
>this is actually torture
>give the fuck up on getting a shitty handjob through my pants and just take black haired girl's hand and put it on my stomach
>she creeps it down under the waistband of my pants and gets it right between the underwear and the upper layer.
>has her hand all twisted around so she's not actually going anywhere, but its the closest she's touched me in years so i'm putting up with it.
>I think she's just doing it because birthday girl was
>Well at least she's not trying to friction me to death
>feel the glasses girl playing with my feet
>she starts taking off my socks
>This just strikes me as weird and not erotic at all
>seriously i was considering getting up i was done with this shit.

>Sitting here getting an awful handjob from one girl
>birthday girl is jealous as fuck glaring at the second girl who got into my pants? (hooray i guess?)
>glasses girl is messing around with my feet
>I WANT /A/ TO LEAVE
>Homely girl suddenly exclaims "THAT'S NOT FAIR I WANT IN ON IT TOO"
>everyone jumps like four feet
>no hands in my pants anymore
>one sock on, one sock off
>now the blonde girl (who wasn't very attentive) realizes what's happening
>I think she was actually watching the anime, probably the only one
>glasses girl moves away from my legs):
>everyone's extremely self conscious about what they were doing
>birthday girl says we should change animes because she doesn't really like this one
>she's the faggot who put it in

>We go to watching a inuyasha movie or something
>roughly tolerable i guess
>i make a couple comments about how we should watch something more entertaining
>ignored
>blonde girl is getting tired
>homely girl looks like she's probably dripping like a freshly washed car with whatever is on her mind
>birthday girl and raven haired cutie aren't even sitting close to me anymore
>not sure if i'm angry at homely girl or what, but there's not really any more anything going on, just silently back to awkwardly watching anime.
>Eventually glasses girl goes back to playing with my feet
>Yes, this is weird

>really weird
>Either way i guess its kinda nice, she's probably a foot fetishist or something
>We've now spent like 2 Hours watching anime smashed onto a couch
>Birthday girl suggests we start drinking
>Oh boy

>She gets out of the couch huddle and pours us all a shotglasses full of something
>I drink mine and make the most hilarious faces imaginable, laughter ensues
>same thing from the Blonde girl and raven girl
>Birthday girl just straight faces it, homely girl drinks like half and then puts it down
>Really just turns the mood from uncomfortable to giggles
>that's really all i expected from it anyway
>We pile back onto the couch again and throw in some movie or something, non-anime now
>big blankets are thrown over all of us somehow, probably magic or the glasses girl who still can't fit on the couch
>Glasses girl tries to be funny and lie down across all of us
>but other girls complain and she's booted off and back to her place on the floor
>Birthday girl and raven girl are now back to cuddling up next to me and roaming hands where they don't belong.
>since this is under the blanket they don't feel shame or something about it, and they don't seem to be making a fuss at one another anymore.
>The other word for that is "Alcohol"
>Someone unzips my pants, kinda drags it down and starts with the chafing again against my underwear
>I'm not having it this time and i stop both of them and just drag my underwear down too
>They both let out gaspy noises , raven girl is blushing bright red. birthday girl straight faces it.
>back to embarrassment again, but birthday girl makes the first move and lo and behold
>she's back to trying to give me an indian ropeburn

>why can't i have any of these perfect erotic experiences i keep reading/writing about?
>i just grit my teeth and let them get on with whatever they seem to be doing.
>Glasses girl has like ducked underneath the blanket and is sitting in her previous foot-fondling position
>It comes to my mind now as i'm remembering this, that there's no way she was watching the anime too.
>She drapes my legs over her shoulders again and starts playing with my socks while she's under the blanket
>She takes off my left foot's sock and puts my foot down
>I feel bare flesh
>What

>Still feel bare flesh under my toes
>Glasses has like, squirmed around and taken off her shirt or something under the cover

>She's just got my legs resting over her shoulder, my left foot is now resting over her shoulder and softly on her chest
>breasts.yes
>it feels kinda weird because her bra is still on and really its just my heel resting on the top parts of her breasts that are spilling out of the bra.
>but who am i kidding it felt awesome
>she takes my other unclothed foot and rests it on her other breast
>i'm now sitting in maximum comfy
>Raven girl kinda tracing her fingers lightly up my thighs and legs under the sheet
>Glasses girl with my feet resting on the tops of her breasts
>Birthday girl giving me an awful handjob
>alright so not maximum comfy, but i mean it was pretty cool at the time.
>was like the most female contact i'd ever had up till then

>Homely girl makes a loud announcement about something
>Everyone jumps again
>oh no not again
>Instead she's just commenting on the movie
>Are you fuckingserious.jpeg
>rub&tug, rub-a-dub and footsie continue under the sheet.
>enjoying this thoroughly because its pretty obvious these three girls are probably down for anything
>slip hand under raven cutie's shirt
>Have to remind myself twice she's female
>Usually just treat her like a brother or something, but alcohol is making me think about her girly bits.
>I squeeze her bra, oh man this feels promising
>why haven't i done this before now?
>I squeeze a couple more times, and then slip my hand under one of the cups.
>padded bra
>literally flat A sized chest
>nothing to fondle , almost not enough for a handful
>how did i not know this):
>move my hand away
>She knows what i've just discovered
>She gets extremely self conscious, blushing and turning away sadly and everything
>She knows why i took my hand away
>i try to make it up to her by putting my hand on her stomach and rubbing small circles.
>She's pretty hurt about it still
>Oh well, maybe i can make it up to her later.

>Move other hand over to birthday girl
>no tact at all

>Go straight under shirt
>straight under her bra, shameless adventure.
>not padded at all
>definitely C cups atleast
>fuckin teenage paradise
>except she's absolutely awful at the handjob again
>Whatever its better than nothing i guess
>i cant seem to multi task so im just rubbing circles on raven's stomach or playing with tits on birthday girl
>We all seem to be pretty content at this level
>You know that kind of content where i would totally go farther, but i don't know what to do and i'm worried it wont go down too well, so i just play it safe and keep doin what i'm doin.
>attention turns back to the movie and we just continue fondling under the sheet
>me being a beta faggot don't try for the raven girl's pants at all
>Glasses girl is pretty much just shirtless doing who knows what
>She's perfectly allowed, it was awesome.
>hear some cute sounds from her though so she's probably touching herself on some level
>Lets just say that whatever she was doing with my feet was the only thing keeping my boner alive.
>Movie moves to a couple adult scary scenes
>Homely girl gets scared
>Blonde haired girl get scared
>Both of them say they're tired and want to go to bed

>fondling stops
>All my extremities still seem to be in one piece
>glasses girl wiggles back into her shirt (i guess she just had it up around her shoulders)
>i kinda slide back into my pants and all the fun under the blanket stops
>we all get ourselves in order
>we pretend to do this secretly, but its not really a secret.
>blonde haired girl knows what's going on but doesn't seem interested
>oh well she was cute too
>homely girl is the only one with no clue what's going on
>We turn off the movie and everyone begins the motions for getting ready to move to sleeping room
>Which of course in a sleepover means just staying up for another 4 hours in another room
>Four of us (Glasses, birthday, Raven and myself) sneak to the kitchen for another drink
>Homely is being loud and obnoxious in the bathroom about something
>Blonde changes out of her nightclothes and shows up in some really cute pajamas with bunnies on them
>everyone squeals about how cute the PJS are
>various amounts of jumping girls and exclamations
>I realize i don't have any pajamas

>i say this
>I'm really a sly fucker though because i don't wear PJs to bed i just go to sleep in whatever i'm wearing
>i also don't have a sleeping roll or anything
>Girls offer me girl clothes and PJs
>Shove me into the birthday girl's room and start picking the girliest things
>I really don't like where this is going
>one of them gets out a skirt, and then panties
>I REALLY DON'T LIKE WHERE THIS IS GOING

>Laughter again
>Man this group of girls laughing at me is going to kill me i swear
>i proceed to make it very clear that i'm just going to have to not wear pajamas
>they all make various dejected squeals
>Then birthday girl imagines that means i won't wear anything at all
>That's a smirk
>Negotiations start
>i make it clear that i'm going to just wear all my clothes
>they look kinda dejected
>Blonde haired girl shoves me out of the room and says the others need to get dressed
>More dejected noises from birthday/raven/glasses
>Homely can't give a fuck and blondie says she'll keep me company outside while they get dressed

>Blondie shoves me out and down the hallway to the kitchen.
>She's got me on the premise that we're sneaking more drinks.
>this is my fourth shot of whatever we're drinking
>I'm all giggles
>She mentions that she knows what was going on under the covers
>The giggles stop
>She shoves me up against one of the cabinets and tries to kiss me
>Head against mine, lips touch.
>Too much force
>Instead of a nice kiss we clack our teeth together and its really kinda painful.
>She pulls back and tries again
>Lips hit mine
>Teeth hit mine
>Forehead hits mine
>oh no she's still going
>she's too forceful and i just smash my head against the cabinet backwards
>i go out like a light
>being a lightweight nerdy kid, of course smashing me backwards into a hardwood cabinet isn't a good idea

>not to mention that blondie literally headbut me with the force of whatever she was trying to do
>I come to with blondie picking me up (and failing because she's really not that big)
>i wasn't actually out for more than a couple of seconds, one of those "Shocked and out" head hits.

>We both move to the bathroom to check my head out in the mirror
>after realizing i'm not dying of major head blood loss
>i lock the door
>Im ready to learn this woman something fierce
>grab blondie by both of her shoulders
>I give her the glare of "NEVER DO THAT AGAIN"
>then i lean in and give her a soft kiss
>an actual, not painful, not life threatening kiss
>She does the girl thing and goes all limp and kinda smushes into it and doesn't have any clue what she's doing.
>that seems to be a recurring theme here isn't it.
>It's lovely, it's soft, it's just lips though.
>I give her a bit of a grope on the butt (she had really cute butt cheeks) and i give her another peck before we hear knocking at the door and somewhat annoyed yelling
>this is accompanied by various other angry noises.
>Probably debt collectors or monsters
>"Come on out anon and blondie, we know you're in there"
>Oh, worse, alright then
>"Just a second" Blondie yelled "Anon hit his head and we're making sure he's ok
>The angry noises outside the door instantly turned into various pleas of "IS HE OK?" and "OH NO WHAT HAPPENED".
>....girls

>Anyway with the girls now thinking that blondie was just trying to help me out, we leave the bathroom
>She's treated like some kind of hero, as is the tradition between women caring over men everyone's interested in
>various questions are asked, lies are created (mostly blondie) and i'm shepherded away into the kitchen again
>all the girls are in PJs now
>Birthday girl has some big fluffy frilly anime PJs, i'm completely serious
>Blondie still cute with hers
>Homely has plain white T-shirt and sweatpants on (expected)
>Raven has some kinda skimpy shirt on with some rather tight shorts
>Glasses girl....
>Glasses girl is wearing a big drooping overshirt
>No pants on
>I obviously am caught looking at her so everyone kind of gives her a glare

>She blushes and lifts the hem of her shirt a tiny bit but not enough to see what she's wearing beneath.
>Curiosity mounting, must...find...out
>Girls begin pressuring me to change into girly PJS too
>NOT THIS AGAIN

>They go over various things i can wear
>Lots of girly clothes
>Some not so-girly clothes
>Panties
>I point out that me wearing Birthday girl's panties would be pretty dirty because it would be nothing between me and them.
>"Thats the point"
>She's somehow to say this with a dead serious look on her face
>More girl laughter
>Various girls offer me the chance to wear their panties if i didn't like birthday girl's
>working out logically in my head which girls were wearing panties and which changed out of them and weren't anymore under PJs.
>Figure i could do this to get one of them to undress even more
>Conflicted feelings about raven haired girl, she had those cute shorts that would have some great slips of flesh if she wasn't wearing any panties, but i've known her for years so
>my thoughts go to cute Glasses girl
>I really really do consider it for a second
>Blondie interjects

>"It doesn't matter what he wears, its not fair because he's wearing more clothes than all of us!"
>Girls come to the conclusion that i should be left wearing exactly two pieces of clothing
>All girls state they are wearing two pieces, except blondie who says she's wearing four
>What did she think i had like multiple shirts on under here or something?
>Everyone starts telling blondie she has to lose pieces too
>Raven admits she's wearing three and just wanted me to wear less because everyone said two
>Raven agrees to ditch her underwear (short shirt and short shorts = teenager wet dream)
>Blondie isn't sure what she wants to get rid of, agrees to panties and bra because she likes how cute her outfit is.
>Blondie just reaches up behind her shirt, unhooks her bra and takes it off right there with a little wiggling
>This is so fuckinghot
>i continue staring at her wondering what she'll do for the panties
>she looks me in the eyes
>and gets cold feet and walks off to the other room to change.
>i sigh internally and externally and turn towards Raven

>She winks at me, turns around and wiggles out of her shorts and panties showing me her cute butt
>everyone in the room makes "ooh and ahhh " sounds, including myself.
>I have seen her butt before though when we were younger, so i'm hoping for peeks of more.
>Without even bending over, she keels, grabs her shorts and panties swaps them out and puts her shorts back on
>she perfectly positions her legs so that you can only see her butcheeks, and nothing else.
>Still though, Nothing as tantalizing as only seeing the butt of a girl.
>she turns to face me again with her shorts on,
>Stares straight into my eyes
>and works her fingers around the waistband of her shorts loosening it slightly.
>She strikes a seductive pose when she's finished.
>Clapping ensues from all the girls
>Americans…

>Clapping finished
>Blondie is now wearing two pieces of PJs
>Raven is now wearing Short t-shirt with short shorts and no panties (oh my god)
>They demand i take off two pieces of clothing to equal it out.
I'm at four (jacket/shirt/pants/boxers).
>Girls demand i only wear jacket and boxers
>no negotiating
>Wiggle out of my shirt without really unzipping my jacket (Easy!)
>Zipper doesn't zip all the way though so part of my chest is showing, which is delicious girlbait for them i guess.
>They quickly argue about who gets to take off my pants
>what?
>Alright then.

>I didnt ask for this but i wont argue
>birthday girl wins (of course) and roughly unzips my pants and slides them down, fondling me (Badly again) through my boxers.
>then instead of her just taking my pants off all the way, she shoves me backwards
>homely and raven are behind me and semi-catch me
>really they just drop me softly to the ground
>Before i know it im semi-held down with raven on one arm, homely on the other (eww) and birthday more or less bent over with her face near my crotch.
>Birthday leans forward
>She's hovering her face over mine
>She says "I get the first kiss because i'm the birthday girl"
>Little does she know
>Its still pretty hot
>She starts slobbering

>No its not nevermind

>Please make it stop
>She goes for the french
>She tastes like cheap booze and toothpaste
>She forces her tongue into my mouth and we do that swirly tongue thing.
>You know the one
>[spoiler]the one where you twirl your tongue around your partner's tongue over and over and over again because you can't think of doing anything else: YW inexperienced anons[/spoiler]
>I guess this is pretty hot
>She's grinding her crotch into mine
>it feels pretty good actually
>I'm really boozed though so while i have a boner, i'm somehow still not creaming myself.
>She ends the kiss and pulls back, and does a little bounce on my crotch
>HNNGGGGG
>giggling from everyone because obviously i made a face.

>I ask what face i made when the laughter continues
>I look at my arm
>Homely is grinding her crotch on my arm
>She looks embarrassed and stops when she realizes what she was doing and that everyone saw her
>Raven had her crotch firmly placed on my hand and was making tiny circles as well until homely got caught.
>That surprises me
>Alcohol reminds me she's a girl
>I surprise raven back by reminding her that she's not wearing panties
>With my fingers of course
>She jumps a tiny bit as my finger slides in the side of her shorts and up against her thighs
>I slide my finger in further and find it kind of rough going
>She's unshaven
>Well alright then

>My finger isn't afraid of a little bit of a jungle
>Nobody else seems to notice what i'm doing.
>They're all focused on glasses getting ready for her turn with me.
>I make a couple mock-acting protests, just enough to look like i wasn't enjoying it.
>The entire time i caressing raven's inner thighs with my finger.
>i can't really get my finger farther so i'm really just rubbing her bush and almost the crease where her outer lips would be
>She seems to be enjoying it all the same, with a small smile on her face
>I'm enjoying it too, i've never even touched her like this before.
>There's a name for this, it's called "Alcohol"

>Glasses girl comes over and leans down like birthday girl did
>Leans in for the kiss
>Then stops
>She sets her crotch firmly down on mine
>I make a throaty sound, the mixture between a sharp exhale of breath and a moan.
>The pressure itself is delightful, not to mention the new view.
>Just a glimpse of her underwear is visible now, because of how her overshirt is hanging down.
>Its really flimsy and nearly worn through, must have been an old set of PJs she wore to death
>They're soaking wet
>Oh man, that definitely got the boner at full steam
>Well he was trying, but there was a girl in the way.
>That just made him try harder.

>She's got her crotch rubbing against mine
>In slow, firm circles.
>I'm frozen, i don't want to move in case i wake up.
>Well, frozen except for a finger.
>I watch from my flat throne on the floor
>The gentle but firm gyrations of Glasses, the confused squirming of homely on my right arm.
>The imperceptible squirming and facial contractions of raven
>This is before Glasses lifts up again, and slides her hands down to my waist
>It tickles, I start squirming
>she stops
>she leans over and gives me the slowest and most sensuous kiss i'd ever had until that point
>It was like she was using her lungs to suck everything out as she kissed me, inhaling every breath of air that i had inside me
>Needless to say, it left me breathless
>I mean thats just how that kind of kiss works.

>Blondie then tells everyone that's enough
>That they shouldn't hold me down because thats like raping me or something
>itsokiwasaskingforitho
>no arguments from the girls, maybe they felt bad too
>Sadface
>Homely girl has left a wet spot on my arm
>Raven has left some juices on my finger as well
>i proceed to wipe my homely arm off on my jacket
>I walk up to raven
>stare her in the eyes
>Hold my hand out, her eyes latch to it and realization dawns upon her as she stares.
>and i suckle on the fingers i had nearly in her snatch
>Favoritism, isn't it great

>now that we've got to know one another, sleeping arrangements are next on the list of things to decide
>One bed, four sleeping bags
>We figure we'll deal with it as we get tired and go to sleep
>This is a sleepover after all
>We throw more Anime into the smaller TV in birthday girl's room and we curl up, three on the bed and three at the base with blondie and glasses to either side. Birthday homely and raven are up top.
>We're watching some anime where some girl gets kidnapped
>Monsters tie her up in some cave somewhere and the hero has to go save her
>this happens in most anime so dont ask me which one it was
>Comments are made about how she's helpless/ect.
>Randomly Raven, Birthday and Homely vanish to the other room

>Blondie and Glasses cuddle up close to me (which is kinda nice).
>We'd done a very low amount of cuddling, cuddling is nice too sometimes.
>I end up stroking Glasses' leg under the blanket
>relaxed and calm explorations really, who doesn't enjoy the touch of a female's skin?
>Don't get much further before Birthday rushes back into the room (along with the other two in tow).
>They grab blondie
>Drag her away squealing
>"Hey now i'm cold!" (I thought it was a clever response at the time).
>It wasn't

>Birthday pins down Blondie
>Flips her over on her stomach and pulls a random length of rope out of nowhere
>Proceeds to tie up blondie while raven and homely hold her down
>Blondie is putting up quite a fuss, but can't really do anything about it.
>They claim its "Revenge" for making them stop earlier
>This was actually the furthest possible thing in my mind from whatever reason they had for doing this.
>Blondie gets her hands tied behind her and her ankles loosely tied as well
>Birthday sits on her ankles to hold her in place
>Homley pulls me up and pushes me over towards blondie
>"Punish her anon"
>What the fuck im not going to hit her what are you thinking
>Maybe they mean some kind of dirty punishment, but birthday seems violent not lewd.

>Realize the women have gone psycho bitch competition mode probably brought on by the booze
>I think we drank tequila so that makes sense
>They're slowly cannibalizing their own

>I'm probably next

>Birthday girl takes blondie's PJ bottoms and slides them down
>Her butt is just there for the world to see
>She starts squealing and squirming seriously this time
>I'm just watching like a deer caught in the headlights because asses man
>Blondie has this crazy light skinned butt, probably never tanned it in her life.
>Its perfect in my eyes
>Birthday girl takes her hand and slaps blondie's buttcheeks pretty hard
>it sounded like it really hurt
>blondie is now actually screaming out at this point, crying asking her to stop.
>this is probably out of fear more than actual pain, but it's unsettling

>I get up and step in
>Glasses has the same idea
>Birthday girl gets shoved off, blondie gets untied (i did the honors and got a great close up of her ass)
>It's established that SOME PEOPLE have had too much to drink and need to sleep it off.
>It's revealed that birthday girl has been sneaking drinks and is absolutely plastered, we just didn't realize it.
>Birthday girl is half asleep slumped over in the corner
>Still where i shoved her
>We pick her up and carry her to the couch in the living room and throw a blanket over her
>First loser gets the worst bed
>We go back and i console blondie
>she curls up next to me (her savior i guess) and we go back to watching anime.
>Nobody is really doing anything, in fact the mood is pretty fucking ruined
>All it takes is one crazy bitch on tequila i guess

>homely girl just kind of decides she's going to go sleep after 2-3 episodes of whatever we were watching.
>She drags a sleeping bag to the next room because she doesn't like the noise
> we're left with
>Raven
>Blondie
>Glasses & Me
>with 1 bed and 2 sleeping bags.
>Math, someone was gonna have to double up
>It seems to be agreed that whoever stayed up the longest gets to share the bed with whoever else is up the longest
>I realize what this means
>They realize what this means
>Competition time

>Before the contest even starts blondie is out like a light.
>She was asleep on my arm as we were talking about the entire winner/loser arrangement
>She gets wrapped up in a sleeping bag and rolled into the corner
>Raven Vs Glasses
>All holds removed
>The goal was to keep me awake long enough to get to sleep in the same bed as them
>Raven instantly hops on my lap and starts trying to make out with me.
>i... i guess that'll work for keeping me awake.
>I say trying because she's doing the teeth clacking thing blondie was doing, but without the forceful head trauma
>She hasn't actually kissed me before though, so i guess she deserves a long turn.
>We make out for a bit
>I notice my crotch is wet
>Raven is grinding and leaking oil.
>Probably an actual oil leak, thoughts of calling a mechanic cross my mind for a couple seconds.
>ignore it, because kissing.
>Glasses is kinda watching endearingly, it's odd because she's not even jealous
>Atleast she doesn't look jealous, you never know.
>Raven grinds and makes out with me for a bit more, i've never seen this side of her
>my underwear is soaked with her juices
>Her shorts are soaked and clinging to her thighs every time she moves
>The entire room smells like sex
>you know what that smells like
>Its a musty hearty smell,it stinks but its also sickly sweet: YW Lonely Anons

>Raven starts grinding faster
>making large circles with her hips
>My hands are on her waist
>i slide my hands up, catching her shirt
>Up, up, up
>Her T shirt has risen above her stomach now
>Up, slowly but surely
>I rise her shirt over her breasts and i see the small mounds i was fondling earlier
>Definitely A cup, small but cute,
>I slide my hands up further and force her arms upwards but i have trouble getting her shirt off with all the movement we're doing
>Glasses comes to the rescue, grabs raven's arms lifts them up and removes her shirt
>Glasses then tweaks Raven's nipples; Because what kind of girl doesn't love breasts just as much as men do?)
>Raven lets out a kind of small squeak and grabs me tighter when she does that.
>Glasses always with the helping hands

>I cop a feel of the same breasts and begin suckling on one
>Her nipples are probably diamonds at this point, but i have no clue what i'm doing so i don't tease them properly or anything, just suck
>No flavor, but the texture is absolutely lovely on my tongue.
>She's moaning, loud now
>Grinding faster
>It's really fucking awkward trying to suck the nipples of a girl who's grinding on you
>No seriously it keeps leaving my mouth and i have to go chase after it, this is some bullshit body design.
>I chase her nipples down a few times and eventually get them back in my mouth
>but in doing so i accidentally bite one
>She freezes, no sounds, no movement
>She just stops, and slumps over on my shoulder
>Glasses girl looks extremely worried all of a sudden
>Oh fuck what did i do

>Raven girl has ceased all movement
>Is probably dead
>millions of thoughts go through my mind about how i was going to explain this
>I killed your daughter by biting on her breast im so sorry
>Glasses girl has entered panic mode
>She's making this worse, somehow affecting my thought processes
>What do we do what do we do what do we do.
>Raven girl still sitting on my crotch leaning forward against my shoulder
>Glasses girl starts going on about how we're going to have to hide the body and run away together
>This sounds romantic and all but i've just killed a girl
>Not just any girl, my best fucking friend.
>I tell her to shut up so i can listen for breathing
>No breathing
>FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK

>Start lifting raven off me
>her face is completely blank
>she's got her eyes closed
>glasses girl and i are freaking out even more
>I lie raven girl down

>she's completely still
>still no breathing
>fuck fuck fuck fuck
>fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck
>I say "We should try cpr or something"
>Glasses girl is in full panic mode
>Not sure what we're going to do
>She starts grabbing the sleeping bag on the floor
>My voice is cracking i'm so scared, "What are we going to do with that!?"
>She tells me to help her lift up the body
>probably not more than 40 seconds has passed during all of this
>we lift up raven girl and put her in the sleeping bag and zip it all the way up
>I'm lamenting and going over all the good times we had together and how sorry i am that i killed her in my head.
>and i turn and hug glasses girl and notice she's crying, we're scared shitless at what we're going to do.

>we're standing there in a dark room
>lit by the glow of some shitty anime on a crappy television and envisioning our future together as runaway fugitives or prisoners.
>We hear laughter
>Its coming from the sleeping bag
>we instantly both run over and begin drop kicking the damn thing as hard as we can
>you can pretend we thought it was a zombie, but we knew.
>various profanities and curses come out of our mouths
>After a couple of muffled "Ows" and "Ouches" we stop, and unzip the bag
>Raven is laughing her ass off in there
>She quickly explains (as we threaten her with more violence)
>She's silent when she gets off.
>She has a house full of brothers and sisters so she learned to just tense up and take an orgasm when it came and not make any noise
>I really should have realized she wasn't dead, she dicks around with me like this all the time.
>Something about the excitement of doing naughty things and the deep-seated fear that you're going to do something wrong just made me overreact and go full retard.

>We reacted so seriously that she thought it would be funny to hold her breath and see what we did.
>FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU

>Apologies were issued, and it was determined that raven haired girl had officially lost her cuddling privileges for the time being.
>Also my heart was still beating like a thousand miles a minute and putting itself back together.
>same could be said about glasses
>We all end up on the bed again, raven to the far left and glasses/myself cuddling on the right.
>Glasses is pretty jealous that raven got to take off her shirt
>Raven is still shirtless curled up by the pillows watching anime
>Those tits are still so temptingly suckable
>But she's in the doghouse for tricking us
>We whisper to one another about how much of a dick move that was
>Throughout the anime we throw various stuffed animals at her from across the bed
>seriously she deserved every teddybear in that room to the face

>glasses asks me questions in whispers every once in a while.
>H: "Did it feel good to grind with her?"
>M: "Very"
>H: "Did you enjoy sucking on her breasts?"
>M: "I really did"
>H: "i... if you wanted we could do the same thing"
>I think "Hell Yes" but really just nod my head
>She places my hand on her stomach and slides it up slowly pulling her shirt with it.
>My hand is now cupping a glorious breast
>Definitely solid Bs, 10/10 would fondle anytime
>She lowers my head to suckle on her nipple
>Without her grinding around on my lap its almost effortless to suck most of the breast into my mouth
>Oh man mouth full of breast is the best thing
>you know that feel
>Its like you just jam a big soft squishy thing into your mouth, but its like 1000x better because you know its attached to a girl, really boobs don't feel or taste like anything its the thought that counts: YW Lonely anons
>I continue suckling on her breast before realizing she's not really leaning into it or anything.
>I look up and she's got this kind of complacent look on her face
>Not really arousal, its a funny kind of look
>She's probably not enjoying it
>whatever not every girl likes having her breasts sucked as much as raven zombie over there
>I continue to play with her breasts but not really too intently.
>Glasses girl is obviously bored at this point and just appeasing me
>raven girl is eying us with lust in her eyes though and something else

>Raven girl scoots closer
>We scoot farther away
>Raven girl scoots closer again
>We scoot farther away
>Raven girl scoots closer
>We're out of bed to scoot away on, so we just glare at her
>She gets the message and puts on a hurt pouty face
>notbuyingit
>she returns to her spot by the pillows and leans back against the headboard facing us.
>glasses/myself are both watching her.
>She Spreads her legs slightly, and then very dramatically
>Her shorts are stuck to one of her thighs and they peel off almost exotically
>then wedge themselves right into her crotch.

>At this point its pretty obvious she's a forest down there
>the ridge of the shorts is sticking almost perfectly into her cleft
>tufts of hair are obviously sticking out between her shorts and her thighs
>Charcoal black and very wet, strands are sticking to her thighs and at awkward angles.
>Every time she moves they peel off and affix themselves along with the shorts at different angles.
>Her crotch is probably as wet as it can get
>as Raven watches me fondle and play with Glasses breasts, she starts to slip her hand down her chest
>rolling over her breasts (With a tweak or two i'm pretty sure)
>over her flat stomach
>And settling at the waistband of her shorts
>I guess i was turning her on
>Or she was competing to be the center of attention.
>Glasses and i have our eyes fucking fixed on this alluring sight.
>Seriously as arousing as could be, i was probably popping as many boners as fifty or sixty mortal men.
>Glasses, not wanting to be outdone slips her hand to my stomach
>Oh man competition has never been this good to me since
>Raven slips her hand under the waistband of her shorts and at the same time glasses slips her hand into my boxers.
>All i can feel is those long slender fingers wrapping themselves around my dick
>i moan a little,
> yeah moan, deal with it, it felt that fucking good.

>Raven begins rolling her fingers across herself, which was awesome because she pulled the shorts away from her crotch just enough that we could see her fingers through the slits between the thighs.

>Meanwhile im getting an actual decent handjob from Glasses girl, or maybe i've just been hard so long that anything feels good.
>What am i kidding she was fucking amazing
>Raven girl is putting on a crazy hot show across the bed
>i'm almost regretting putting her in the no-cuddle zone
>almost
>she's moaning and gasping as she does her little rolling trick.
>Whatever it is i'm taking notes.
>Glasses girl picks up the pace and has me literally boiling but the tequila still has me stuck on the edge.
>Raven, a minute or two into her little show, tenses up again and lies down against the pillows
>Glasses girl slows down the handjob pace and i'm left hard but still unsatisfied at all.
>god damnit
>Glasses calls raven over and raven kinda half crawls half wriggles across the bed towards us
>She's got sincere puppydog sad eyes now
>We both kinda feel bad for her and let her come up and hug us
>i mean she did just do something really sexy, i guess that's fair.
>Instead of joining the cuddling though, she just grabs my underwear and rips it down pretty damn fast.
>Reach for the sky
>Tower of steel

>Girls are both still pretty buzzed so giggling is the norm
>more giggling
>i really really doubt any of this would be happening without the booze
>suddenly i'm on my back on the bed and the girls are hovering over and inspecting my penis
>i dont know what i expected really, thats how it usually works
>Glasses girl starts blowing on it with air
>it jumps every single time she puffs at it
>Oh man i'm going to die of blueballs aren't i
>this continues for about a minute or two before she gets bored and raven comes over and sits on my chest
>She quickly realizes the zipper isn't in a comfy spot so instead of not sitting on me, she forcibly removes my jacket
>Oh no, scrawny underage male chest confirmed
>neither of them seem to care or notice
>i guess i'm fully naked now
>raven plants her butt on my stomach and hovers her head way above my crotch
>There's a serious wet spot on my stomach now
>i can smell her juices, very strong very pungent
>All women smell and taste different down there, the flavors differ between flavorless spaghetti water, to fermented peach juice with sugar removed. The best i can describe is kinda pungent,

sour and sweet at the same time with a musk that makes you just want to lick it. But sometimes it tastes and smells awful so dont do that:YW Lonely Anons
>This ones good
>mouth watering
>Like fermented honey maybe, with the musk that comes with an unshaved girl.

>I feel a temperature change on my dick
>What
>Raven is drooling onto it and getting it all wet
>Seriously the aim she musta had, sitting from an upright position and drooling is no easy matter, professional dick drooler this one was.
>Glasses is still blowing on it, the temperature change is torture
>but good torture
>Raven starts squirming around on my stomach now trying to find a good position, her legs on either side of my chest facing backwards
>I do what any sane man would do
>I start tickling her feet
>she squirms up and is in a ceaseless fit of giggles
>i continue my tickling until she raises her butt up off my chest
>Ahh yeah i'm gonna get me some pussy licking
>I grab her waist (tickling her more as i go) and i start to slide my hands down her waist to remove her shorts
>as i get her shorts about halfway off, i manage to roll my fingers over her thigh bones and the inside crease of them.
>This brings her into a fit of giggles
>she lets out a squeak and freezes again

>Oh boy did she cum again, how the hell
>A couple of droplets of liquid slip down her leg and plop onto my chest with the already growing puddle of clear liquid.
>They're yellow
>Raven squeals again and quickly claps her hand over her crotch
>With the precision of a fighter jet, she extracts herself from both myself and glasses girl
>she runs off to the bathroom hand still clasped over her crotch
>Fucking brilliant plan anon
>glasses girl and i look at one another and giggle
>Glasses bends over my stomach and takes a big long lick at the puddle raven left, and in one smooth movement transitions it into a kiss.
>It tastes like fermented honey with a pretty arcid overtone (piss),
>Plus it tasted like glasses girl, and she was pretty delicious on her own so i was alright with it.
>Who am i kidding i would lap at that shit like a dog in a desert
>i continue kissing glasses, we kinda sit upright and continue french kissing one another.

>But this wasn't french kissing, this was jamming one another's tongue into our mouths and lapping up every liquid we could reach or feel.
>A couple minutes later raven returns
>Without her pants on
>and a full body blush

>Out of all the things, she was modest
>Modest, after all the things she'd done
>Raven waddled in kinda covering herself up with one hand
>"I'm sorry" she mumbled
>No seriously it's ok, get back here woman
>She wasn't having it,
>She started mumbling various excuses and skulking away from us.
>She didn't even seem to want to play anymore, like the game just got too personal
>Women, they'll watch you take a piss anyday but if you see them spill a drop they clam the fuck up.

>After a handful of excuses she slinks off into the sleeping bag and goes to sleep.
>Glasses and i were pretty sure she was just embarrassed and pretending to sleep
>But whatever, she just kinda didn't want to play anymore, her choice i guess
>We both watch her for a while, making sure she's actually going to sleep and not just hide and listen.
>After a while raven stops wriggling around and we assume she's dozed off.

>We're both kinda tired and we should head off to sleep as well
>Glasses has a shit eating grin on as she realizes she gets me in the bed
>But i'm pretty tired looking, so it just fades into a smile as she gets up and turns off the lights in the room.
>I grab the clicker and turn off the anime (it was inuyasha again, i think we were watching adult swim)
>And we both grab the birthday girl's bed covers, pull em back and wriggle in together.
>Shit was warm yo
>We curl up kinda half in one another's arms.
>What you don't hear in anime or movies is that cuddling together in a bed isn't actually easy.
>No its really really hard
>You both have to kinda squiggle in, position your arms right and hope your partner can put them in a good place too
>For two first-time-sleeper-togetherers, this wasnt gonna happen.
>It was wiggling
>and Squirming
>This is what reality is really like anons.

>We try to sleep together for like 20 minutes
>It's just not going to happen
>This boner isn't going to go away.
>Eventually i feel a ton of squirming from Glasses
>Seriously she's like doing backflips under the covers
>Figure she really just got in a bad position and wants to change
>She ends up facing me, about four inches, her face in front of mine.
>Then her arm slinks out from under the covers and presses something against my nose and mouth.
>its cloth
>its soft (smooth like silk or velvet)
>Its hot
>its wet
>It smells like cherries, honeydew and milk with a musky pungent smell i couldn't forget.
>Women often use perfumed/scented lotion, perfume or deodorant, this generally adds to the smells you'll experience when you're with a woman. This one had cherry scented lotion and it smelled delicious : YW lonely anons
>Glasses has just pressed her moist panties against my mouth and face, what do i do?
>I take a lick
>This girl was delicious
>The panties are quickly discarded and we drop back into kissing
>She tastes herself
>who knows what she thought about it because fuck we were making out like horny teenagers
>glasses takes her legs and kinda wraps the ankles around mine and pulls my entire lower body closer

>feel something brushing up against my crotch
>she's got no panties on
>i giggle and say this out loud
>she gives me a funny look
>I say "Its funny because i don't have panties on either"
>for some reason this is funny, instead of awkward or sad
>Alcohol
>we laugh our asses off
>She pulls me closer with her ankles
>My cock is resting up against her slit, and with a little bit of effort i slide it right between her legs so that its lying between her outer lips.
>Holy shit this feels amazing
>With gentle pushes and pulls she starts creating tiny bits of friction between us
>We both pull apart and instead of kissing just have our mouths open
>We're panting like dogs, probably tongues lolling about and we're staring at one another intently
>not just another, our eyes are locked,

> we're sliding back and forth, me between her legs and over her lips and the friction is rubbing her in all the right places.
>Our eyes are locked
>Probably the deepest i've ever looked into someone else's eyes, and i love eyes
>eyes are my favorite part
>But our eyes were locked, thats all we saw as we concentrated on the feelings.
>this was extravagant, elegant, there's nothing better to describe this kind of physical contact, her with her shirt still on, me completely naked, besides those words.
>Our eyes were locked

>I pull back
>At this angle its not actually possible to accidentally penetrate her
>so instead i drop my hand down and fumble around trying to aim
>When you're facing a woman, you can't actually just aim your dick and put it in
>I have to slip under the covers a bit
>She coos and asks where i was going
>i slide up close, and slowly slide my way up her body
>as i near the entry point i take a firm grasp of my dick and tilt it upwards towards her
>I press it right against her entrance
>She goes silent
>She knows exactly where i'm going
>I press a tiny bit upwards by sliding my body along hers
>She makes a squeak
>I'm not actually hitting the entrance, damnit
>Reposition
>Retry
>Take #2
>Slide up, she's been silent this entire time now
>slide it up
>rest at her entrance
>Because she's so wet and slippery i just slide right past and through her legs again
>GOD DAMNIT

>Taking attempt #3 at landing
>She's got her hand down here too now.
>Both flight assistants have hands on the plane and are guiding it in
>Touchdown
>My dick's head firmly wedges itself into some kind of place it's capable of going
>this doesn't actually feel nearly as amazing as i thought it would
>but the psychological aspect is intense
>I start pressing my penis into her, trying to slowly but surely inch it inside her warm-wet and very slick honeypot.

>really this isn't very enjoyable, it's like forcing your fully erect penis backwards into your body because of the resistance and size difference
>It kinda hurts
>i lied it actually hurts quite a bit
>its slow, but slowly and surely i wedge maybe an inch past the head in.
>Oh man this is gonna take forever
>This isn't nearly as fun as the internet said
>Virgins, not even once
>We're not even on the same level anymore because i'm at some crazy position trying to get my penis inside this fuckin Chinese finger trap of a vagina.
>Can't even look into her eyes
>can't see the look on her face
>Two inches in and i reach a barrier
>Or i think its a barrier, to be honest i don't know what the hell i've been pressing up against, but according to porn and books i'd read i've broken this girl's cherry at least seven times.
>I reposition and get in a place i can look her in the eyes
>She's smiling, but its obvious this isn't very comfortable for her either.
>Being the rule abiding matriarchy submitting male i am, i ask final permission to give her the D.
>She nods

>Nonverbal agreement, would never stand up in a court of law
>Not like my teenage mind cared
>I withdraw my penis as far back as i safely can
>It pops out
>this is harder than video games
>put it back in
>Its actually lots easier this time
>Preparing interstellar ramjets
>FIRE
>i give a pretty hard thrust and pomf, i'm through whatever it was and....
>glasses lets out a pretty shrill shriek and is crying now
>fuck that probably really hurt
>We just kinda lie there like that
>she's lying on my arm
>Its actually really uncomfortable
>its cutting off circulation
>I need to move
>I move
>"Owww!"
>More tears from glasses
>):
>back to pretending to be perfectly still
>zero pleasure so far from my penis in her vagina, but the psychological part is crazy

>Its like a million horns are going off at once saying "YOU DID IT, YOU DID IT, YOU DID IT YAY"
>Yes that's dora the explorer
>Yes its kinda like that.
>We wait a good two or three minutes with Glasses curled up really pressing herself against me.
>I figure i might as well reach down and play with her clit a little
>try to take her mind off the pain.
>if i can find her clit

>I reach down fully intent on performing the most famous of porno/hentai/manga acts
>Playing with a clit
>Well firstly i drag my hand down to where we were both joined,
>i feel her pubis is bulging out a tiny bit and she's generally unshaven like raven was.
>She seems to be somewhat trimmed though, probably wears a bikini or one piece or something.
>rub my hand through the hair trying to figure out what's what
>No references
>no maps
>assume its somewhere near the top, try to feel it with my fingers
>can't tell it apart from the curls of hair that wet and everywhere and stuck to everything.
>Finally find something i figure might be the clit and began softly rubbing it and rubbing around it
>like lightning glasses grabs my hand and holds it still
>"Not... now" was the response i got, no clue what that meant besides i probably found her clit
>Well i guess thats one adventure completed
>She squirms around a little
>HOLY SHIT
>THAT FEELS GOOD
>oh wait maybe it didn't
>"Do it again" i whisper
>She squirms around
>Yep that feels fucking great, i'm only a couple inches in but that's definitely better than a hand.

>Well its time to go the rest of the way in
>start the slow process of penetrating her some more
>still as slow as it was before
>eventually around five-sixish inches in
>can't go any farther
>pressing it doesn't give away anymore and just hurts me
>Every time i do it she squirms around and makes cute sounds though
>kinda the halfway point between a "Eee" and a "ooh"
>and we're both breathing heavily now, even though technically we've been pretty much stationary for like 20 minutes now.

>First time Sex is not a fast thing it seems
>I start pulling out and plunging in, very, very, slowly
>If i haven't already said it, vaginas are weird
>They don't have texture, they don't really feel like anything, it just feels like your penis is in a warm place with pressure on it. YW: Lonely anons
>She's definitely enjoying it
>I'm not really, not so much
>But hey its for the girl, so whatever
>I start going faster and faster
>Really just feels like fisted fapping with lube
>But i mean the girl is the best part, you're doing it with someone else and it feels like you're important and you matter and at that moment you're the center of that girl's universe.
>Thats why sex is so great
>And i'm thinking that as i'm pumping in harder and harder
>Glasses is moaning now pretty loudly
>This is why kissing is a thing i remember

>start kissing her
>Oh man the kissing is the best part
>We're both trying to breathe while kissing and humping one another
>This results in every breath i take drawing the air from her lungs, and every breath she takes drawing the air from my lungs
>Seriously its like some carbon dioxide hot potato
>we're getting dizzy doing this
>probably for scientific reasons
>Who cares
>She's loud when i'm not kissing her so i keep the kissing up
>We're both at that frantic "hump one another until something happens pace"
>I'm getting pretty close to pretty much blowing the biggest load i've ever had
>Ever
>She's grinding and gyrating her lips like some kind of demon
>Whatever we were doing, it felt amazing and it came completely natural to us
>Our pubic hair is grinding together every thrust, its slick and nearly dissolving into one another with juices
>our faces are a mess, slobber everywhere and hair every which way
>we're just interested in that final end
>that sweet release
>she tenses up and i can tell she's gonna hit something
>Bang, she goes right over the edge and i go with her, i pretty much grind my hips as hard into hers as they can go and just spurt after spurt right where it counts
>she's in the afterthroes of something, but according to my penis i didn't feel any contractions or orgasms, whatever i figure she enjoyed it.

>right where it counts
>oh shit

>There's some of that baby making stuff we forgot to ask
>she sees the look on my face
>no worry on hers
>she confirms birth control for painful cramps since a young age
>oh alright then
>Still hard
>Why the fuck not
>Flip her over and go for round two
>First i held her up and pressed her facedown into the pillows and took her from behind, every thrust gliding and slapping into her butt and making a ~lewd~ sound
>That was semen load #2
>Then we were both actually pretty physically tired, she was dripping everywhere and i was exhausted.
>We both kinda ended up lying back for a little bit before getting up and going for round three.
>Round three she just sat right on my lap and bounced on her own, right around here she finally lost her shirt and i got to watch her tits in hypnotic action
>Tits are really great when they're bouncing because of something you did
>This is load #3
>By this point my balls actually hurt, like there was a pretty harsh pain behind them like they were pumping out just a little too much
>But i didn't care and just kept going, why the fuck not i was hard still.
>Teenage endurance is nothing compared to fapping multiple times a day for years.
>Load #4 was rather slow coming, but at that point i'm pretty sure i couldn't have moved another muscle if you had begged me. That one was slow, lazy side by-by side lying down sex.
>We were both exhausted, she was full of as much spunk as i could possibly give her and we threw the covers over one another and went to bed arm in arm.
>Sleeping together isn't hard after sex.

>So as usually happens with having sex and falling asleep in one another's arms romantically
>you wake up about 2-3 hours later
>You stink
>everything's sticky
>your arm is asleep
>Your partner is sleeping on that arm
>to untangle your arm you have to jiggle them
>they wake up
>thier leg is asleep
>you're sleeping on that leg
>fuckin hell it was a bloody mess
>But we woke up 3 hours later

>Through our repositioning and rustling , as is usually the way with lots of sex
>we saw one another for what we actually were and not through lust tinted glasses
>holy shit we were a mess
>She had her hair all stuck to half her face
>her breasts had a weird imprint on them of something she had slept on top of
>her pubic hair was a matted mess
>her thighs were sticking together and making a sticky sound when she moved them
>there was pretty much semen everywhere, even all over my legs
>This is still pretty fucking sexy because
>I DID THIS TO HER
>i give glasses a wink and offer her a fifth round and she politely declines.
>some complaint about being "Sore", and i understood because my balls hurt like fucking hell too, like someone had stabbed them with a fiery rod.
>But that just happens when i fap too much, no big.
>It hurts, but you learn to like it.

>we're kind of silently communicating various things to one another through eye signals and facial expressions, both too lazy to get up.
>existence of life on other planets
> purpose of human life
> size of the universe ect
>and we hear a stifled moan

>I give glasses the "i'm gonna take a look" face
>Really its just a worried kind of surprised look, but you get my drift
>not sure if she understands but i slowly turn over
>making sure not to ruffle the sheets
>since i'm closest to the edge i get a good look into the room, with the lovely 5:00AM pre-light darkness still accompanying it.
>i feel glasses slither up behind me on my back to prop herself up and see
>she probably can't see what's going on because her glasses are on the ground or in the sheets somewhere

>I see a sleeping bag rustling
>i whisper to glasses that its raven
>we both watch intently waiting for another sound
>1 minute with a little rustling
>2 minutes
>a moan, loud and clear from raven's sleeping bag
>she's probably fapping
>We figure she heard us earlier when she was "Fake Sleeping"

>God damnit raven
>we both slide out of bed quietly (which is a hard thing to do) and glasses slips over quickly and completely unzips the side of Raven's sleeping bag.
>Guess who's inside rubbing herself furiously and is completely in shock at being exposed?
>If you guessed anyone other than raven you're expecting too much drama, this isn't days of your lives this is Days of my life..
>Raven is pretty much terrified.
>She's in shock, did not expect to be discovered.
>You know, that expression when your mom walks in without knocking (you know the one).
>before anyone can say anything, i'm off my feet.
>Glasses shoves me head first into raven's sleeping bag and starts zipping it back up

>In a perfect world this would have worked perfectly
>in this one i end up upside down with my head by raven's feet and half my lower torso sticking out the top of the sleeping bag.
>with great reshuffling and effort glasses shoves the rest of my legs into the bag and zips it some more, shoves some more in and zips a couple more inches.
>this continues until my cock is jabbing raven in the upper stomach, my head is by her toes and her head is by my ankles.
>Raven is complaining about things i can't hear at this point
>Glasses obviously ignores her and zips up the entire sleeping bag from the outside
>"Ill come back for you two later, i need a shower" and we hear her footsteps slowly thump away.
>I'm now trapped in a warm, wet, sticky and musty cocoon with raven, that smells like.... well it smells like she's been furiously masturbating for hours inside.
>try to strike up a conversation about how to get out of this but we're actually pretty stuck
>The zipper is on the outside
>That and the smell of raven's pussy is smeared everywhere and has me probably as hard as ultradiamonds
>i'm actually salivating at the smell and have the strongest urge to get between her legs and just lick
>There were a thousand reasons i shouldn't, best friend, didn't want to fuck things up, ect, but i couldn't think of them at that point.
>why the hell not i guess

>Maneuvering into licking range was actually really hard
>to get here there i had to grab her legs and pull her deeper into the sleeping bag with my weight on top of her, and then shift backwards to get in position.
>coincidentally this involved lots of complaining, wiggling and retorts from raven.
>After enough wiggling i was in position and i was right above what i could definitely smell (but not see) was her delicious nubbins.

>What i could also feel was her breath on my crotch and my penis flopping around over her right shoulder.
>Coincidences man,
>without further ado i dove into the delicious feast before me
>well i thought it was going to be delicious

>Now let me tell you about vaginas
>Vaginas are right next to your asshole, so coincidentally some of the flavors and smells "Mingle", specially if you're sweaty.
>Sweaty can be from anything to having a jog, or masturbating in an enclosed space for hours at a time
>secondly, Vaginas are acidic cesspools of germs, expelled womb parts and blood
>This is the lie that every man will tell you, that every book and story will pretend is the most delicious thing on earth
>Vaginas depend entirely on what they've been doing, showered vaginas are delicious (Sometimes), unshowered are a ride of their own
>Sorry about ruining that: Lonely anons
>First thing about getting to raven's Snatch was the smell. It hits you like a truck and keeps you... well it wakes you up.
>It smelled something like you just opened up a box of apple juice, and something like you just opened up a basement that's been closed for 30 years.
>Luckily it wasn't gag worthy (i've had some that are and oh man thats a challenge).
>Next up is the hair, hair is a tough one because pubic hair likes to just up and come off for no reason.
>The worst part about eating out a girl with hair is that you might get some stuck on your tongue.
>Put a piece of your hair in your mouth and decide if you can tolerate that, if you can you head to the next step.

>Next up is the taste
>most women don't actually taste like anything
>closest i can compare is the sensation of licking wet noodles
>thats the flavor and taste, starchy, empty, watery, sometimes sweet, sometimes a little acidic. Thats about it.

>Now Raven
>Raven was a trip of her own, we already discussed the particular brand of funk that was spread around the polyester of the sleeping bag,
>Next up was getting past the hair, usually you would part it with your hands or fingers, but because i was trapped in a small confined space i had to just delve my head right in and go for it
>because of this, getting my tongue to raven's snatch was a hairy mess, i ended up licking everything and everywhere.

>Hair all over my tongue, (with some subtle spitting i fixed that of course), hair stuck to her inner and outer lips, hair everywhere.
>But the last part of the adventure was the taste
>if there's one word i can use to describe the taste i'll say "Unique".

>Raven was positively delicious
>Probably the best cunt i'd ever taste in my life
>Whatever the hell she ate or did, she tasted like honey, actual honey with some sweet syrupy sour flavor.
>It was fucking amazing
>I was in heaven, actual god damn heaven eating this girl's cunt.
>This was the once in a lifetime girl, the one that tasted like she shoved skittles up her snatch, and for all i cared she could have for how great she tasted.
>Fuck the hair, fuck the smell (Which got better the second i got closer,) this was god damn heaven.
>My tongue went everywhere, and everywhere it went it elicited a gasp from raven.
>now i couldn't actually hear raven gasping, i felt her chest contract against my stomach every time she did though, and it was just a psychological thrill to know this was the second woman that night who i had as putty in my arms.
>not really my arms, really my tongue but you get it
>my tongue went up and down her crack, back and forth, in and out
>there wasn't even a taste of "Ass" that comes with most women being sweaty
>This was fucking amazing
>And she was gasping and shuddering beneath me every time i dipped into her sweet center
>each time she gasped i almost felt the desire to thrust a tiny bit, until i actually started to.
>Every lick, every gasp, i pulled my hips up a bit and put them back down.
>One gasp i couldn't bring them down again, she was holding them up
>i feel a change in temperature again on my penis
>oh man
>Oh man

>She had the tip of my penis in her mouth and was slowly circling her tongue around it.
>the weird thing is that although i had imagined this a thousand times before in different ways, it felt NOTHING like any of those times EVER.
>It was hot
>Wet
>Slight pressure
>and it was a different temperature than where my penis had been before.
>Pretty quickly she engulfed a decent amount of it in her mouth and began sucking
>i continued licking
>Now there was this three dimensional aspect to this cause/effect system, i licked, she gasped, she blew air across my cock and balls, it felt amazing, i made her gasp more.
>each time she gasped a little bit more and took a bit more of my penis down her throat

>Each time she did this, i tongued her deeper and deeper into her pussy
>Pretty much tongue fucking her with my head jammed as close between her legs as i could
>She finally manages to take pretty much as much of my cock as she's going to take down her throat
>Her mouth doesn't feel that great, but her throat constricting and relaxing on the head feels AMAZING.
>its going to make me cum soon,
>I'm feeling about ready and would love to warn her but hey, face in her vagina
>i do the next best thing and find her clit and start circling it with my tongue as many times as i can as quickly as i can.
>i feel the burn coming up in my balls and i dip closer and "Nip" the head of her clit just a bit with my teeth
>Oh man that does it.

>I jam my penis into her throat
>actually pretty deep
>actually into her throat
>I start pumping load after pump into her throat
>All into her stomach
>hell if i knew what was going on near her nether regions
>probably like a monsoon or something
>Vagina juice everywhere
>All over my face
>all over my hair
>sleeping bag ruined
>don't care, load of semen in girl's stomach
>job well done, male pride at maximum.
>penis still in girl's throat
>girl might be gagging on said penis
>Oh no pull out
>still stuck in 69 position just not 69ing anymore.
>a minute or two passes before i figure "Oh why the hell not"
>back to eating Raven's well-abused vag at this point
>back to having a boner
>With boner confirmed, raven once again gets it pretty much balls to her chin down her throat.
>this time she doesn't get it soft, i pretty much plunge my hips in and out facefucking her.
>In similar fashion she's smashing her hips and crotch against my mouth and nose
>kinda hurts my nose
>i facefuck her harder to make up for it.
>climax approaching for both of us again (not really sure about her but i just assumed).
>Instead of throatfucking her, i pull out just enough to rest the tip in her mouth
>and i squirt a meager (come on i went like 6 times now) load of semen in her mouth

>she almost seems like she doesn't know what to do with it,
>Sloshes it around in her mouth with my rapidly de-stiffening penis

>With almost perfect timing
>actually im pretty sure she was just waiting and listening
>glasses unzips the bag to catch raven with my penis and semen in her mouth, and probably out of her mouth too.
>Frankly im sure we were the most amazing sight you could witness unzipping a sleeping bag
>with care we manage to extract ourselves from one another.
>i don't know what happened to the semen, i wasn't looking
>but not before i took three fingers and jabbed them into raven's well-juiced cunt
>She squirmed around a bit in surprise, but no pain, she was probably more water than flesh at this point.
>I gave them a waggle, then swooshed them upwards to collect the juices.
>Standing up i had one plan
>i walked over to glasses and just smeared the juices all over her face and forced her into a kiss
>TFW you just made another girl taste the girl you were just eating out
>i'd like to pretend i got some hot lesbian action going on but in reality
>glasses screamed "eww" and wiped her face off on whatever she could find nearest
>glasses confirmed to hate skittles
>raven laughed, abet halfheartedly because she was exhausted
>I was exhausted too, still trying to catch my breath
>But i reached over and plucked raven up and onto her feet and let go
>She instantly fell over onto the bed , she was definitely worse than me.
>orgasm knees man, biggest danger to just-fucked women since women were invented
>raven suggests a shower
>Glasses is still naked and wet from her shower, and shoos us along
>"Go quick before you wake up blondie or the other two in the living room"

You are banned! ;_;
You have been banned from /v/ for posting >>237781419, a violation of Rule 1:
Off-topic; all images and discussion should pertain to video games, their consoles, and video game culture. Don't post off-topic garbage.
Your ban was filed on March 31st, 2014 and expires on April 3rd, 2014 at 06:07 ET, which is 2 days and 2 hours from now.
According to our server, your IP is: The name you were posting with was Storybro.
Because of the short length of your ban, you may not appeal it. Please check back when your ban has expired.
{Not Dead}
just banned.
R.I.P.
ANON
Home
News
FAQ
Rules
Support 4chan
Advertise
Press
日本語

Update #2 : April 1st

Update: This was posted on R9k 2 Days later

>When we left off, glasses was pretty much shoving us out the door to take a shower.
>She probably saw what we looked like.
>I take Glasses' hint and i clasp raven's hand and lift her off the bed
>At first i'm supporting her, but she seems to have no problem walking after a short bit.
>We exit birthday girl's room holding hands
>A long hallway between us and the bathroom.
>This hallway is adjacent to the living room.
>Barefoot on cold hardwood floors
>But before that, like every hope and dream i'm shattering for you, lets talk about holding hands.
>Holding hands is a mathematical nightmare
>First of all we were both covered in various liquids from our sleeping bag ordeal, so our hands were both a disgusting mixture of sticky and slippery at the same time.
>Keeping our hands together was like holding onto glue that hadn't dried yet
>we were pretty much stuck together without taking a good amount of effort to extract ourselves.
>this wasn't a bad thing

>The hand holding itself is almost more difficult to explain than everything before this point
>Oh wait no its not, just take your left hand and hold hands with your right.
>Its like that
>But its a girl *fireworks*
>[Spoiler]I guess its a guy if you swing like that tho anon[/spoiler]
>[Spoiler]If You don't understand how crazy this psychological aspect of holding hands with someone is.[/Spoiler]
>[Spoiler]You're connected to them in the most innocent way possible, its like accidentally brushing skin with another woman you have a crush on, or accidentally touching someone else's hand as you go for something.[/Spoiler]
>[Spoiler]There's absolutely no sensation to it at all when you really think about it[/Spoiler]
>[Spoiler]Its all in your head, and in your head its amazing[/Spoiler]
>Then comes the Height difference part, luckily raven and I were about the same height so we can skip that.
>Just know that it's a tactical nightmare to try to figure out how to hold hands if you're both different heights, because your hands can't get to a "Resting" position without one person holding them up.
>Next comes the "Moving while holding hands part"
>walking step in step isn't going to happen unless both of you have your full attention on doing so. Most of what happens is one person ends up leading and the other ends up following, which makes it far less romantic than it would be otherwise.

>As a result, Glasses shoved us out the door with me in the lead and raven tagging along behind.
>I wasn't dragging her behind me or anything, she was just... out of it
>kinda in that mode where you just let someone lead you off to whatever because you don't want to think too much.
>because the house was extremely quiet and dark at whatever spooky hour of the morning it was, we're absolutely terrified of making any sounds.
>this and the floor is god damn freezing, stupid hardwood floors
>i'm sure my nipples were as hard as diamonds
>all you can hear are the light pitter patter of our footsteps as we inch down the hallway
>nothing else is making a sound in the house, just us, and it sounds like each footstep is a thousand times louder than it actually is.
>I can happily say you all know what that feels like.
>Not to mention our breathing, smooth but shallow each breath almost timed in order of one another, i take my turn, she takes hers. I take my turn, she takes hers.
>This hallway feels like it goes on forever
>After another couple more seconds of small steps down the hallway
>*CREAK*

>Like a fucking gunshot
>We both jump like four feet in the air as i step on a loose board

>Because we're both naked there's no rustling or other assorted sounds panicked teenagers make
>But we were both terrified, we can both sense that
>Just in the way that our earlier breathing has stopped entirely and we're both holding our breath
>Do not want to be discovered naked in the hallway together by blondie, homely or birthday girl
>MFW we're only about 60% of the way down this fucking hallway
>Breath still held i take a look back at the girl i've been leading down this landmine filled hallway of fear
>Tiny bit of light streaming in from a nearby window.
>Raven is a complete mess, her shoulder length hair is sticking off in every which way, locks of it are tangled and rolling down her cheeks.
>She's got various wet patches on her cheeks, something gooey dripping off her ear and her forehead is just her pretty hair plastered with wetness to her head.
>huge patch of gooey shiny and slimy something all over her lower jaw and chin
>i wonder what that could be.
>Her eyes catch mine

>Our eyes lock
>I can't really see the colors of them too well, but i know they're a deep green and my mind fills in the rest
>The kind of color of an unripened lime, or those green rings in fruit loops or something relatively romantic that i can't really think of at the moment.
>Emeralds, probably emeralds
>Did i mention i absolutely love eyes, Raven's has definitely caught me staring at her eyes before.
>Staring into someone's eyes is like the most intimate thing you can do without physical contact, you can see everything anyone ever wants to or doesn't want to tell you in how they hold their gaze to your own.
>Examining the way light reflects off of them, how big each ring of the iris or pupil is, and the facial expressions that come along with it.
>Begin to get lost in examining her eyes again
>It's probably been like 2 seconds
>She gets embarrassed and turns averts her eyes.
>Left looking at the side of her face and not the wonderful green globes i was enjoying.
>youdirtytease.gif

>Quickly scan down the rest of her
>Throat
>Shoulders
>Upper chest
>She's got goosebumps
>I knew it was cold, i'm not a pansy i swear.

>Her breasts are covered in goosebumps
>The thought comes to my mind that goosebumps look hilarious when you actually look at them.
>her breasts and upper chest is just covered in thousands of tiny little bumps
>Raven wasn't really that well endowed, A / AA cup breasts
>Small kinda globes of flesh, not big enough to need a Bra (but she wore one anyway to make them look bigger).
>Probably would look amazing in a Tank top or tight T-shirt
>And she had these tiny pointy nipples that just jutted straight out
>On second thought she probably had nipples as hard as diamonds too
>Also would look amazing in a tank top or tight shirt
>Would probably look amazing in anything
>urge to cop a feel rising
>Obviously because i was male and they were breasts, i was staring
>Raven doesn't like this (She was really self concious about her chest) and gives me a shove with her other hand.

>We continue our tiptoeing down the cold hallway holding hands
>don't step on any more landmines
>make it to the bathroom with all limbs still attached
>Get to bathroom, i'm the first one there
>Stand outside the door looking in
>Tiny bathtub with a shower and sliding glass doors
>Bathroom is right across from the living room
>Obviously going to wake up everyone if we take a shower here
>Taking turns was not on our agenda
>Raven had scrunched up behind me at this point.
>Had her head resting on my shoulder looking into the bathroom.
>She whispers "Master Bathroom"
>Fuckin brilliant masterplanner she was
>She's obviously been to this house more than i have because i'm clueless as to where that would be
>I'm standing there looking around trying to figure out where this secret bathroom is
>"Parents Bedroom" she mumbles
>Oh shit
>Parent's bedroom is all the way across the house
>Only way into that part of the house is across the living room.
>Solid Snake Mode Engaged

>We peek into the living room
>Birthday girl is sprawled out on the couch, her shirt has ridden up half way up her chest on one side but its completely down to her pants on the other.
>One pants leg is all the way up to her knee, other is fine.

>Blanket has fallen on the floor, with the bottom part tangled around her legs
>Clothes do the silliest things when you're asleep
>Homely is all zipped up in a sleeping bag with just her head sticking out.
>Kinda cute face when she's asleep
>Kinda
>Blondie is out here too for some reason
>Fear crosses my face as i realize she either woke up listening to the lewd things occurring in birthday girl's room or she was moved here.

>Raven mentions glasses might have moved her
>I sure as fuck hope so.
>Blondie is sleeping peacefully but right across the entire available walking space of the room.
>Cute face peeking out along with the top parts of her bunny PJs
>10/10 adorable right there.
>she's still blocking the way though, this is gonna be tough
>Seeing that the coast is clear we begin the long trek across the living room
>floor is carpeted so we get +10 to sneak skill
>begin the trek across the living room
>We're both craftily dodging various articles of clothing and food packages littered all over the floor.
>God damn ninjas over here
>*Clang*

>Raven hit a soda can with her foot
>Great dishonor upon raven's ninja famiry
>It echoes pretty loudly as it skitters off and ends with a thud at the bottom of a table
>Submarine Mode Engaged, Breath held, Motionless.
>Nothing happens
>Nobody even moves
>Resurface and return to stealth mode
>Halfway across the room now
>Crossing in front of the couch, homely is laid down parallel to the couch but with a decent pathway between the two.
>Trying to lead raven through the valley of sleeping girls
>still holding hands with her right behind me
>this hand holding is making it pretty hard to get through without stepping on homely's sleeping bag
>Dont want to let go because this is fucking fun

>Halfway between couch and sleeping bag
>Look over towards sleeping birthday girl
>stomach and curve of one breast is showing
>no tits, just that delicious underboob

>i've obviously paused or something
>Raven notices me staring
>Jealousy
>I get my left butt cheek pinched pretty damn hard
>not hot at all
>that shit hurt
>i wasn't even staring that long you bitch
>Almost let out a yelp but i hold it in
>I'm not even mad but i might as well act the part
>Glare daggers back at her
>She's got a picture perfect mischievous smile on
>My gaze melts instantly and i can't help but stifle a giggle
>Mostly because she looks hilarious with her current getup
>Her finger instantly goes towards her mouth in a characteristic "Hush" motion
>Sneak mode Resumed

>Finally almost past the couch
>Time for the final obstacle
>Mount blondie
>"Mount Blondie" is not a valid action at this time
>I... i meant she was like a mountain we had to climb over b-baka!
>She's sprawled out across the entire floorspace with her head near the couch and her feet over by the TV
>Trying to figure out where to cross the sleeping girl without disturbing her
>decide that just taking a big step right over her head is probably the best idea
>tentatively put my foot out and over her body
>Firmly set it on the other side
>Legs pretty spread at this point over her
>I'm wagglin in the wind.
>Oh man i hope to god she doesn't wake up right now
>The sight she would see
>Feels dirty man
>Slightly embarrassed at the thought, so i hurry up and finish moving to the other side
>Raven's turn
>She takes the same step that i did, but this time with me helping her by holding her arm up and supporting her.
>She's a little wobbly but gets a firm foot down.
>She's just as spread out as i was
>Please don't let blondie be awake
>Please don't let blondie be awake
>Of course, whichever god, alien race, or branch of the FBI that was listening to those thoughts had to intervene
>We hear a loud snort

>fuck

>We freeze
>Please don't let it be blondie please don't let it be blondie
>Blondie's sleeping bag starts rustling
>Fuck oh fuck oh fuck
>Raven is still standing there with her crotch spread eagle right above blondie's face
>I'm thinking this is some twilight zone level coincidental bullshit
>but it's not
>we both realize it's not blondie's sleeping bag moving
>Homely's moving her feet and its rustling blondie's sleeping bag
>Fuckin hell
>Ends up homely gave off a snort or something in her sleep and rolled over
>Honestly what do you expect at this point
>homely man, there's a reason nobody likes her

>After we nearly pissed ourselves in an extremely compromising position, raven gets her other foot over
>Home stretch
>Carpet, no obstacles
>I got no clue where to go so raven takes the lead
>We hit a couple of dark passageways, a secret tunnel and go through at least three revolving bookcases
>Really though it was a super dark.
>I think it was a hallway and a room or two, really i could barely see
>Didn't stub my toes at all on things i couldn't see, Raven; best nightvision goggles a man could ask for.
>its those green eyes, fuckin magic i swear
>We get to the parent's bedroom
>it's pretty dark
>flip on the light
>HUGE ASS BED

>They had a california King
>thats like the biggest bed you can get
>Raven and i exchange knowing glances
>Mentally planning lewd in the future
>She leads me across the room and around the gigantic bed towards the door on the other side
>Since the lights are on, i get to stare at the subtle jiggle of her tush as she walks.
>Dat Ass
>Not just Dat Ass, i get to intently examine the curves of her back, the smooth lines where her shoulders meet and even the curvature of her spine.
>Women's bodies are amazing

>As i'm staring at her curves and luscious everything we turn the corner of the bed
>I stub my toe on the corner of the bedpost
>God damnit

>Half hopping on one foot and with raven giggling, we reach the master bathroom.
>Turn on the light
>Its massive
>Tile floors
>Giant bathtub
>Huge walk in shower
>Marble counters
>Far as hell from the living room
>Probably soundproof if we close the door
>Raven releases my hand and pulls it away pretty quickly
>It sticks to my hand and there's a definite sensation of it peeling away as she does it
>It feels awful, but the worst part is that she's no longer holding my hand
>She rushes out of the bathroom
>Its almost soul crushing, i'm left there standing and contemplating suicide or something
>pls come back raven):
>I stand there kind of awkwardly for what's probably the worst 4 seconds of the night
>then raven's back
>She grabs both my hands and is holding them facing me now
>fingers intertwined again, hell yes
>"I closed the bedroom door"
>Fuckin brilliant i tell you this girl was

>Taking her hint, i back up into the bathroom door and use my foot to close it softly
>Hands still intertwined we try to move over to the master shower
>This doesn't work very well
>we end up crab walking like idiots, and realizing someone needs to turn on the nozzle and all that
>The shower has this fancy lever with hot and cold nicely labeled, so i take the hint and extract a hand and start the "Getting it hot but not too hot game"
>Raven's just smiling like a happy fool, im sure i was too
>Temperature is right and steam is slowly fogging up all the reflective surfaces in the bathroom
>Sexy shower scene time
>Oh wait, no showers don't work like that
>More soul crushing i guess
>[spoiler]Now anons, if you've ever taken a shower with someone else you realize a lot of things right off the bat[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Firstly there's not nearly enough room for both of you to be under the water. No matter what you try[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]One of you is going to get shafted on the being warm part[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Next up is the cleaning, in a shower you kinda have a routine, soap, shampoo, whatever you rub down and clean[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]When there's two people suddenly all routine is out the window and you're just rubbing down one another's privates endlessly [/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I mean technically we needed that but don't point that out i'm trying to remind you this is real life here : Sorry Lonely Anons[/spoiler]

>Seeing as you now understand the predicament, we both were now trying to get under the hot water
>Sadly the hand-holding was coming to an end about the second we stepped into the shower as well.
>The water was washing away the stickiness and they just changed to slippery and smooth real quick.
>That's alright too, slippery hands are great and can go all kinds of places
>My hands being slippery and wet now, got to wrapping themselves around her back and squeezing raven as close as i could possibly get to me.
>Because she's pretty much flat chest masterrace, the "When you hug a flat chested girl you hold her closer to your heart" was pretty damn true in this case
>All i could hear and feel was the hot shower water and her heart beating against my chest
>I was probably suffocating her a little bit too but i'm sure she didn't mind at the time.
>We hold that position for a while, heads over one another's shoulder, hug probably as tight as could be
>My thoughts drift to her breasts and how her nipples are digging into my chest
>Boner at half mast, arise from the dead initiated.
>Obviously nestles between her legs pointing downwards along the seam of her thighs
>This is the best place for it

>My mind isn't thinking a single thing besides how comfy this is right now
>Hot shower
>My best friend (who happens to be female)
>happy place for penis to recover from blowjob
>Pretty definitely one of my favorite moments for sure.
>Sadly the favorite moment had to come to an end eventually
>we got to the nitty gritty process of washing one another
>Which was less nitty gritty and more my hands everywhere i could put them
>First i had to clean her breasts
>I grabbed the nearest soap (some of that doctor brom's peppermint stuff)
>If you don't know what im talking about you're probably not a human
>[spoiler] its like soap and peppermint oil, fucking smells amazing and it does "Other things" i'll explain in a second, everyone else knows what im talking about but : YW Non-Human Anons [/spoiler]
>If you know what i'm talking about you know this was a terrible idea

>So of course, both hands move to her breasts, i put her under the water and the "cleaning commences"
>First the left breast, lathered up
>Then the right breast, lathered as well
>Then the entire area around them
>Shoulders, arms, stomach
>Back to the breasts
>Back to the stomach again
>Back to the breasts
>I mentally say fuck it and proceed to just play with her breasts for another couple minutes
>She doesn't stop me so you know whatever i figure they need to be clean right?
>She's not even commenting or pushing me away
>This is actually kinda weird for her

>Force my gaze away from her breasts
>Look at her face
>She's got it completely scrunched up, looks like she's got trouble concentrating or even standing
>Oh shit she's got really sensitive breasts
>Drop my hands from them (regret it instantly)
>She instantly returns to the land of the living and has a blush creeping into her cheeks
>It creeps just about everywhere else
>full body blush on a light skinned girl is amazing i tell you, you can watch it spread.
>She doesn't say anything though, so i return my hands to soaping her up
>Arms
>Thighs
>Legs
>To get her legs i had to kneel down
>Perfect face to crotch level
>Of course all i can see is a big mat of wet pubes, but it was the first chance i'd had a good well-lit look at her crotch.
>Actually any of the girl's crotches for that matter
>Whatever it was, my male brain told me that it was perfect and i should worship it
>The mind is always willing

>Only half a boner still, i guess the body is weak
>I rise back up and start with the breasts again
>can you really blame me?
>Raven is back in another land, eyes nearly rolling out of her head.
>Just some girls are like that, you touch the tits and they fall apart in your hands, others can't feel a thing.
>[spoiler]Its definitely a fact that smaller breasts are way more sensitive[/spoiler]

>Back to her breasts, i've got my hands tweaking her nipples now
>Its not like the tactile sensation of nipples is great or anything, they're just really fun to play with
>Raven is back against the tile of the shower now and i'm the one in the hot water
>She's making about a thousand different faces a second
>I'm thinking i must be amazing, some kind of crazy pleasure artist
>Absolute master at pleasing women
>Should sell my skills

>In my megalomania inspired tit-play
>I ignore the fact that raven now has goosebumps again
>She's shivering (probably with how good i was)
>She blurts out two words "i'm c-cold!"
>Fuck
>Peppermint oil
>The second you get out of hot water its like toothpaste or spearmint gum and drinking water afterwards
>that shit is freezing for no good reason
>that's why she was making faces
>put her back in the hot stream of shower water
>problem temporarily solved
>but breast induced orgasm chances ruined
>My young mind was pretty disappointed, i could swear i had read it was possible somewhere.
>Not to be dissuaded i start again
>Raven's not having any of that, pushes my hands away and tells me to finish up properly.
>):

>I take the time to soap up the rest of her front
>work some soap into her pubes as well
>until it looks like she's bleached them into a frothy white mess
>Bleached pubes should be a fetish
>Ignoring the obvious thing she wants me to do
>Or i think she wants me to do
>I flip her around
>i start soaping up her shoulders
>Lather the hell out of her back
>God its so much fun to play with a girl's soapy back, so many creases and ravines to get lost in
>So many bumps to feel and patterns to trace
>What can i say, i take joy out of the most silly things when i'm with women.
>I soap up her lower back and butt next, then skip down to her thighs and lower legs
>Same deal as with the front, i get to pretty much put my face inches away from her ass
>Giant globes (when you're that close) of delicious soft flesh
>Cop-a-feel-initiated

>Obviously playing with the butt is just as fun as the breasts, but lots different
>You get to press the cheeks together until there's just a seam in the middle
>You get to pull it apart and see the inner prizes within
>Since raven had a small but cute round set of buttocks, my hands and mind were in a happy place.
>After playing with it for a minute, i get an idea after pulling her cheeks apart
>I stand up fully, bring my hand down and rest it on her lower spine, making sure it's nice and sudsy from the peppermint
>with my other hand i wrap it around her waist/stomach and pull her close to me
>Slide my hand down until its resting in the crease of her asscrack
>Slide it lower
>Begin fondling/soaping up the entire length of her most intimate places
>Im not sure if this is a good thing or a bad thing,
>but she's squirming
>Probably good
>After a bit more of this smooth soaping, i take my middle finger and try to stick it in her soapy pussy
>I say try
>I miss

>I use too much pressure in the wrong place
>Middle finger right in the ass
>I'd love to tell you she moaned, or bent over and asked for more, or did anything even remotely hentai/porno/h-manga ish.
>She didn't
>She squealed "Eeeek"
>My hand was quickly extracted
>I mumble a couple apologies and make excuses about it being soapy
>She's not really mad or angry, just not alright with that kind of thing at the moment
>Makes sense, a finger in my butt would probably go over just as well with me.
>Oh well, a vagina is fine too
>facing her front now, hand snakes down to her pubic mound
>Starts rubbing
>Her hands are on mine in an instant
>Holding them still

>Oh nope
>One word from her mouth "Sore"
>Well that was probably to be expected
>this girl had gotten off atleast five times that i knew of tonight, and i was right there with her
>and i would bitch about how badly my balls hurt,
>but you know i kinda liked it.

>She decides its my turn to get washed
>oh man
>She doesn't start with the penis
>Hopes and dreams crushed, perfect girl no more
>She starts by lathering up my butt
>what the fuck

>Mind assessing possible avenues of escape
>this isn't ok
>I know what's coming
>this is my fault
>i did this
>i didn't ask for th...
>She grabs my butt and stops my thought with a kiss on my lips
>much better than expected
>10/10 no finger in butt
>The kiss turns into a french kiss
>11/10 no finger in butt
>She starts grinding her pelvis against mine
>12/10 no finger in butt
>That did it
>Better than perfect
>My penis is now hard as a rock
>Welcome back old friend

>The kiss is pretty awesome, but Glasses girl has her beat on the lung technique
>She tastes pretty sweet though, so its confirmed that 2/3 holes are delicious
>Glasses girl was more tart in almost a dirty lusty sort of way
>Raven is just all sweet
>Raven breaks the kiss and goes back to the soaping endeavor
>She's shivering again
>That god damn soap man
>Fucking freezing i swear
>Water also isn't super hot anymore
>Pretty warm though, we still have time.
>Her hands feel amazing
>Seriously she's got them everywhere
>They rub my chest, my shoulders, arms, thighs, back
>God damn best feeling ever
>girl hands are best hands

>She's alternating between goosebumps and shivering though
>That soap

>Perfect excuse to frequently stop her and pull her close under the shower
>Eventually we just give up on soaping
>and she just cuddles me close under the quickly cooling hot water
>Its pretty warm still
>it might just be the peppermint soap making us cold
>We're definitely cuddling though
>Showers are awesome
>Her hand slides down my slippery belly
>Her other hand gets the peppermint soap
>Oh no

>She proceeds to soap up both my crotch, and her own again
>My boner is totally in the way
>We have it pressed between one another pointing straight up
>Right between her belly and mine
>I've got no clue what this is called but it feels amazing
>You should probably know what it feels like
>[spoiler]Its like you take your penis and pull it straight up against your stomach, then press a pillow down on top of it and hold it firmly against your own stomach[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But its a girl, and its a very very hot, slippery stomach[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Plus you can kind of thrust it and get some amazing friction, specially if you can catch the head of your penis on her bellybutton[/spoiler]
>It feels amazing
>seriously even experienced anons should read those spoilers

>Did i mention i was doing a little bit of the thrusting thing?
>And she would take her soapy hand and slip it between our bodies and just fondle the top of it
>This almost deserves another spoiler
>[Spoiler]Ok yes it does[/Spoiler]
>[Spoiler]but i'm pretty sure most anons here know that if they soap up and play with only the head of their penis its a REALLY unbearable feeling[/Spoiler]
>[Spoiler]We're talking you're going to go weak kneed and have to stop because you can't take it.[/Spoiler]
>[Spoiler]Its almost funny, like its a ticklish kind of good feeling[/spoiler]
>[Spoiler]this is what playing directly with a girl's clit feels like to her[/Spoiler]
>[Spoiler]If you grit your teeth and go with it though, you'll get a crazy orgasm, it's just almost painful to do[/spoiler]
>[Spoiler]The more you know.Try it.[/Spoiler]
>HNNGGGGG

>I was probably going to just splatter her with cum right then and there
>She realizes this
>She stops moving and holds me still

>Her hand still resting on the tip of my penis
>TORTURE
>PLS MOVE
>Start giving her puppydog eyes
>[spoiler]Or sad kitty cat eyes (if you're not a dog person)[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]let it be said that storybro is an equal opportunity storyteller[/spoiler]
>She backs away slightly, and kinda roughly actually moves my penis down
>Until it's pointing right at her thighs
>Yesyesyesyes
>She slides it forward and it's touching her tangle of black pubic hair now
>this actually tickles
>this REALLY tickles

>i start laughing
>She gives me a weird look
>Pretty sure she thinks i'm laughing at her
>actually full out laughing now because the laughter is jiggling the head of my dick up and down
>it's rubbing against her bush
>She's giving me serious hurt eyes now
>i can't help it, she made the tip really sensitive by rubbing it with her hand
>Moment probably ruined
>Try to sober up and stop laughing
>its really hard
>i actually can't breathe
>[spoiler]Your dick is REALLY sensitive when you do this anons, just be warned[/spoiler]

>Raven is backing away and lets go of me
>She's hurt
>Hurt girl mode activated
>She slinks all the way into the corner of the shower
>looks like she's going to cry
>I'm bent doubled over laughing
>Finally catch my breath and see her
>Between giggles all i can blurt out is
>its
>hahahah
>not
>hahahaha
>funny
>she's probably actually crying now
>i can't tell because she's wet anyway

>i try to say something, force my stupid body to breathe

>all i get is laughter
>mixture of breathlessness and laughter
>i try to hold the head of my dick and try to stop it
>god damnit it tickles so much
>this is what happens when a girl gets you close by just rubbing the head.
>raven at this point has shrunk up into the corner trying to make herself look small
>i know i'm probably killing her on the inside
>im supposed to be her friend
>[spoiler]low self esteem is an awful thing[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]if you know any women with this condition who are pretty, please go out of your way to fix it anons
>compliment them, flirt, [/spoiler]
>[spoiler]tell them the features they fear are bad are instead great.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]because it's a crippling ailment we can prevent, like forest fires, or rap music[/spoiler]
>Raven's pretty much done with the shower at this point though.

>She's in the corner farthest away from the door
>I'm between her and the exit
>She tries to rush past me, going around the outside of the master shower area (it's pretty big).
>I'm still laughing, but i've atleast got control of my motor skills
>i manage to grab her wrist and hold on tightly
>Unwanted physical contact at this point
>She's squirming
>She's definitely crying
>Real amounts of hurt in her voice as she's probably concocted some evil world where i'm laughing at her because she's unshaven or something.
>Or something "Looks" funny
>Did i mention crippling self esteem issues does that to people.
>She's protesting with various sounds, and
>i just try to keep her from leaving.
>Her voice is up and down, even cracking a little bit as she's almost sobbing "Let Go!"

>This is killing me on the inside
>I don't know what i'm supposed to do
>I have a really disraught on-verge of screaming teenage girl i'm barely holding back from leaving a shower
>I can't stop laughing
>Holy shit me, get it together.
>I give up trying to control her as she's squirming around in the middle of the shower
>give her a firm tug and actually pin her up against the wall
>She's blurting out things really loud now
>its in my head this is really not good, can't get caught like this
>Just about screaming my name, bloody murder and all manners of things.

>I do the only thing i can do to make her shut up and stop screaming.
>Take a guess
>[spoiler]i hit her[/spoiler]

(Imagine a 10 minute delay between posts here)

>with a kiss
>im sorry anons, i know i just wrenched your hearts to a million little pieces and back again
>But that's my job
>I keep it going until my lungs hurt
>she's wide eyed staring directly into mine
>look of fear on her face.
>or maybe its confusion
>or just a girl who's had her heart broken and put back together and broken again.
>I'm still stifling giggles into her mouth
>my penis is back up against her leg now and it's not helping
>seriously stop it boner
>I keep the kiss going for what feels like forever
>Every time i giggle air kind of puffs out her cheeks and air escapes between the gap of where our mouths meet
>thats not helping because thats kinda funny in its own way

>really am kissing her for a long time
>It probably is forever because my lungs are burning
>I'm actually holding it long enough that i feel like passing out
>Giggles are slightly under control now
>Lack of air and pain definitely helping
>still giggling
>she's crying
>this is probably rape
>wait a second if i can't breathe then how is she breathing
>this is probably rape and murder
>She seems alert and not suffocated though, probably just rape

>Either way i'm dying for air so i drop the kiss
>I was actually seeing black dots in my vision
>practically gasping like i ran a mile
>just holding her up against the tile wall, my body against hers
>my head pressed over her shoulder.
>my forehead pressed onto the cool tile of the shower wall as i gasp for breath.

>the lines of the tiles are swimming infront of my eyes, just shimmering.
>I don't know what kinds of faces she's making
>But i had just forced a thousand emotions upon her with my lips.
>she is gasping for breath, i guess i was a little harsh
>I'm not laughing anymore
>still can't talk because i need that oxygen stuff that keeps me from dying.
>Tiles are still a mixture of black dots, spinning and shimmering.
>start gasping out words
>i'm right next to her ear so i know she can hear me loud and clear.
>"You"
>About three seconds of heavy breathing
>"Made"
>Another three seconds
>"Itsensitive" (was all one word at the time)
>Probably four or five more seconds before i realize i need to clarify
>"Ticklish"

>She's silent for pretty much no time at all before she makes a sound
>It sounds like something halfway between a sound a seal and a mouse would make.
>I dont know what i meant, but it sounded like a good sound
>Like a relieved sound
>i really don't know how to describe it, but it was a happy not-humany sound
>girls make those sometimes
>I take it as a "you're out of shit creek anon" sound
>atleast i hope that's what it was
>still suppressing giggles
>probably still up shit creek without a paddle
>or a boat
>We're just like that for a little bit before we realize we're both still covered in suds
>And its freezing
>Peppermint soooaaaapppp
>Back in the water we go

>water is definitely not hot anymore
>warm at best, transitioning to lukewarm
>End up both huddled shivering under the showerhead

>not warm enough to stop us from being peppermint cold if we take turns
>Its so damn cold!
>Soap was a bad choice
>End up in the position that started the laughing again
>Head of penis isn't as sensitive anymore
>can safely nestle it up against her.
>happy place
>she spreads her legs a tiny bit
>penis goes between the thighs
>what is this magical sensation
>her crotch is like a degree or two hotter than her thighs
>Her thighs are rubbing me from either side
>She's wet and slippery from all the soap
>This is fucking amazing

Raven is up against me again, head on my shoulder.
>i get a whisper in my ear
>"The soap is tingly"
>"It's driving me crazy"
>I stifle another giggle
>Holyshitwhatswrongwithme
>Atleast she doesn't look hurt anymore, but she might have her doubts
>Still though this is like a triple contact job or something
>Can you even get more body parts covering your penis at the same time, i don't think so.
>I start gently thrusting, just back and forth.
>She's putty in my hands now, every time i pull back the ridge on the head of my penis rubs along her ass
>And the bottom half of her sex
>and drags a generally great amount of friction across her outer lips.
>for me its like the earlier stomach job + the friction of her vagina
>Plus the hairs have this coarse texture to them as they rub across all my other body parts
>i can't imagine what it feels like to her but im sure its great

>Suddenly
>She squeezes her thighs together tightly
>God damn pressure on my dick so good
>Holy hell i'm going to die right here and now
>I'm done with subtlety, its quicktime event button mashing time.
>Press X to Thrust
>Press X to Thrust
>Press Y to pull girl towards you
>We're both spamming quicktime button events like crazy

>Breathing like god damn lunatics, ragged breaths everywhere
>Her pubic hair is tickling my balls
>[spoiler] This is a fucking amazing sensation[/spoiler]
>I've got probably a third of a minute before i explode
>Raven has her hands on my butt again, pulling me closer each thrust
>Each time my pelvic bone is actually grinding against hers
>Holyshitholyshitholyshit

>No words to describe
>Getting close
>Raven pulls me close one last time, one hand firmly grasping my butt
> nearly tearing into it with how hard she's holding it.
>Hurts so good
>Her other hand slides down my buttcrack
>OH NO
>TOO CLOSE TO STOP
>I get a single soapy index finger in my butt
>Blow my god damn load right then and there
>All over her thighs and ass
>All over the tile wall behind her too
>Weak kneed is an understatement, that was probably up in my top ten of orgasms at that point in life.
>Atleast top four, or five.
>I don't know if raven came or not
>I'm definitely too worn out know or notice
>She's got a smile on though i guess it was good enough for her.
>Then her smile turns to a frown.

>The water is not warm anymore
>it's actually pretty cold
>fucking freezing actually
>We get as far away from it as possible and she actually laughs
>It's a happy sound
>It's a good sound to hear since minutes earlier she was letting out some of the saddest sounds i'd ever heard her make.
>We turn off the shower and exit the room holding hands again
>But it's fucking freezing
>SOAAAPPPP
>So we drop hands and grab towels and start drying ourselves off
>And yeah a bit of one another
>Mostly her hair, it was super wet and hair takes forever to fluff dry
>Dry and still freezing
>SOOAAAAPP

>this soap really does chill you to the bone for like 15 minutes after the shower
>My balls were freezing because that was where the most soap was last
>I'm sure her privates were cold enough to make her a frost witch
>God damnit
>so cold
>She's complaining too
>god damn freezing
>this fucking soap man
>We're both completely dry now
>shivering
>god damnit
>huddling together for warmth won't work
>we figure we might as well start on back to the birthdaygirl room because it's freezing and we need clothes
>slip out of bathroom holding hands again but freezing cold this time
>lights are off in parent's room
>what

>fumble around in parent's room for lightswitch
>turn it on
>Our clothes are neatly folded and sitting in the middle of parents bed
>spooky.jpeg
>we both figure we might as well get dressed
>i get my shirt on, and then reach for my underwear
>none
> -.-
>whatever, i grab my pants and put em on raw, shirt too, jacket probably in other room
>raven has her old clothes back on, all clothing intact
>t-shirt, bra, panties, pants
>(i just thought you would want to know)
>clothing accomplished, we check the time
>6:15
>Toofuckinearly

>We contemplate sneaking back to birthday girl's room
>But its too much of a hassle, and we have a hueege bed right here
>dont even have to say anything to one another
>Raven just crawls all the way up the bed (its huge) and lies her head down on a pillow
>Of course she pats the spot right next to her
>putmeinchiefigotthis
>i fly through the air and land in the exact spot she wanted me,
>[spoiler]and by that i mean i crawl over because i'm tired[/spoiler]

>she drapes one of her arms over me, and then slides the other under the pillow i lie my head down on
>fuckin magic tricks
>god damn perfect arm positioning
>i do the same thing to her and find my arm isn't going numb
>she's brilliant i tell you
>i probably mumble something along those lines too
>but we're out like snug bugs in a rug
>last thing i remember is her head nuzzled against my chest
>and how much that was probably uncomfortable because my chest is not a soft thing.

Update #3 : April 3rd

Update: 2 Days Later on r9k
http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11199112#p11199112

>We left off when Raven and Myself conked out on the big-mchuge-mclarge parents bed
>This would be the part where i go into detail about dream sequences
>Unlucky for me, i don't tend to dream, or if i do i don't remember them.
>Shame, i'm sure anons would have a fantastic time trying to decipher them and predict what would happen next.

>As a result, nothing happens (in my eyes) between the time i pass out to the time i wake up.
>First thing i see when i wake up
>Raven's sleeping face, head angled downwards towards my chest
>Frankly i'm pretty impressed she's still sleeping like this
>I'm also impressed that i'm still facing this direction
>I do backflips in my sleep i'm pretty sure
>Seriously i cant keep sheets on my bed, its pretty bad
>Raven's probably the only thing holding me down from flying away in my sleep

>Either way, Raven's face is what i'm staring at
>Have you ever started at the face of a sleeping girl anon?
>Firstly, almost any woman of any age is beautiful when they're sleeping.
>Every feature on her face is almost completely relaxed
>Its kind of a peaceful blissfulness
>Plus there were gentle movements that just make it worth watching and staring at forever
>The gentle twitch of an eyelid, or the corner of her mouth
>The movement of her breathing, her body moving upwards and downwards slowly each breath
>This kinda thing is mesmerizing
>You can just lie there and watch her forever
>I was planning on doing just that
>justyoutrytostopmemotherfuckers

>Roughly six or seven minutes into my staring contest with my unblinking opponent
>I start hearing mumbling from her lips
>Oh man this is fucking adorable
>I feel like i'm watching a kitten sleeping and mewing in her sleep or something
>i can't handle how cute this is
>I'm trying to figure out what she's saying now
>its kind of bits and pieces of words, and then incoherent sounds
>Now as fantastical as this story is, i wish i could tell you she was saying something romantic
>Something movie perfect, something that sung praises of a future together.
>i wish i could sit here and lie through my teeth and tell you she was mumbling my name
> or repeating the words "Love" over and over again.
>i wish i could say it was anything else
>But those things didn't happen
>Raven was singing some anime theme song in her sleep
>If you're gonna chase down fanatic anime lovers, i guess thats what you get.
>Or get chased down
>thats way more likely.

>This was after all, only my second time i had been in bed with another woman for sleeping purposes
>Or the second time i felt ever mattered

>and really its the first time i woke up first and had light to see them.
>Light
>Oh shit what time is it
>Look around for some form of clock
>One is sitting on the table on the other side of raven
>One of those old black digital ones with the red numbers
>I can see the corner of it over the crease between her neck and shoulder
>I can't move to look at it though
>Squinting i'm trying to look through her tangled hair and shoulder and shirt
>They're just all in the way
>Its like holding your fingers over your eyes to block the sun and trying to be extremely still while trying to look through a crack in a fence and through a chain link fence on the other side at your topless neighbor's sunbathing.
>You all know that feel
>Terrified every time i move my eyes she's going to wake up and i won't get to stare anymore
>Through very very slight neck and eye movements i manage to get a glimpse of the first number
>8
>Good enough for me

>Definitely early enough that i can go back to sleep
>Thats pretty much everything before 12 though
>Dont go back to sleep though, i just go back to staring
>Gotta burn this memory in my mind forever
>Start mapping out the mountain ridges of her nose, the exact angles of curves of her eyelids
>As i'm practicing being a cartographer of feminine features i find the endeavour really soothing
>calming actually
>Feel a pressure in my bladder
>Oh no
>I've been lying here with a boner
>This has been preventing me from feeling my need to take a piss
>[spoiler] When men have erections, the sensation of needing to urinate is almost completely removed/replaced by a desire for friction or contact with your penis[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Taking a piss when your bladder is near bursting is really really similar in physical sensation to ejaculating: YW Female Anons[/spoiler]
>I was so relaxed and content just staring at Raven's face that i lost my erection
>No no no no

>Don't want to move
>Try to re initiate boner
>Now that the pressure on my bladder is back, there's no way to stop it
>I'm going to have to get up
>Mentally cursing myself loudly

>Try to finish the mapping process for the archives
>Can't fail, too much importance on my shoulders
>can't concentrate
>Start squirming trying to press legs together
>Bed jiggles
>Raven's eyes flutter open
>MISSION FAILURE
>Instantly her face changes from a blissful innocence, to one where all the muscles are doing one thing or another
>Its not even a bad expression or anything, its just as soon as you wake up you're back to controlling your face into whatever mask your emotions put it into.
>Her head tilts upwards and i'm looking into her eyes again
>Get lost in the green
>Can't get lost in the green
>Squirming with the need to piss
>God damnit

>"Don't move... please" i whisper as i get up and rush my way over to the bathroom
>i close the door
>old habits.jpeg
>Niagara Falls
>Sweet Release
>I'm actually embarrassed by the idea that she can hear the very loud sound of my urine hitting the water in the toilet from the next room
>I aim for the side of the bowl right above the water to reduce the noise and finish up
>Wash hands
>This strikes me as a funny action, but like i said old habits and i guess it's polite
>Open the door to the bathroom
>Raven is sitting upright in the bed
>Hair half resting on one shoulder, half tussled in the back and on the other side
>Her clothing is loose and tousled up like she just slept in it
>Sleepy eyes, with a definite blank expression on her face
>Not a morning person i guess
>Come to think of it we didn't sleep much at all so not a no sleep person really
>no issue
>i always wanted to do this
>prepare for takeoff

>take a flying leap and stretch out one of my arms to try to tackle her to the bed beside me
>Midair thoughts
>God damn this is gonna be awesome
>People do this on tv anime and movies all the time
>Fuckin gonna be great

>Almost there thoughts
>God damn she looks so soft
>i'm gonna cuddle the shit out of that
>god damn all mine
>Full way there thoughts
>Course correction needed
>Abort plan, abort pla...
>Fuck

>My knuckles clip her jaw
>she kinda leans over backwards with the force of my forearm hitting her in the chest
>Bends her legs underneath her in a really bad position
>I hit the bed facefirst
>wrist in bad place
>ouch this really hurts
>Bed is actually way more bouncy than i thought it was
>I bounce
>I end up sideways because one of my arms was anchored on raven
>Oh no oh no oh no
>This was a bad plan
>land sideways and roll off the bed
>Fall two or three feet onto the hardwood floor
>Wind knocked out of me
>everything hurts
>specially my knuckles
>Dawns on me that i just punched raven pretty hard in the face
>I manage to blurt out something along the lines of "I thought it would be romantic"
>Still lying facedown on the floor with my arms crumpled under me in a very silly position
>I get half a sob in response
>Bed moving sounds
>Footsteps on hardwood sounds
>Door closing sounds
>Water running sounds
>I'm motionless kind of regretting everything
>I did manage to move my head though
>Kinda wedged up against the bed baseboard and the floor, thinking about what i've done and staring at the ceiling.
>I'm there for a good minute or two deciding how to kill myself for being such a fuckup

>Water turns off
>Bathroom door opens
>Hurried footsteps
>Bouncy bed sounds

>Face of an angel peeks over the side to look at me
>She's smiling
>Phew
>She sees me and her face instantly turns to a frown.
>Oh no
>"are you alright?"
>i'm sure i look hilarious upside down flailed out everywhere with my arms who knows where
>but it doesn't feel like i broke anything, so i give back a pretty lame "Yeah".
>"That really hurt you know"
>I mumble back something about thinking it would be like a scene from one of the animes i knew she had watched.
>"Yeah well it wasn't, here let me help you up"
>It takes approximately two days to clean my tangled mess off the floor
>Which means about twenty seconds later we were sitting together on the edge of the bed.
>"Alright its my turn"

>Oh man
>Raven gets up and moves back
>Takes a similar leap at me
>Midair thoughts
>Oh man she's gonna get this perfect watch this
>Halfway thoughts
>Uh oh she's coming in a little low
>All the way there thoughts
>This is gonna hurt
>She headbutts me in the chest
>This knocks me onto my back on the bed
>This makes her entire body slide up along mine and she then hits the top of her head on my chin
>Movement had stopped
>My ears are slightly ringing from the head/chin hit
>I'm acutely aware that her knee is nestled up against my crotch
>Centimeters from what would have been a trip to the pain dimension

>"How was that"
>I squeak out "Perfect"
>She breaks down into some rich laughter
>Oh man the feeling of a girl on top of you laughing is so worth the pain
>[spoiler]First of all her weight is all shifting ontop of you back and forth because laughter itself involves tons of movement[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Muscles, lungs, everything[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Then it kinda vibrates through you, no matter what she's close enough that any sounds she makes vibrates through your body[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]This means that every laugh shakes you a little bit and vibrates your entire body, its amazing[/spoiler]
>Crazy great feeling
>Plus i guess her tits were pressed against my chest.
>Thats always a plus

>Anime silliness aside, we both figured we might as well get up.
>Stomach grumbles from me
>Food
>Alright time to scavenge and see what we've got and maybe rouse the rest of the house too
>We both get up and arrange our clothing in a manner that's reasonable
>Not that it really matters or anything, but it looks like we just woke up
>I mention i'm going to go rouse the house while she goes to the bathroom
>"I already did, i'm coming with you"
>Comprehension dawns on me
>Thats what the running water was
>She had turned on the faucet to disguise the sound of urine hitting the water
>Brilliant i tell you
>I wrap my arm around hers in some kind of wizard of oz arm and arm kinda thing
>We stomp off towards the living room to wake everyone up

>We're marching like toy soldiers arm in arm
>I bet we look hilarious
>We walk into the living room and birthday girl is rubbing her eyes already awake
>probably woke her up with stomping
>no fucks given
>Raven detaches her arm
>[spoiler](leaving it with me so i don't feel lonely) [/spoiler]
>and goes over to shake homely awake
>I get to pounce over and wake up blondie
>Kneel over beside her
>She's definitely the cutest girl in the room
>Long blonde hair flowing down everywhere
>Not sure how i want to approach the waking-up-a-sleeping-girl-game
>Contemplate kissing her awake

>Realize blondie is probably the shyest, and this wouldn't go over well
> Sadface on the inside
>I end up shaking her until she opens her eyes and moans some angry things about it being too early and that we did too much last night
>Panic, she knows
>and that she fell asleep because we were up so late
>Panic gone

>She really has no clue
>I guess she was moved here by glasses
>Wait a second where is glasses
>I get up and leave the girls behind to wake themselves up and do morning things

>walk down the long ass hallways back to birthday girl's room
>open the door and walk in
>Nearly break out laughing
>Glasses is sprawled out on the bed, feet on the pillows and head at the bottom, fast asleep
>She's wearing my boxers and her old t-shirt
>The sheets are everywhere, pillows are on the floor
>We probably did this last night and i didn't realize
>Suppressing my laughter, i walk over with a shit eating grin on my face
>Lean over and give her a kiss right on the lips
>Take my fingers and hold her nose
>Her eyes pop open wide as saucers
>Sees my eyes
>Instantly relaxes into the kiss
>Continue kissing
>[spoiler]I would go on an entire tirade about morning breath and all that, but i just can't be assed.[/spoiler]
>She tenses up again and makes a couple mmmgpph noises

>Oh right i'm still holding her nose
>Let go and continue kissing
>break apart after a minute or two
>She’s breathing heavily
>”T… thanks for the wakeup”
>I respond with my suavest “My pleasure”
>Somehow not a bumbling fuckup around this girl
>counting my blessings
>Now wait a second
>”Those are my boxers!”
>Her response, a simple “Yeah”

>I'm pretty sure this is suicide to let her keep wearing those
>Raven might know, but three out of five jealous girls don't.
>Me: "Listen you gotta take those off, the other girls..."
>Her: "Oh i'm sure you'd like them off wouldn't you"
>Well of course she got me with that snappy comeback real quick
>this isnt going to be easy at all
>Alright time to change my universal translator to girl

>i work the words "Other girls" Jealous and "feelings" into a decent argument
>She's having none of it
>Her "My panties are still wet, no way i'm wearing em"
>I give up on this futile effort
>i tell her she can wear the boxers, shes just got to put on pants so the other girls can't tell
>this seems to be a reasonable compromise
>she dons her pair of pants from the other day and grabs her panties and hides them in a bag of her stuff in the room so nobody else finds them.
>Im kinda standing there watching
>because who doesn't like watching women when clothes going on/off are involved
>Glasses tiptoes over to me and whispers in my ear a quick "I'll be sure to give them back just as sticky as you made mine "
>Boner through the roof
>She's not going to help though as she giggles and trots away down the hallway
>God damnit
>I readjust my raging boner and head off back to the living room to meet up with everyone

>When i hit the living room i find five women in various states of dress and awakeness
>Nobody seems to notice my boner
>Except glasses who licks her lips
>Why god why
>The sentiment of "I'm hungry" was said and quickly echoed by all
>Birthday girl breaks the news that her mom was going to make us all breakfast
>Sad noises all around
>I offer to cook
>Instantly the hero
>Get held up on the shoulders of the crowd as fanfare plays and confetti rains down
>Not really
>[spoiler] but yes really[/spoiler]

>First the birthday girl demands we all brush our teeth
>Well i don't have a toothbrush
>neither do the girls
>Brushing your teeth is for pansies /thuglyfe
>She’s got disposable toothbrushes for everyone
>holy shit i’m so down fuck this brushing your teeth is boss ignore my previous statement.
>She’s only got five toothbrushes
>Sharing toothbrushes is like the least god damn attractive idea
>I don't know why, considering i’d made out with all except one of the women there
>But this is just disgusting for some reason
>This is generally agreed upon
>): someone won't get to brush their teeth
>This serious conundrum has us all stumped for a while

>Women decide to draw straws to see who gets to share a toothbrush with me
>What
>Hold the fuck on why don't i get a say in this
>God damnit
>Not even perverted arousal, i was not down for sharing a toothbrush
>Specially not with homely
>They insist that everyone has to brush their teeth or they will have bad breath all day
>*sigh*
>They continue coming up with ridiculous rules and things
>We have to go brush our teeth together, alone
>everyone else will use the master bathroom
>This sounds like a really bad version of seven minutes in heaven

>Straws are Held in birthday girl's hand
>I'm not doing this
>I want no part of this
>Glasses greedily draws at the straws with what seems to be hunger in her eyes
>She's kinda scary
>Long straw
>Not a winner
>Raven blushes and grabs one
>Why the fuck is everyone ok with this but me
>is this a fetish i don't understand
>Its long, not a winner
>Homely grabs one

>Its long
>Phew
>Two girls left
>Blondie's turn to pick
>She pulls back her hand
>Its short
>Fuck
>Well maybe not fuck
>Well actually yes fuck
>Sharing toothbrushes is wrong anons
>Thats it, im done, story stopping right here

>Im kidding
>I figure ill just wash it off for like four minutes or something
>[spoiler]if it was homely this story woulda been over though[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]just know that[/spoiler]
>Blondie looks embarrassed as usual
>Thats like normal blondie mode though
>Raven looks jealous
>Birthday looks Jealous
>Homely looks like she doesn't give a shit
>Glasses has a weird smile on her face
>Did i mention glasses is scary?

>Blondie and i get shoved off into the tiny little bathroom off on the side of the house
>Its actually pretty small, cabinet above the sink and very little room
>I hand her the toothbrush and just wait around
>I get to watch a girl brush her teeth
>its like watching myself brush my teeth but its a girl
>this still makes it better
>not really much better though
>just imagine yourself brushing your teeth but as a girl
>[spoiler]im sorry if that turned you on[/spoiler]
>either way, blondie finished up a very thorough brushing with some cinnamon toothpaste and hands me the toothbrush
>How the fuck am i gonna handle this
>I just take it and start running it under the water
>Blondie is staring at the toothbrush
>This is extremely awkward
>"M... maybe they have some alcohol or something to disinfect it>?" Is her assessment of the situation

>Really the best solution would be for me to stop being a faggot and just brush, but fuck you.
>Blondie reaches up and starts working on getting the cabinet open above the sink
>I just nod my head and kinda stare down at the toothbrush some more, not sure i actually want to do this no matter how much water i run across it
>This decision is not mine to make however, because with a bang blondie opens the cabinet way too hard
>It seems to have been stuck
>And my head is in the way of where the cabinet needs to open
>BANG
>this cabinet is flimsy as hell, but i'm knocked back and stumble down into a sitting position
>This is the second time this girl has tried to kill me
>My suspicions are raised
>Guard is up
>She's probably an assassin sent here to kill me
>I can't let this happen
>I'm going to have to kill her first.

>instead of retaliating, i get up to her cries of "Oh my god are you ok i'm so sorry im so sorry oh my god im so sorry"
>Yup, She's definitely trying to kill me
>I wave it off and say "I'm OK" to not alert her to my newfound knowledge of her secret identity

>There's no alcohol in the cabinet
>God damnit
>Fuck you blondie
>Just put toothpaste on and just angrily begin brushing my teeth
>Dont even give a fuck, just rage brushing to distract me from my head hurting
>Blondie is just one big blush, as i can now see in the mirror on the inside of the cabinet
>Also has some pretty sad eyes on with an "I'm sorry" look on her face
>Give zero fucks
>Teeth fully brushed in record time
>Delicious cinnimony freshness
>keeping an eye out on the blondie assassin.
>obviously she thought something romantic would happen
>Before she smashed my head in with a cabinet for a second time in 24 hours
>BY HER

>Done with toothbrushing now
>Its time to leave
>Glaring daggers at blondie i walk over to the door and try to open it
>Its locked from the outside somehow
>HOW THE HELL DOES A BATHROOM HAVE A LOCK ON THE OUTSIDE
>hear giggling from outside the door
>GOD DAMNIT
>HOW IS THIS EVEN A THING
>Rattle the knob for like 10 more seconds
>loud cursing from myself
>more giggling from the other side of the door

>Ends up its not locked they're just holding the knob and that means you can't turn it
>Lever on one side and that slippery doorknob on the other so i have no friction to win in a strength contest.
>god damnit
>im not playing this game
>I actually announce this loudly
>I am so done
>I go and pout and sit over on the toilet
>blondie is over by the shower looking small
>mostly because she's not actually that big of a girl compared to me
>but you get what i mean

>[spoiler]you anons thought this was going to be the blondie arc[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]implying its not[/spoiler]

>Trapped in a bathroom with a girl hired by the mafia to assassinate me
>Just spend the entire time pouting on the toilet
>As she's planning the next way to kill me i'm sure
>Like three minutes pass
>Blondie is definitely over there squirming around
>She walks over to the door and says
>"Let us out, i have to pee"
>All remaining girls are outside the bathroom
>Laughing
>Laughing
>Probably the worst thing she could have said
>There's no way those girls are going to open that door now
>She protests and complains at them through the door for a couple minutes
>quite a few minutes actually, and she's really squirming around now and clenching her legs together
>Every time she bangs on the door she shifts legs and she's got them clenched together, a slight bend in her knees.
>really she probably has to pee really bad
>She's completely unwilling to do it with me here though

>"Whatever," i sigh and stand up,
>i tell her to use this toilet and i just won't look
>She's not ok with this
>But she's practically hopping from leg to leg now
>I tell her "It's probably more embarrassing if you piss yourself"
>Chorus of giggles outside the door
>I walk over and switch places with her
>I turn and just stare into the corner
>where the doorhinges meet the door
>gonna count the lines in these metal hinges i am
>Toilet seat goes up
>Rustling clothing
>No actual sound of her sitting on the toilet, i guess thats not really a thing that makes a sound
>Realize i didn't turn on the water to hide the sound
>Get to enjoy a full minute and a half of tinkling sounds
>All my male mind can imagine is what her vagina looks like
>[spoiler]I swear to god thats all you think about when you hear women pissing[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]thats just how it works[/spoiler]

>Hear a defeated "Oh no"
>Turn around halfway and look around at her
>Can't see anything more than her bare knees, sink hides the rest
>"No toilet paper"
>Hahahahahahaha
>God damn fate
>Contemplate leaving her there to fend for herself
>Not really that mad though, might as well help out
>I lean over, rummage through the sink drawers and find a roll, turn my eyes away and hand it in her general direction
>Appreciative noises
>Back to the corner i go

>Rustling clothes again
>Footsteps
>She's behind me and she wiggles her arms around me in a weird sort of back-hug
>"Thanks for not looking"
>She lets go in a flash and starts banging on the door again
>The girls are outside too busy laughing at her last words and i take the chance to force the door open
>God damn birthday girl was holding it
>Shit list
>Gonna burn her pancakes
>I also promptly announce thats what im going to make
>just gonna pretend they weren't little shits and make food
>too hungry to care

>We meander over to the kitchen
>the rest of the girls ask blondie various embarrassing questions about our "Time together"
>Typical 7 minutes in heaven kinda questions
>Really its just girls being girls
>I rummage through the fridge, find milk, eggs, Ham (they had like a container of salted ham in big slices), grab some random pancake mix from a cabinet birthday shows me and its cooking time.
>The girls have no intention of helping and decide to fuck off to play vidya
>Blondie still feels bad about hitting me a second time though, so she offers to help out.
>"Sure whatever" i point at the Ham and ask her to start preparing it so we can fry it up with eggs and make pancakes in the grease
>We generally ignore one another and get to cooking things

>Pancake mix, eggs, milk, tiny bit of butter (yummy)
>I'm getting around to stirring it when i realize i should probably show blondie how to prepare the eggs

>She's cutting up the ham into yummy slices and humming some cute tune while doing it.
>I pick up the pancake batter and walk over to her stirring it as i go
>This puts me behind her and to her left
>I mention putting milk and cheese into the eggs as she scrambles them
>For whatever reason me being a full foot behind her and to the left scares the shit out of her.
>She whips around
>Flash of steel
>Life flashes before my eyes

>I throw my stirring arm up (right) and drop the pancake batter bowl
>She's facing me now
>Oh god what the fuck happened
>the pancake batter bowl drops to the floor and almost rolls over but ends up upright
>I watch the spoon fall in slow motion and hit the ground
>The pancake batter on the spoon just splatters all around it
>some globs fly up and hit the lower kitchen cabinets below the sink
>the entire thing makes a pretty neat splatter pattern
>This is no shit what i was watching at the time
>I didn't even look
>Spoon stopped moving
>oh well back to reality i guess
>turn my head and eyes towards blondie
>Look of complete horror upon her face
>Ehh it can't be that bad

>Look down at my arm
>Long, thin line of red down my entire forearm
>[spoiler]imagine panicked screaming here[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]the girliest most high pitched screams you can imagine[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]These are the sounds i'm making IRL right now[/spoiler]
>But i didn't back then
>I just stared
>i don't actually think i was thinking anything.
>I just smiled
>i really did smile
>[spoiler] you should be scared anons[/spoiler]
>Took my other hand and just gently took the knife out of blondie's hand
>She was pretty much frozen with fear right at that moment
>Pried her fingers off
>and stabbed her eleven times

>Well that was it

>My assassin vanquished
>I put the knife down on the counter
>Walked over to the sink and ran the water across my forearm
>watched the blood roll away in little happy rivulets
>As i heard gargles and gasps as blondie's lungs filled with blood and she lost consciousness in the background.
>With a smile still on, i picked up the knife off the counter
>Carefully stepped over the growing pool of pancake batter and blood
>and walked to the living room.

>but i didn't
>even if she was most definitely hired at this point to kill me
>Probably yakuza considering how much they like knives and bashing people in the head.
>Mafia would get me with a gun i would think
>Even if killing her and the others was the only way i was going to get out of this alive
> i just calmly set the knife down on the counter and walked over to the sink
>the cut was pretty much covered in blood at this point
>still a smile on, i just turned the faucet on
>ran my arm under the water
>watched the blood roll away in little happy rivulets
>and started to inspect the damage
>Obviously its a gash seventeen inches deep, multiple arteries are severed and i'm going to die.
>[spoiler]in reality, i've had worse cat scratches, i was so fucking extremely lucky i dont even know how to describe that level of luck[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]probably vegas, i dropped everything in the story and just went to vegas at this point[/spoiler]

>Superficial wound
>Blondie is, well i'm pretty sure seconds away from actually exploding into hysterics
>The look she was giving me was probably the same look she would give her abusive boyfriend the day that she had enough of his shit and stabbed him to death
>Or the look she would give after realizing she had just signed her little brother into a lifetime of slavery by putting her name on the wrong part of a contract.
>[spoiler]Disclaimer: Blondie did not and would not do any of these things; YW worried anons[/spoiler]
>She's giving me eyes that you never want to see

>Where as usually eyes are beautiful, you can see the depth and warmth of a person
>You can enjoy the life of the person, staring into someone's eyes is the most intimate thing you can do.
>Blondie's blue eyes were staring right at me
>Right through me
>Cold
>Empty
>Terrified
>Tears streaming down her face
>The wetness making her eyes shimmer
>unblinking
>Cold
>The look she was giving me chilled me to the core

>I was actually dying from that stare so of course i had to get her to stop
>Ice lasers out of her face i swear

>I just walk up and wrap my arms around her
>I kinda have to scoot down because she's shorter than me
>But i hug her with her head over my shoulder
>She's sobbing
>well, silently sobbing
>Its more like dry heaves with tears
>Im just looking at my arm around her back
>Admiring my battlescars
>Its not even bleeding that much anymore it was just a little tiny cut, it must have just slid along the entire surface of the skin
>or the knife wasnt that sharp or something
>thank you birthday girl's parents for never sharpening their knives.
>Note to self blondie is extremely dangerous though
>Still hugging the sobbing assassin who tried to kill me

>She's in pieces
>Whatever, time to hug her until she stops
>Burning smell
>oh maybe not
>The butter is really hot and smoking a little bit over in the pan
>I push her away a little bit
>I take the knife and put it back over by the ham
>and then with the most authoritative tone i can muster, i yell
>"YOU"
>"PANCAKES"
>She's not actually herself, but this seems to shock her into some semblance of understanding.
>She kinda shakes and then understands what i want from her
>I watch as she bends over and picks up the pancake batter bowl and the spoon, and begins cleaning up the mess
>God damn your fault anyway
>Ain't gonna clean itself
>You can also insert maniacal laughter and "I HAVE ASSUMED DIRECT CONTROL" into my head at this point.
>Oh yeah the butter

>Breakfast cooking goes rather uneventful from that point on
>Blondie isn't allowed near anything sharp
>Or any cabinets
>I just have her stand in the middle of the kitchen and stir the pancake mix
>She really does just silently stand there stirring the pancake mix for a good 10 minutes
>As depressing as this sounds, by the time i'm done frying up the ham and eggs the pancake mix is well stirred
>Made some god damn perfect pancakes

>Give my cut a final wash off in the sink, its now just a long thin red line, no big deal at all
>And i call out to all the girls "BREAKFAST"
>Stampede
>Four innocent bystanders were trampled alive in the transition those four girls made between the living room and the kitchen

>girls all line up demanding food
>Plates are retrieved and about to be filled
>"Hold on"
>Birthday girl has broken the food related silence
>"Why is blondie looking at the floor like that"
>Blondie is over to the side just staring at the floor and looking awkward
>"WHAT DID HE DO TO YOU?"
>The girls are all crowding and swarming around blondie now
>"DID HE HURT YOU?"
>"Whoah whoah hold on", i say before the anal rape train gets started and i'm at the receiving end
>I try to step in to stop this
>"GET AWAY FROM HER YOU MONSTER"
>how the fuck is this even allowed to happen

>why don't i ever remember i'm going to lose every argument here without saying a word
>even if it's not even an argument
>just fucking lose every one
>[spoiler]This taste of girl logic is brought to you today by Storybro ; YW lucky anons who haven't experienced this yet[/spoiler]
>they're clamoring around blondie now demanding answers and telling her to point out on the doll where i touched her
>I know for a fact that blondie is up shit creek if she mentions anything about it
>Stabbing the only boy is probably enough to get her kicked out on the street this early in the morning
>She's also really good friends with these girls, and doesn't have many other people
>Time for tactical plan #4

>I burst through the huddle of hopping bloodthirsty teenagers
>I lean down right in front of blondie and force her head up a slight bit
>Everyones eyes on me thinking i'm going to kiss her or something and make it all better
>I stare right into her eyes and say in my best gravely batman voice
>"Don't tell them anything"
>And i wink just a tiny bit with my right eye, hoping she gets the hint
>Before i'm flung back across the kitchen by an army of angry women
>All of them want blood
>Well not glasses, she's laughing again

>Probably evil laughter though
>They're stomping towards me angrily, so i grab the nearest plate of food and a run away off into the living room
>i make sure i make an "Eeep" sound to let them know i'm appropriately scared of them
>Maybe they'll leave me alone to eat the breakfast i MADE THEM in peace

>I realize they have a dining room over to the side of the kitchen actually
>Might be rude to eat on the couch
>I sneak into the dining room and sit happily at the table and start wolfing down the eggs ham and pancakes.
>god damn delicious
>pancakes have no lumps, blondie did alright
>The other girls file in promptly with plates full of food
>Seven seats at the table
>Glasses sits at the end
>All four of the remaining girls sit on the opposite side of me
>This means they have to drag these big heavy wooden chairs around to the other side of the table
>They all assume protective formation around blondie
>Daggers

>Glaring daggers
>Blondie is just staring at her food and pushing it around with a fork
>I start commenting about how delicious my cooking is
>No response
>I ask them what game they were playing in the living room
>No response
>Heartbreak
>Being shunned by friends sucks
>Glasses breaks the silence by commenting about some character from the anime we all watched last night.
>It was a new episode of something
>They all break into conversation and just ignore me

>Its ok my food is delicious
>Suddenly cold on my feet
>someone else's feet
>footsie, hell yes
>[spoiler]footsie is a game where you and another girl pretty much just touch feet a bunch[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] no seriously thats it [/spoiler]
>Time to solve the mystery
>Which girl is it.

>Its not glasses because she's all the way over at the end and doesn't have legs THAT long.
>Even though she's got great legs
>[spoiler]dont tell her i said that[/spoiler]
>Blondie is still sitting there playing with her food
>Homely is having a discussion with glasses at the end, so i really doubt that
>Its gotta be birthday or raven

>Raven is glaring daggers at me
>Birthday is glaring double daggers at me
>They're sitting on either side of blondie in protective hen formation
>I'm still playing footsie but i need to know who it is
>I... i dont know
>Brilliant plan
>Take fork
>Pretend it slips out of my hand
>It falls to the floor with a clatter
>skitters a foot under the table
>Homely and glasses don't notice, but birthday and raven are just DEAD SILENT staring at me now.
>eiiuughhh
>Read that as a semi-terrified sound a small pigeon would make
>Oh well, i've committed better play it out
>Look them both as much in the eyes as i can
>Bend down to look under the table

>Its blondie's feet playing with my own
>Didnotexpectthat
>Look at the other legs
>Birthday girl is wearing a skirt now
>Her legs are open
>Crotch visible
>Panties digging in
>Very obvious cleft, no bulge from hair like raven or glasses had.
>She's clean shaven
>Oh shit
>Surprise myself looking
>Bang my head on the table
>Cough at the same time
>Come up over the edge of the table and just resume eye contact
>Head really hurts
>tears welling up in my eyes
>Hardwood tables man.

>Both of them still glaring daggers
>Birthday has a tiny smile on
>But still daggers
>Mixed signals! help!
>Blondie is still staring down and playing with her food
>resume footsie and eat the rest of my plate
>I make a few passing remarks about how blondie should be proud she helped make this food
>don't mention the part that there's probably some of my blood in the pancake batter
>extra iron, whos it gonna hurt.
>BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD
>Girls are definitely going to kill me as soon as they find where i hid the kitchen knife

>Food finished, we clean up
>I make raven / glasses / homely do it because they didn't help with making it at all
>And birthday girl just gets a pass because birthday
>This means that she watches blondie like a hawk and doesn't let me near her
>Which is a shame because i had a semi from playing footsie
>What can i say, blondie had cold feet and i helped "warm" them up.
>Footsie is amazing, nuff said
>Anyway i realize that i should probably clean up birthday girl's room before anyone gets over there
>I start going that direction
>Birthday follows me
>Oh no
>I break into a trot
>She matches my pace
>I break into a run, intending to get in and slam the door and lock it before she makes it there
>She's on my heels
>Ohshitohshitohshit
>Blondie just staring in amusement as we vanish down the hallway
>I barrel through the door to her room and try to turn around
>She's too fast
>She's in and closes the door and locks it behind her
>OH NO IT WAS A TRAP

>Look around desperately like a trapped animal
>oh wait a second this room is spotless
>well... not spotless but the bed is made, all the sleeping bags are rolled up and nothing seems amiss
>Oh right birthday is wearing a skirt
>she wasn't before
>FUCK
>SHE KNOWS

>turn slowly to face her
>"My aren't we in a hurry to get in here aren't we" she says in some kind of evil sultry tone
>IM FUCKED
>I start scanning the windows and walls for escape routes
>She starts taking steps toward me
>She clicks her tongue with each step
>Click
>Click
>Click
>Imagine more scared pigeon noises here

>"What did you do to blondie!"
>What
>We're still on that
>You don't even care that we covered your bedsheets and bed in various girl and boy juices
>And probably blood, i didn't even look at the bed afterwards but i'm sure glasses was a virgin
>You don't even care that we've completely ruined one of your sleeping bags too
>Nope
>She repeats the question
>She's threatening to beat it out of me now
>Throwing things at me
>This isn't the type of physical contact i like
>[spoiler]if you haven't noticed, Birthday is violent.[/spoiler]
>I dodge into her closet
>Its got these huge sliding doors so im like desperately sliding it closed
>She tries to get in with me
>Imgoingtodieimgoingtodie

>Oh wait this closet has two sides
>I crawl across the closet
>She gets halfway into one side
>I shove open the other side trapping her where i was just
>I jam the lock in the bottom of the door so she can't open that side and has to crawl over to where i was
>I used to have a closet like this, there would be no way i was escaping that alive without prior experience
>I book it
>Out the door of her room
>straight to the living room
>blondie is there with a questioning look on her face
>"No time to explain, run"
>Grab her hand and drag her after me
>We run through the laundry room

>The washer is on
>Take faint note of this as we flee down the direction of the master bedroom

>we run into the master bedroom
>Oh shit what do we do
>We could lock the door but she would find us
>Blondie seems to have understood the fact that my life was in danger
>She runs over to the closet and opens it and looks inside
>Plenty of room, we rush over and close the door behind us and try to stay quiet
>Tons of coats and things and the closet is pretty deep, so we rustle our way through recently worn to the "I've only worn this once and forgot about it" section.
>Smells like musty dusty closet
>Its like being in the bathroom all over again
>But since the closet isn't actually that big, and a huge amount of space is taken up by coats, we're forced really close together.
>It's really intimate
>Its also pitch black
>Every single breath i take echoes across the entire space
>Or it does not echo it just fills it up with sound, everything reverberates in your head when you're that close.
>Blondie is breathing pretty fluttery too, i can hear every breath she's making

>its about 2 minutes of near silence with only breath punctuating the entire closet.
>Slamming doors
>Footsteps
>Various calls of "Where did you go?" from birthday
>progressively angrier
>Eventually she ends up stomping around in her parent's master bedroom
>she checks the bathroom, and then we hear footsteps come over and stop right in-front of the closet
>The door opens
>A faint amount of light floods the closet, but we were all the way in the back
>Piles of boxes at our feet, coats and dresses hanging over our heads
>We're holding our breath and practically squishing into the corner together to make ourselves smaller.
>Birthday girl makes a click with her tongue
>and another
>and another
>heart beating miles a minute
>can't imagine the world of shit i would be in if she realizes i've kidnapped blondie too
>Birthday girl ruffles some coats and doesn't seem to find anything, then lets out a sigh and leaves closing the closet door behind her

>Pitch black again
>We both start breathing at exactly the same instant we hear birthday girl's footsteps die off.

>Just us two left alone
>I have blondie pressed up really firmly into the corner and i'm facing towards the door with my shoulder holding her back
>I can feel her heartbeat on my shoulder
>Its going just as fast, if not faster than mine
>I try to turn around
>This is way harder than it sounds in such a small confined space
>I end up facing her with my head inches ahead of hers
>The only way i can tell is by feeling her hot breath on my cheek
>Every time she breathes i feel it impact a point right on my lower cheekbone and spread out
>Its hot and just leaves the tiniest bit of moisture
>every gap between breaths my cheek feels freezing because of it.

>she whispers something really quietly
>I'm so focused on her breathing that i can't hear her at all
>i ask her to repeat it
>"That tickles"
>what
>I realize that the angle she's at, if she's breathing on my cheekbone i'm breathing on her neck.
>hot
>only one way to find out
>I lower my head downwards and open my lips, searching for something in the darkness
>Flesh
>Paydirt
>She lets out a squeak when i make contact, as almost a confirmation i've made it.

>Whatever part of her body it is, it's amazingly warm, and i quickly get to exploring and sucking on it.
>Could be her neck, maybe the place her neck meets her shoulders
>Vampire mode engaged
>Could also be the back of her knee for all i could see
>Back of the Knee vampire mode engaged
>Whatever it was, it had flavor.
>She tasted salty mostly, but it tasted like some kind of salty candy, with just a very very light flavor
>Like noodles you don't chew or something.
>Whatever it is, i continue licking and sucking it
>I consider using my hands but decide better of it
>Handsfreefapping.jpeg [spoiler]ohgodihopethatdoesn'tbanme[/spoiler]

>All i'm getting from blondie at this point is cute little gasps
>Her breath is ragged and coming in little bursts instead of smoothly
>I try nipping her skin with my teeth
>She takes a quick breath in and holds it
>I let go with my teeth and start roaming down whatever body part i'm kissing
>her breath speeds up and becomes little jagged gasps.
>This is awesome
>Roaming downwards i manage to find what seems to be the collar of her shirt
>Awe this isn't her knee
>Unless she's wearing a shirt on her feet
>I doubt it
>Part of me was disappointed
>Well time to go back the way i came
>I begin the slow trek of licking, sucking and softly biting every piece of exposed skin i can as i move my way up her throat.

>The gasps and breaths are almost farther away now
>Im trying to figure out how this works
>I realize as i get higher that she's tilted her head all the way back to let me roam her entire neck uninterrupted
>That just won't do
>I roll one long lick from the top of her throat
>up her chin
>and connect it with a kiss after forcing her head forwards
>I don't have to listen to her breath now
>I can just feel it against my mouth and escaping between our lips every time she exhales
>I don't just listen
>I take my tongue and explore the hell out of that mouth
>Every single ridge of her teeth, the bumps on her gums
>The best part
>She tasted like pancakes and maple syrup

>god damn delicious
>probably the most delicious kiss so far
>But i mean she's cheating because she ate pancakes and maple syrup
>But maybe not because i made those pancakes
>Gonna need some anons to clarify the rules here for me, i'm not sure which way it goes.
>doesn't matter, she's god damn delicious
>I don't kiss her for more than a minute though
>I back my head off slowly
>I don't even feel her move, i think she's just waiting for what i'm going to do next.
>truth be told i'm trying to figure out what i should do next
>lightbulb moment

>Her bunny pajamas
>they're button up!

>I move my head down to her chest and just rest it right between her breasts
>the rise and fall of her breasts every time she takes a breath is great
>man i could fall asleep on these
>contemplating it
>so warm
>so soft
>I nuzzle my head around a little bit and my chin hits a button on her shirt
>Oh right buttons
>I re-arrange my angle and go in to see if i can open her shirt with just my teeth
>Totally gonna do this like all those guys in anime and mangas that do it
>Can't be that hard
>Nope
>Nope
>Nope

>Nope
>Nope
>Nope
>Not gonna happen
>Nope
>Nuh-uh
>Nope
>Nope
>Never
>Not a chance
>Nope

>A good two minutes later i've given up entirely with the buttons
>All i've managed to do is leave a big wet spot on the first three buttons of her shirt
>I really did try, i was pretty disappointed in myself
>I did manage to just press my face into her breasts quite a bit in the process though, that was great.
>But to open a button you need to do things that my mouth was not designed for.
>Atleast those buttons
>Blondie realizes i'm having trouble
>Probably with that girl sense that lets them know you can't open thier bra so they jut in and do it themselves.
>You know when you're just taking too damn long and they want you to move ahead with it already
>that's not a sense really

>Either way she pulls my head back up to her neck
>I definitely forgot how awesome the neck was already
>I'm passionately re-enacting scenes from twilight when i feel her hands under my chin
>She's got them lower though
>*Snap*
>Oh she's undoing the buttons
>Based blondie
>I go back to licking my way down her neck
>Shoulders
>Haha! Upper chest
>Previously unexplored territory has been opened up like paid DLC
>But it was free
>yessss....
>The best part about the upper chest DLC is that it's got the upper curves of the breasts on it
>Its like you can see where the islands rise out of the ocean, but can't visit them yet
>She only had about two buttons undone at this point

>But mm, boobies
>I spend the next minute or two purposefully and intently wetting every inch of her upper chest
>When i said oceans i meant oceans
>Blondie didn't actually have huge breasts, so there was quite a bit of non-breast available as well
>She had B-ish cups, but they fit her frame so it was probably perfect
>Just like before, using my tongue i could play her breathing like some kind of crazy musical instrument.
>The skin below her shoulder, brought about long deep breaths
>The valley of skin between the curves of her mounds brought about short gasps, with tone changes on each stroke of my tongue.
>The breasts themselves, squishy but firm mounds of flesh, they made her hold her breath at first, before she actually started punctuating her breaths with tiny squeaks.
>it was the kinds of sounds a mouse would give off, the tiniest cutest vocal emanations from having her chest licked and kissed.

>She goes for the next button and undoes it
>Oh man more breasts
>The perfect cliche amount of chest is exposed, i imagine each nipple still barely hidden under the sides of each half of shirt
>I bend down to take a kiss of her right breast
>I nudge her shirt a bit
>her right nipple pops out
>Well....
>I knew it wouldn't work like it should in my head

>It never does
>doesn't matter
>might as well make the best of it.
>I start slurping that exposed nipple like no tomorrow
>The texture of course is amazing on my tongue
>this sensory deprivation is making this like 10x better
>I can feel every wrinkle in the skin that makes up her nipple
>my tongue has master senses
>like wise wet dragon

>Is time for master attack
>I drop all pretense of letting her unbutton more
>I just change sides and use my teeth to peel back the shirt
>Im kinda lost at this point, so of course it takes a generally decent amount of feeling around with my tongue to find the breast again
>Its ok, i get to explore the other half of her left breast
>I work my way up to the left nipple and her breath changes from everything she had before, to just fast shallow squeaks
>Im not even licking the nipple itself, just the area around it.
>Haha, i found the sensitive one
>I move to the center nub and she just holds her breath again
>I keep sucking it and kissing it and i swear she hasn't breathed once.
>I decide to try nipping it with my teeth
>I get the slightest amount of pressure on it
>She lets out the loudest god damn squeal
>shoves me off and across the closet
>How the fuck are you that strong
>I crash into a bunch of boxes

>Didn't hit my head on anything, but my shoulder hit something hard and painful
>Back to the blondie is trying to kill me theories
>she's still making various sounds
>none of them sound that bad though, so i figure i didn't do anything too wrong
>Whatever it was i can recover i swear
>I crawl back over and give up the mouth-only pretense and wrap my arms fully around blondie and kinda cradle her into a relaxing position
>My question soon follows "What did i do wrong?"
>I don't get an answer right away

>When she does answer she's hoarse and only speaks a few words at a time
>"Explosion, warm, fuzzy"
>"Really good"
>Comprehension dawns on me as i realize i got her off with just my mouth and her breasts

>hahahahaha i KNEW it was possible
>Thousand bragging rights later
>It was probably because i was just licking her in sensitive places for like 15 minutes straight in a dark room
>But don't take this away from me.
>Instead of continuing like i was planning, i just wrap her in my arms and cuddle her for a little while while she coos and "ahhs" and cools off.
>I'm enjoying the warm comfort of the closet with this cute girl and closing/opening my eyes slowly
>I'm almost dozing off, so comfy
>I realize i can see her face and breasts with a little bit of light
>Oh no someone opened the door
>Oh no i wasn't paying attention when did this happen.

>The door just closes again and there's no sounds but the light vanishes
>Did they walk away quietly?
>Clothes rustling
>Nope
>A couple seconds later there's definitely someone right beside us in the closet
>I reach out a hand and try to feel for them
>Breast through a shirt, nope doesn't help me identify them
>i guess it's not raven though
>Upper chest
>throat
>chin
>mouth, feels like its in a smile
>nose
>glasses
>ahh
>"How do you two like my hiding spot?"

>"Hiding spot"
>What
>Wait a second
>I ask what the fuck she's talking about
>"Where do you think i was hiding after watching"
>Oh fuck
>the clothes on the bed
>The lights out
>Glasses watched raven and I in the bathroom
>we were probably just too occupied with one another to even notice her
>we didn't even lock the doors
>she then snuck out and hid in the closet

>probably watched us get dressed too
>actual definition of a closet pervert
>makes sense why she's been smiling all day
>actual definition of a closet pervert though
>I mean how often does that happen.

>Blondie is just confused.
>i don't blame her
>I don't bother explaining
>It would probably break her heart to know she was the third
>Glasses just treats what she's said as completely nonchalantly as possible
> "Yeah i was walking around the house because birthday girl said she lost you two"
> "Took a guess and lets just say she's loud"
> i couldn't actually see what was happening, but knowing glasses she just pointed a finger at blondie in some overdramatized way.
>I just respond with a "Yeah i thought i broke her"
>Blondie is silent
>Glasses lets out an actual innocent (yet a tad sultry) laugh
>"But she did throw me across the closet, hit my shoulder"
>Blondie still silent
>From her point of view i'm probably being a massive dick
>Glasses coos about me being a big baby and reaches out and starts rubbing my shoulder
>It doesn't actually feel nice, but whatever its contact i didn't initiate for once so i'm happy for it.
>Oh right i should probably not traumatize the blondie

>You know, she would deserve it
>But, lets not
>Me : "So Glasses what brings you to our neck of the woods?"
>Glasses: "Deer Hunting, stags are in season"
>What
>I'm caught off guard
>Me: "Y... you interrupted a very *private* moment"
>Ii try to put emphasis on private as much as possible so she'll get the hint.
>Glasses: "My Doe was getting away"
>Glasses: "I picked up a great rifle though, i'm tracking her through the scopes"
>Blondie actually verbally states "Doe" in confusion
>I got nothing

>Still nothing
>Glasses Continues : "Well i've followed them to a clearing..."
>Me: "Alright i give up what do you wa-"
>I'm smothered by a kiss from glasses
>she actually hasn't taken off her glasses this time, so they kinda crunch up against my face

>The hard surfaces of the lenses are actually digging into my cheekbones
>Before i can even retaliate in fairness, its over
>Glasses: I was just instructed to find and make sure this cute little deer was alright
>the word "Deer" is punctuated by a squeal from blondie, so i assume something was pinched or squeezed.

>There's a tad bit of rustling along with this and i can feel blondie squirming around
>Glasses: "Our mutual friends just wanted to make sure this cute little *Deer* wasn't being taken advantage of"
>The word deer was once again punctuated by a short gasp and a squeal from blondie
>I've got no clue what's going on, but glasses continues
>"So what should i tell them i found the *Deer* doing"?
>Blondie is now squirming and letting out little gasps
>Every time glasses says deer it seems to make her squirm more
>In one of her gasps she manages "Make her stop"

>It seems to be directed at me
>Only one way to find out
>Blondie is in my lap, so i know where she is
>I figure the easiest way to make glasses stop is to reach out and find out where she is
>i kinda fondle around in the darkness looking around for something warm and clothed to grab onto
>I find a breast again
>Aha! found you!
>Glasses: "I wonder what they'll think when i tell them i found my little DEER playing with the STAG in the CLOSET"
>This was just mean, blondie was squealing every time she put emphasis on her words, so i figured it was time to fight back

>Me: "Well maybe SOMEONE should tell the rest of the DEER that we were TALKING over the previous PROBLEM"
 >I punctuated "Someone" "Deer" and "Talking" with hard pinches to glasses' breast
>I know they hurt because she flinched every time and took a little short breath
>with "Problem" i tweaked her nipple (or as close as i could find to it) REALLY hard.
>This seemed to work, she stopped the deer roleplay and just started complaining about how that was mean and that really hurt
>I ignored her, and grabbed her left arm and followed it with my hand to where it was going
>Down, down, towards blondie, down
>missing blondie entirely
>waistband of pants
>Lovely, glasses was frigging herself and we didn't even realize it.
>Plus those were my god damn boxers she was wearing

>Right, might as well follow the other arm now
>Back up her first arm
>Breast
>Another breast
>I gave the second one a firm squeeze to remind her i wasnt done with her yet
>Right arm
>Follow
>follow
>towards blondie
>blondie's stomach
>blondie's waistband
>Oh great
>she was frigging blondie too
>wait a second

>TWO HANDS
>THREE HANDS
>Whats going on here
>More god damn mysteries to solve
>three hands going into the waistband of blondie's pants
>I'm feeling left out
>There's actually a party in her pants
>Why wasn't i invited
>This is some bullshit
>God damn crash this party if its the last thing i do.
>I manage to slide my hand in and the first thing i notice is that its pretty steamy
>I mean there's three hands already in here in various states of intertwinement
>Gotta untangle this mess

>really just a mess of fingers though
>Its kinda neat because neither of them are moving at all
>Blondie expects me to help or something and is just frozen, and glasses is afraid i'm going to squeeze her breast again.
>i can imagine the look of concentration on my face as i tried to work this puzzle up.
>I cant figure it out at all from down here, i retreat and follow the hands back to the owners.
>Gotcha, i see, puzzle solved, solution incoming
>I figure out which hands are blondies, ends up she's trying desperately to cover her self up from glasses prying fingers.
>Glasses has already won and has two fingers right at the top of her slit, rubbing small circles and making blondie squirm.
>hey wait she's moving
>I take my other hand and firmly squeeze something on glasses
>who knows what, but it made her stop

>In the most authoritative tone i can muster i say one word
>"RUDE"
>Blondie whimpers in agreement
>Glasses whimpers in acknowledgement
>My heart melts
>oh man that was adorable
>how do i get them to both do that again
>Ill get a plan together and come back to myself on that one
>Now i take my hand and slide it under blondie's fingers and lift up glasses fingers as well.
>Blondie makes a couple sounds while this is happening, but glasses is completely silent

>Eventually i have my fingers completely below both of them
>This does mean that i'm actually just cupping blondie's entire crotch with my hand
>No movement, just cupping
>Glasses is definitely dejected she lost her new toy
>Her fingers slowly start probing and trying to penetrate past my hand
>not having it
>iron curtain
>aint gettin past me
>no refugees
>eventually she just takes my entire hand and places hers over it.

>I take the lapse in attack to ask blondie if its better now
>I don't really get a response, just some kind of contented sigh
>blondie at this point just has her hands down her pants and on her legs, she's not really participating at all.
>Might not even be there, astral projecting somewhere maybe.
>Blondie squeezes her legs together
>Nope shes here
>It kind of feels weird because her thigh tendons are kinda sticking either side, i have no clue what those tendons are called
>But she was definitely holding my hand in place
>She's not that wet though, unlike raven or glasses
>those other two would be soaking, with blondie it was really just kinda damp.
>Glasses proves she's not easily defeated though
>She presses her entire hand down, forcing me to put pressure on blondie
>Thats a moan

>Nope, nope, not having this
>i reach over with my free hand and find glasses breast again
>I don't squeeze it this time
>i don't pinch it

>I roll my hand under the edge of her shirt and bring it up
>I find her bare nipple
>and i start pulling her over to me with it
>"OW, OW, OW"
>That worked
>I make it clear she realizes i'm completely serious
>Another authoritative tone
>"MINE"
>Another content whimper in agreement from blondie
>Another apologetic whimper from glasses
>Oh man i'm dying this is the cutest thing ever
> maybe being alpha isn't so hard
>I did say maybe

>I LIED
>I get tackled by glasses
>I get tickled by glasses
>between that and the tickling, i'm laughing and i pretty much lose any semblance of situational control i had
>My hand slips out of blondie's pants and i'm rolling around on the floor in this tiny little space as glasses has me tickled
>she's got both hands on each side of my ribs, and one of her hands is very wet
>hmmm i wonder how that happened
>but i cant wonder about those things because i'm dying of laughter
>oh wait her hands are gone
>i sit up and realize i can see again
>Glasses is dragging blondie off by the foot out of the closet
>WTF
>I start chasing after them
>hand outstretched
>glasses drags blondie all the way out of the closet and i'm almost out to meet them
>She closes the door in my face
>BLONDIE NOOOOOOOO

(As a note, Update #3 was a 10 hour thread, from 8, to 6 in the morning, they won't usually be that long)
Alright thats stopping point for tonight.
You can contact me on skype as always, most likely going to do more tonight (friday) at 8-ish, or sunday at 8-ish. California time

Update #4 : April 4th

>Well maybe that was a tad bit of an over dramatic place to leave off
>Yeah the entire scene of Glasses dragging blondie kicking and screaming out of a closet
>The girl i had up until moments ago, been having a warm set of comfy intimacy with.
>After she had attempted to murder me multiple times of course
>That just made it hotter.
>[spoiler]no it didnt[/spoiler]
>Imagine if you will, as i fumble after them over boxes of shoes clambering and grasping out with my hands
>Lets go over the expressions that crossed our faces one by one
>Glasses dragging blondie away with her characteristic evil smile
>Blondie with a mixture of confusion and fear in her eyes
>[spoiler]you know, that kind of innocent fear you get when someone's dragging you off without your permission, but you know you're probably safe[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]but around glasses who knows[/spoiler]
>If i'm honest i probably didn't really have an expression on
>Maybe some surprise when i realized i was no longer being tickled and blondie
>MY BLONDIE
>was being dragged off
>but for the most part you can't really hold an expression as you're trying to escape a closet full of boxes and coats
>Well until the door was slammed in my face
>I'd love to imagine i donned the exact woody face that i posted up above.

>But i mean this is really just overdramatized
>I just stood up and opened the door
>BLINDING LIGHT
>WHY DIDN'T I WEAR MY EYEPATCH TODAY
>i instantly regret not turning off HDR in the video settings.
>of course, having transitioned to my vampire state while within the closet, i flail around blindly screaming
>"My eyes!"
>"The Sunlight it burns!"
>After which i began sparkling and romanced all the girls effortlessly, because i guess vampires don't die from sun anymore in popular media. (yeah, twilight is really that old)
>[spoiler]Which in layman's terms means i stood there blinking for a couple seconds trying to get my bearings[/spoiler]
>this is really just a fancy way of saying i was actually blind for a good 15 seconds.

>that was too many puns in a row, (sorry).
>I couldn't see anything going on clearly because the glare of the sun was streaming in through the window
>but i could hear scuffling and blondie making various "Help i'm being dragged off against my will noises"
>You know those sounds girls make when you grab them off the street and shove them into your van
>You know the ones
>She was making those noises, and it sounded like glasses was actually having trouble with her
>Probably getting kicked in the chest/face as she was dragging the feet of a very resistant opponent.
>Definitely a couple "Ommpfhs" so blondie was getting some great hits in.
>Either way, i can't do anything but wait, so i just get to enjoy the sounds of the two scuffling
>They aren't getting farther away
>But they're still hitting one another, the bed is creaking and they're both breathing in pretty big gasps

>I'm throwing puzzle pieces together trying to figure out what's happening
>Oh wait sight's returning
>Blondie has a firm grip on the bottom of the bed's baseboard
>She's practically upside down being pulled by glasses who's trying to dislodge her
>Glasses is obviously having a hard time keeping a hold of her
>She's holding one of blondie's legs with a hefty amount of slack in the pajama pants, and the other by the ankle.
>Poor blondie looks like she's being swept away by a strong river current
>Her pajama bottoms are pulled down enough to show her buttcheeks to the world
>Perfect half-moon globes of flesh

>Her pajama top is completely open, but she's contorted her upper body in a twist to hold onto the baseboard of the bed, so her breasts are in "I'm using muscles mode" and its not as visually delightful as you would imagine.
>Which to me is always has its allures, something that smaller breasts always do and big ones can't.
>[spoiler]For those of you who haven't been with women in various states of undress in reality, breasts are not always big jiggling things that hang out in front of the girl's chest[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] when they stretch in various positions, may it be putting on a shirt, yoga, or lying down, women with smaller breasts have the breasts shrink in prominence completely and change shape to be much less prominent.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] this is completely underrepresented in porn, or frankly most if not all forms of media with sex involved, but its just the way human muscles work[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] just thought you might be interested in what i meant when i said "Muscles Mode": Yw Lonely Anons[/spoiler]

>Either way, as an example of how hard blondie was gripping the bed baseboard at her contorted angle, her chest was nearly completely smooth
>I thought this was pretty neat
>I like those kinds of things
>But i figured i probably have to save blondie's ass instead of stand there and enjoy the show
>So instead of running over and holding blondie's arms like some kind of twisted girl tug-of-war
>I just walk over and scoop Glasses off her feet
>But she doesn't let go
>So now i'm holding Glasses, who is still trying to drag Blondie off with her
>so its still tug of war but different
>I've got to be careful because moving glasses at all will probably slam blondie into the baseboard of the bed and i really don't want to do that.
>I decide my plan of action is to start tickling wherever i have my hands on Glasses
>This was her ass, and her upper back
>Just where my hands ended up
>Actually perfect tickling locations
>She starts dying of laughter in my arms and lets go of blondie

>Blondie doesn't even hesitate, in half a second she's off the ground, across the room and into the bathroom
>The lock clicks as she closes the door
>Poor girl, i don't think she was terrified as much as just didn't want to be a part of this anymore

>I'm left holding a still giggling glasses
>I'd love to go along and pretend i'd said "Who has been a naughty girl and needs to be punished"
>Or something else ridiculously cliche like that.
>But unlike harem anime, you're not thinking this when you get your happy warm closet time interrupted
>Nope, i was going to piledrive glasses into that bed like some crazy sumo wrestler
>Not the hot kind of piledrive either
>I did have a problem though
>I didn't lift
>Girls are heavy
>With one knee i kinda use it to hoist her up in the air a bit more than i was already holding her
>Well that's about as much height as i'm going to get
>Give her a kind of wiggling shove in the direction of the bed
>This isnt a piledrive at all
>She just wraps her arms around my neck and takes me down with her
>We both end up on the bed

>This isn't romantic at all
>We're fighting
>Tickles, pinches,
>ow, ow
>Everything mean i did to her in the closet i get paid back like seven times
>My hair is pulled
>I get my butt pinched, HARD
>Across the tussling i get kneed in the stomach a couple times
>This hurts
>The only good part is, i'm slowly winning
>I manage to pin her legs down and seat my crotch right on her stomach so she can't kick me anymore
>My legs either side of her waist and pinning her thighs together so she can't kick off the bed or something.
>Now its just an arm battle
>With the dexterity of ninjas we trade glancing blows
>The battle rages on for seven days and seven nights
>Right as i manage to block one arm she hits me with the other
>I pin her left arm down
>I pin her right arm down

>She bites me on the shoulder
>Fucking cheater

>I've finally got her pinned down completely
>I keep myself just far away enough from her snapping teeth to not lose chunks of flesh
>I'm actually at a loss as to what to do now
>I realize i have a boner
>Its pressed into her stomach quite firmly
>It feels quite good actually
>she definitely notices
>I guess she's mine to ravage
>To the winner go the spoils
>I try to sneak in for a kiss
>She's still playing the snapping turtle game
>Its just not serious anymore i can see it in her eyes
>She's just being a tease
>You could almost tell her eyes were laughing
>I love laughing eyes
>I was glad, we were probably back to being friends again

>She stops snapping
>The look on her face changes to another smile, an almost expectant one.
>Her eyelids fluttered in the most attractive way
>Everything was just screaming "Your move anon"
>She closes her eyes
>I close mine
>I lean in for the kiss
>Blondie's voice punctuates the silence through the bathroom door with a very soft "Hey... you guys"
>Both of our eyes jolt open
>We're centimeters apart from a kiss
>Frozen, my lips hovering above hers.
>Blondie continues through the door: "I'm... going to take a shower"
>Silence
>Still both of us staring into one another's eyes
>"Can one of you get my clothes"
>Fuck
>One of us has to respond
>Glasses does it "Sure thing, i'll go get em"
>Her chipper tone is extremely loud at how close we are.
>She's speaking directly into me, her voice almost projects through my head
>I could swear i heard a faint ringing.
>Back to staring again though

>Frozen where we were
>Just silence until we hear the water start up in the bathroom

>Glasses takes the chance to lean up slightly and clack her teeth together in a menacing snap right infront of my nose
>I mentally scream like a little girl
>I jump backwards a good half foot
>Lose grip on her arms
>She's got my arms now
>Oh no the war is lost
>Within the span of a second, i'm on my back, complete role reversal
>She's got her crotch firmly planted on mine through, and she's sitting far more upright
>She wiggles around to get a sense of how hard i am
>I can only assume i'm pressing right into her through however many layers we have on.
>She bounces
>hnnggggg
>The pressure, amazing
>She bounces again
>Ohgoddontstop
>she stops
>Smiles at me
>Leans over and gives me a kiss on the cheek before getting up off the bed entirely and walking away.
>There's just a small man somewhere inside of me at this point.
>Screaming

>I just lie there
>Hands and legs outstretched
>Just starfish right in the middle of the bed
>No willpower to get up
>Back to staring at the ceiling in the master bedroom i guess
>Just having ceiling kinda thoughts
>Hey look the same spots i was looking at earlier are here
>Why is the paint different colors than the walls?
>Is that a spider?
>You know, ceiling thoughts

>I'm learning the secret language of the spiders when i hear footsteps return
>Lots of footsteps
>well maybe just two people
>I can't be assed enough to look
>these bitches be interrupting me and my spiderbros
>Atleast my spiderbros won't leave me with raging boners every 10 minutes

>A voice asks "How was your talk with blondie?"
>Raven
>I mumble something about hating all of them
>"Oh it can't be that bad!" raven exclaims while the bed takes the obvious impact.
>Raven moves into my peripheral vision as she crawls over and plops down beside me.
>I find myself accompanied in my quest to befriend the spiderbros
>She's lying down ontop of one of my arms, but she's not heavy so its alright.
>Glasses mentions she's left the clothes by the bathroom door and walks off
>I listen to her footsteps approach the bedroom door, and then close it and walk off into the hallway

>is this some kind of fucking conspiracy
>glasses wont let me near blondie, but just happily locks me in a room with raven
>i'm being plotted against
>can't trust anyone
>factions have formed behind my back and i'm not part of them.
>Raven inquires the content of my talk with blondie
>I'm done with the games
>i make it sound as unimportant as possible
>"I'm just covering up for some shit she did, don't mention it to her its not that important"
>Thats met with a characteristic "Oh" from raven's mouth
>I still haven't moved
>Just not gonna move until my boner dies completely
>"You sure like staring at this ceiling" - Raven, observant as always
>"I'm naming the spiders" - Me, blunt as always
>She starts helping
>In 10 minutes we've named every spot and spider on the ceiling
>Did i mention raven is a total bro

>Raven and I, having formed a new human/spider guild of cooperation plan on using our new found spider army to rule the world
>Lying there on a bed doing absolutely nothing but talking about the ceiling
>This is a feeling all anons know and have experienced
>I have to remind you that first and foremost these were really my good friends in this house
>I had grown up with raven from way before even middle school, glasses, birthday and homely were just middle school school friends and blondie was a new transfer this year but she was /b/ro status all the same.
>Moments like these are just as good as everything else
>You just forget them when they're gone.
>Less sappy, and more world domination.
>We're not sure where to take over first though
>Various countries are ruled out as too cold for spiderbros
>We're contemplating south america

>But we're interrupted by a pretty loud shriek from the bathroom.
>Followed by bang and a crash.

>what sounds like the entire row of shampoo has levitated into the air and flung itself across the bathroom from where we're lying
>Various small objects ricocheting off the walls
>Sounds like a bomb went off
>the idea flashes across my mind that blondie could have somehow mixed shampoo in the right formula to form an actual explosive
>This is probably an actually possible thing
>[spoiler]mixing shampoos is playing with your life anons[/spoiler]
>It doesn't stay long, because in what can only be considered superhuman speed, raven and I were both up and yelling "Blondie ,are you OK?" in unison.
>No response
>We're at the door banging and trying to get her to respond
>No response
>Raven is trying the doorknob frantically
>Blondie locked it

>Not sure what the best plan of action is here
>The house isn't exactly shit, so im pretty sure i couldn't break down a door
>There was a tiny tiny window outside, not one we were going to get in
>Blondie was probably hurt, or had her limbs spread out across the bathroom due to the shampoo explosion.
>My mind was jumping to grim conclusions as always as you can see
>I grab the doorknob and just try to force it open past the lock
>Not gonna work
>I back up and decide i'm gonna try to be an anime hero and bash the door down
>Igotthiscoach
>I take a running start
>Shoulder straight into the wood
>It doesn't give in the slightest
>IT REALLY HURTS THOUGH
>I give
>I crumple into a small pile at the bottom of the door
>The door has won
>My shoulder burns and throbs like i've just smashed it into a hardwood door
>Oh wait

>That's a double oh-wait
>Because i definitely did smash it into a hardwood door
>But i also got a chance to look up and take a good look at the doorknob
>My friend has these

>He showed me how to open them to fuck with his sister while she was showering
>They've got a small hole right near the knob that if you put something small into it unlocks
>Pervert memories to the rescue
>I get back up and rush over to the parent's makeup dresser
>Raven contributes by yelling through the door and trying to get a response
>find a hairpin
>perfect
>I roughly shove raven out of the way and crouch down to find the hole in the doorknob
>Right where i knew it was
>The door unlocks with a click and we're both head over heels scampering into the bathroom

>What we find is burned into my memory
>Every tile, every wisp of steam is there, all in one picture
>The master shower stall had the biggest assortment of shampoo and conditioner bottles when i was in there last
>They were spread everywhere across the floor
>Razors, shaving cream, everything that was kept on the giant shower shelf was on the floor
>The shower was still on, the water was almost falling in slow motion
>I could even see the pattern of the water as it cascaded down from the custom showerhead
>And right in the middle of it all
>was not a beautiful naked teenager that you should all be popping boners for.
>It was my friend, motionless , and she looked very small and insignificant in the middle of that shower stall

>We were at her side in seconds, kicking up shampoo bottles to make room to sit beside her
>No Cuts
>Check
>Breathing
>Check
>Any funny twisted limbs
>Nope
>We both went over the checklist of everything we could in those couple of split seconds
>But to us blondie was still lying motionless on the shower floor
>She didn't even have her eyes open
>I don't know if you've ever been in a situation like that
>At that age, we had no experience whatsoever in appropriate procedures
>We were more clueless than anything else up to this point
>and i don't know about raven, but i was scared shitless

>Raven guesses at what to do and starts shaking blondie softly
>Its almost sickening to watch her limp body shake
>I don't even know how to describe how fear makes everything terrible, but ii was almost sick to my stomach every time blondie's head rolled a little bit because her body was moved.

>I just grab one of blondie's hands and squeeze it tightly, hoping she'll wake up
>Its a tense couple of seconds before she shows a bit of movement
>the second she does, raven and i both start breathing again
>I didn't even realize i was holding my breath

>She's not dead
>I realize she might have hit her head pretty hard, so i lift her up gently and look to make sure there's no blood or anything
>I run my hand under her head and besides lots of wet hair, i don't find any large bumps
>Doctor anon prognosis, she'll live
>I'm left holding a very dazed and confused naked girl in my arms
>[spoiler]yeah, she's not dying or dead so she's back to being attractive[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]dont say a word[/spoiler]
>She's not crying or anything
>I look at raven and realize she's crying though
>Actually that's quite a bit of tears
>I look down at my lap and realize i'm crying too
>Oh, no it's just raining

>Look up and see we're sitting happily right under the showerhead
>We're both soaking wet
>Wasn't even on our list of things that needed to be noticed until that point
>I find it funny, but its not time for laughter so i just hold it in
>Raven scoots closer and kind of envelops blondie and myself in a hug
>Warm
>Wet
>Nothing quite like holding one naked girl in your arms and getting hugged by another in the shower.
>I hope blondie is feeling the maximum comfy upon waking up from her temporary coma
>I'm still not really in a place to be popping boners though
>I'm confused as to how blondie managed to take the entire shower stall down with her
>I ask her this with a "What happened>?"
>No response from blondie, she seems to be unwilling to cooperate with answers
>Probably because of all the chinese water torture we're forcing upon her.
>Drip
>Drip
>Water is running down my head and off my nose and hitting her on the cheek
>Its just gotta do with the angle my head is at, but it's just a small detail i'm noticing as i pry into her face for answers.
>She still says nothing
>She points up at the corner, about waist height

>Raven gets up to investigate
>I take the chance to do a once over of blondie's body since raven was no longer blocking my line of sight.
>[spoiler] was actually like four times[/spoiler]
>Not a pound of fat on her ,just wet and smooth all the way down
>Well until "All" the way down, then she's a natural blonde
>Good to know
>I get an odd sound from raven, kinda an embarrassed hiccup
>I think she's caught me looking so i drop my eyes and do a tactical roll out of there
>but i'm pinned down by blondie so i don't really go anywhere
>i look up at raven and she's examining something in the corner
>She swipes her hand across the tile and comes over and holds her hand in front of me
>Its sticky and shiny with a white substance
>Oh
>Oops

alright anons, thats all i have for tonight. Sunday expect more yeah? 8: PSTish

Update #5 : April 6th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11233664

>Raven didn't hold her hand out for very long
>Really it was just enough time for me to see it, and realize what it was before she made the appropriate "Eww" sounds and held her hand out into the cascading water.
>Blondie and myself just latch our eyes onto that hand and watch in mesmerizing intensity
>Raven can only turn her head away and look at the corner abashedly
>No scrubbing, no hand rubbing, she just holds her palm outstretched until the water has peeled off and removed all traces of the guilt.
>Without even a word, raven gets up again and tilts the shower head towards the corner and just leaves it there
>The hot water hits the tile wall in the characteristic big sideways puddle, with the sides leaking down in little streams and rivers.
>Washing away the dirty deed indeed

>Well, guilt hidden, it's like nothing ever happened
>Raven is looking at me with quite a high-impact level of guilt on her face
>Eyes are contracted slightly, mouth turned down into a frown at the corners, chin and cheeks scrunched up.
>Her eyes have the quality of being exceptionally expressive, they're twinkling in a sad sort of melancholy way
>Her eyes tell me i'm making a similar face
>Her eyes tell me we're idiots for not cleaning that up
>Her eyes tell me that we probably scared the ghost out of blondie when she touched the wall and realized what it was.
>Her eyes tell me that it would have been a thousand times better even if birthday girl's parents had come back and found the mess.
>Without a word i was guilting just as badly as if we had just had a five hour screaming match.

>The eye communication continues
>Mind you, this wasn't just over a couple seconds
>I was kneeling on the ground with my legs open
>Blondie was still mostly on the ground and naked
>She had her body at an angle to mine, and had her head and upper back propped up on my thigh with my other knee at her side.
.[spoiler]Anons keep asking what she looks like in more detail[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]She was beautiful in a real sort of "Cute" way, the most easily relatable comparison i

can make is to a real-life Winry Rockbell from (Fullmetal Alchemist)[/spoiler]
>I was soaked through to the bone in just a t-shirt and some very wet and tight jeans
>[spoiler]If you don't realize the thermodynamics involved in jeans and water, they shrink like 15% in hot water[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] and these weren't loose baggy jeans, i was a skinny kid so i had to grab pairs that had tight waists to fit and not slide off my delicious flat hips.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Aint no skinny jeans though, i wasn't one of THOSE kids, don't worry anons[/spoiler]

>Raven was soaked to the bone as well
>Her pants were holding up pretty well to the water and weren't transparent or anything
>But her white shirt was soaked all the way through
>You know what this means anons
>[spoiler]The cups of her bra were prominently displaying, because she was still wearing one remember[/spoiler]
>Back to the lack of conversation at hand
>Raven and i were silent for a good bit of time before blondie eventually came to some sort of mental conclusion
>Blondie looks up with an expectant mask on.
>The one where your eyes go a little wider, your cheeks relax and your mouth keeps a perfect straight line while you're waiting for a response.
>"That was you last night wasn't it?" Were the words that tumbled out of her mouth

>They weren't even together in the right order, but my brain had rearranged them into the correct places and the exact thing i didn't want to hear.
>I'm in real danger of causing some catastrophic feels here.
>Mind you this was a girl that had only received kindness from me.
>Blondie had personally gone out of her way to try to secure my affections multiple times
>She had singled me out for kisses and show her affections in various ways.
>In return she had only caused me severe, and oftentimes extremely dangerous bodily harm, and yet i had still returned her affections with smiles.
>I had saved her ass (literally) from Birthday girl
>Taken the heat off her for the kitchen incident, and hadn't told a soul about either of the cabinet assassination attempts.
>Not to mention i had shown up in the living room and grabbed her hand to take her with me
>Ran across the house with her hand in hand, hidden in a closet (an extremely intimate game of hide and seek)
>Then once again "Rescued" her from Glasses.
>To top it off, she had just come back from quite a nasty fall, in my arms with my face being the first thing she sees.
>If there was a word to describe what blondie was feeling right now, it was "Special"

>The words "Loved" come to mind as well
>This girl had someone seemingly single her out for attention and treat her as if she was the

most important girl in the world.
>Even though she was a gigantic fuck up in her own.
>This wasn't true at all, but it was the way things had played out from her eyes.
>There is no real way to describe these feelings, but by-god i'll try [spoiler]when[/spoiler] if we get to it.
>But right now i was holding a very emotionally fragile girl in my arms
>One that felt at that very moment she was the center of my attention, and that my answer teetered on the brink of shattering that illusion for her
>Well, who was i to crush her hopes and dreams
>Well there were two answers i could pick from
>"Yep"
>Oh fuck i didn't mean to say that answer
>Why didn't i deny it
>Whats wrong with me

>Alright, now i'm in dangerous waters
>Blondie's face changes from "questioning" to "confused"
>I can see cracks beginning to form in her heart of crystal glass, and watch as she's internally struggling to not have it shatter.
>There's a couple emotions going across her face, fear, anger, , she's probably working at light speed making connections and tearing apart everything she had convinced herself
>I've got to act quickly to stop this trainwreck
>I assume my most calm and collected tone
>"Relax, its perfectly normal"
>Her face disagrees with me
>She's tying strings together in her head, to the time i spent up with raven and glasses, to the kisses i had shared with all the other women in front of her.
>"After you fell asleep in my arms, you were on my mind"

>"And... you know"
>Blondie isn't making faces anymore
>Her face is kinda blank actually
>Straight lips, not even looking at me correctly just kind of staring through me
>I did just kind of imply i fapped to her in the shower
>This would have been the perfect romantic moment
>Thousand birds singing praises overhead for how well i had handled it
>Guaranteed a spot in Valhalla for my quick thinking and bravery
>I'd be telling stories of this moment as i chomped on giant turkey legs the size of my head.
>One problem
>Raven

>I didn't even realize at the time. Only after looking back can i understand what a doomed world i had consigned myself to.

>I had been friends with raven for years, and she was far from emotionally stable
>Her self esteem was rock bottom most the time, i was probably the only thing keeping her from falling apart most days seeing as i had known her since i was very young.
>Tough life, crappy parents, few good friends, small breasts (which i didn't actually find out about until this sleepover)
>In retrospect, she was probably hiding them from me by wearing a Bra, that's just the kind of thing raven would do.
>Think about that for a second anons.
>Now here i was in a shower with another naked girl in my arms
>and i had just completely ruined the moment we had shared earlier, and pretended it was about someone else.
>Are you screaming at your monitor calling me an idiot yet?

>No?
>Just wait, you will be.
>I had taken a Loving romantic crescendo to a first time sexual experience for a girl, and completely smashed it against a wall.
>Not just any girl, one that had thrown herself at me sexually to try to remain relevant when glasses was involved.
>That wasn't her being slutty anons, that was her trying desperately to shift the attention of the boy she'd been (i can only assume) crushing on for years.
>You don't need to read minds to know what raven was feeling right now
>Cheap
>Used
>Throwaway
>Unimportant
>Very un-special

>Needless to say, i didn't even look at raven
>My eyes were focused on blondie, and my mind was working full speed to try to alleviate Blondie's misgivings.
>I wasn't really even thinking about raven, i thought she would understand at the time.
>Where as in reality raven and blondie had probably traded hearts from a moment ago
>Where blondie's was warm and bubbling again, Raven's was indeed a shattered crystal.
>The pieces were as scattered and broken as the shampoo bottles and toiletries scattered across the shower with us.
>[spoiler] There is no such thing as a harem where you can juggle the affections of all the girls anons[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] No matter what faces they show on the outside, one of them loves you far more than the rest [/spoiler]
>[spoiler] but she'll hide it and bury her pain in fake smiles and the illusion of happiness, just to make you happy[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] because she thinks it what you want[/spoiler]

>Blondie was bubbling, a smile on her face once again
>From my peripheral vision ,i watched as raven dropped the tenseness in her legs and her kneel fell into a seated position, legs gently splayed out to either side.
>This was the moment you could actually see her heart rip in half.
>Thinking i'd just averted the crisis of a lifetime, i look up towards raven.
>She's got her eyes turned downwards, looking at what seems to be blondie's face
>It's got a look of what i see as concentration on it, nothing i can read properly.
>I assume she's just worried about blondie's reaction like i was
>I figure its time we stop sitting around wet and cold on the shower floor, so it's time to get up.
>I stand up, and give blondie a firm hand and a yank and she's up as well
>I extend a hand to raven as well, but i'm too slow as she just rocks forward on her knees and is up in an instant on her own.

>We're all standing awkwardly in the shower now
>I'll be honest and say that although i was soaking wet and in a shower with two other women
>I really was not interested in a shower
>My mind was doing bellyflops trying to keep my stories straight in my head and make sure i hadn't screwed anything up.
>Seemed alright to me
>Raven seemed lost in thought as well, probably trying to make sure i didn't screw anything up too.
>That's my raven, Always a bro.
>Blondie turns the showerhead back towards us and blasts us away from contemplation and back to the moment.
>"I... i didn't finish showering" , Blondie turns flamingo pink when she says this, i didn't even know colors like that were possible with human bodies.

>If she had stood on one leg and spread out her wings i could have mistaken her for the real thing.
>She's not sure what she's supposed to be doing
>Raven and i are just kinda standing there in part of the shower with her
>It's probably extremely embarrassing, i understand the color change.
>"I... i'm going to continue"
>A very long pause of silence
>"You can stay if you want, just... close the door"
>Invitation to engage in hot-shower scene with blondie sent

>"Its alright..."
>Application harshly denied by Raven
>This is alright by my book
>I was in way too much emotional turmoil, with all the heroic saving of unconscious girls and all
>Raven and i get our shit together and are about to head out the shower door

>Blondie reaches for and grabs the peppermint soap
>Oh no, not again
>I notice, and grab her hand to stop her
>"Don't use this one, it's cold"
>Blondie looks at me appreciatively, real tender glimmering in her eyes and reaches for a different bottle.
>I look over to make sure raven isn't giving anything away
>If she had said anything at all about the soap it would have ruined everything
>Blondie would have instantly put two and two together and all my work would be for naught
>It would have been a word-for-word dramatic anime scene.
>On my mind there was a 100% chance raven would say something, or make a face, or stop blondie
>She didn't even make a peep or look in blondie's direction
>Phew, i am so lucky

>We're still soaking wet as we exit the shower stall
>Raven just sits down on the edge of the giant bathtub and stares forward
>She mumbles something about staying and concussions or something.
>I don't need to hear it all to agree, so i trot over to the bathroom door
>Leaving puddles the entire way there
>And i close and lock it, leave more puddles and join raven on the edge of the bathtub.
>She's staring off into space
>Dripping puddles onto the floor at her feet.
>I join her
>The bathroom is very warm and steamy so we're completely comfortable sitting here in soaking wet clothes
>I stare off at the opposite wall, the wisps of steam in the bathroom air trickling between opaqueness and transparency
>The wisps form clouds, billow around the room in various patterns and my mind even ties them to shapes and things, clouds, trees.
>I can't imagine what raven is seeing, but i know she must be having the same kind of "Lost in thought" experience i am.
>I'm just enjoying another moment of quiet company with my best childhood friend.

>I try to make smalltalk, she seems disinterested so i leave her to her thoughts
>Seven, eight minutes pass like this
>I'm sneaking glances at blondie through the still-open shower door, but not really in a perverted way
>I'm really just making sure she's not concocting any more shampoo bombs
>But nonetheless, i seem to have full permission to watch a girl shower.
>I wouldn't be male if i didn't happily take the chance
>Before we jump into it being the most erotic thing ever, it really wasn't.
>Its hard to describe, i was watching with half fascination and half arousal

>She really showered like any other one of us would, lathered up everything and washed it off
>She didn't lean up against the shower wall and masturbate furiously while staring intently in my direction.
>She didn't bend over teasingly and wiggle her cute buttocks at me invitingly.
>She even paid far less attention to her privates than i would have liked, just soaped em up and gave em a thorough wash

>But when she got to shampooing her hair
>That was the most interesting part
>See, blondie had long creamy blonde hair.
>[spoiler]In case that wasn't obvious[/spoiler]
>And how long you take to shower is exactly proportionate to how much hair you have.
>So i was treated to an elegant and very attractive girl, putting the amount of effort into cleaning her hair that a male would spend washing his entire body.
>Shampoo, scrub, straighten out with her hands
>Rinse
>Straighten out again, make sure its not tangled
>Conditioner
>Scrub
>She then let it sit while she finished washing the rest of her body, her hair just fluffed up in a frothy white bun on the top of her head and draping around her shoulders.
>I didn't even know you were supposed to let conditioner sit on your hair until i saw her do this.

>The entire scene was just interesting to me
>I was actually taking notes
>I wasn't being very subtle about staring though
>The girl sitting right next to me knew full well what i was looking at
>I didn't hear a peep though, or feel an angry glare.
>As far as i could tell, raven was watching blondie shower too.
>Unluckily, our wet clothes are a tad chilly after watching blondie obviously enjoy quite a large amount of hot water
>I suggest we take them off and get towels or something
>This sentiment is mirrored by raven and we get to undressing
>She gets her shirt off, i get my shirt off
>I try my pants
>Stuck
>Oh no
>Zipper is stuck in the upper crack near the button
>Can't unbutton them because they're extremely tight and there's no give in the waistband when they're wet, hot, and then cold again.
>[spoiler]Yes, hot, then cold is VERY BAD for clothing sizes.[/spoiler]

>To make it worse, i can't seem to get a good enough footing or grip on anything in the bathroom to pull them or force them down
>Raven sees my predicament and lets out an overdramatic exasperated sigh
>She offers to help too though, i guess that's good.
>The resulting position for taking off wet jeans can only be described as Hilarious
>I'm lying on my back on the ground with one arm firmly wedged under the bottom ledge of the sink cupboard, and the other around the back end of the bathtub
>My thighs are completely together and Raven has her hands, one on either side of my waist with as many fingers dug into the waistband as possible.
>Her head is hovering right above my crotch and her arms are bent, because it gives her the best leverage

>She pulls
>I hold tight
>She holds tight
>I pull
>Inch by painful inch, we manage to slip the pants down over my hips to the squishy muscles of my thighs
>These don't give any resistance compared to the bones, so the rest is easy going.
>Raven gets my pants down about four inches
>My pubic hair is visible, as well as an obvious boner at this point
>She stops
>Gets up
>Tells me "You can do the rest"
>Turns away from me
>And continues undressing

>She's helped enough though, i wriggle out of the rest of the way until i can pop the button and escape the tight confines of jean-imprisonment.
>I then get up fully naked and walk over to the towel rack
>Many things didn't cross my mind at this moment
>For instance, it didn't cross my mind that Raven had just stopped helping me because she realized i had an erection because i was watching Blondie shower
>It didn't cross my mind that she felt insignificant because she was still nearly fully clothed at that point, and had no involvement in my arousal
>It didn't cross my mind that she had lost me to a Blonde, blue eyed beauty with decently sized breasts.
>It didn't cross my mind that she couldn't compare, or compete
>But it crossed her mind.
>I was thinking absolutely none of these things as i handed a fluffy white towel to the stark

naked and stunningly beautiful friend of mine.
>But she was thinking about them

>Raven snatched the towel out of my hand
>Wrapped it around herself in an instant, hiding her charms
>And returned to sitting and staring into the distance.
>Uh oh
>As thick as i was, i realized something was bugging her
>I throw down a couple towels to soak up the puddles we were creating everywhere, set down another towel on the counter beside me and returned to sitting with raven.
>I try to strike up another conversation with her
>No matter what i ask or say, i get either nothing, or one word responses.
>I put my hand on her bare leg
>she's got goosebumps
>she scoots over a foot and breaks contact almost instantly.
>FUCK

>Now i know i fucked up
>My mind is racking itself trying to find the loose end i didn't tie up
>Did i say something, was she mad at me for looking at blondie
>There are no clues here
>I have no guide, anything i say can and will be used against me in the court of law[spoiler]ve[/spoiler]
>I know for a fact i'm going to have to take the bait and start asking questions
>I'm putting the pieces together, i'm analyzing when she started showing the negative motions, comments and even the way she had held herself in the last half hour.
>My male brain is performing complicated analysis calculations that only women should ever be doing.
>And my male brain is failing at it horribly.
>She's not a stupid girl, she knows she's being very obvious with her body language

>I try to get her attention again
>"Hey...."
>No response
>"Raven... what's wrong?"
>[spoiler] i almost never use her full name, shes now fully aware that i'm onto her[/spoiler]
>She turns to look at me
>She's got a smile on
>Her mouth is curved upwards, her cheeks are pulled back
>Her eyelids perk up, shes even got her head tilted back a tiny bit looking up at me so i can see the bottom of her nose.
>Every muscle in her face is smiling or working to reinforce the smile.

>But her eyes
>Her green eyes are crying
>Not just crying, they're not welling up with tears, they're not shimmering.
>But they're crying nothenless
>Worst of all
>Raven didn't smile like that

>She didn't use all of her face, or not like she was now.
>Her lips were wrong, her eyebrows were too high, her cheeks were too pulled back.
>When i looked into her smiling face, one thing happened
>My heart, my soul, every fiber in my body cracked
>When i looked into her eyes
>Everything shattered
>"NOT ME" i was screaming on the inside
>She didn't smile like that AT ME
>She didn't smile like that BECAUSE OF ME
>Every fiber of my being hurt
>I was in complete denial
>"not that smile" i kept telling myself
>"she doesn't use that smile with me"

>If there was one look that could have broken my heart at that moment
>that was it, that was all i needed
>I wasn't just heartbroken anons.
>I had a dagger piercing through my chest, burning hot in pain.
>Have you ever been heartbroken?
>[spoiler] it comes to my mind that some of you anons have never had your hearts really broken, had a real love actually end[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]you should be glad, it's not something i would wish upon anyone[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Its not inaccurately named, when your heart is broken your heart actually feels like its breaking.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] for whatever reason, when your body shuts off the feel-good love chemical, you have a slight imbalance in the chemical composition of your blood[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Essentially an acid that was being countered before, or is only being created now, is flooding your bloodstream, accompanying your severe depression and emotional trauma[/spoiler]

>[spoiler] This happens instantly, i don't know how or why, or what the chemical really is, but it circulates through your blood, almost a real physical manifestation of your pain[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] and with every beat of your heart, it sizzles away at your heart muscles and strings[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]Some people can even die from this, you often hear of elderly couples passing close to one another, or men in lifelong relationships having heart attacks when the spouse passes away[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I'm not making this up, its called "Broken Heart Syndrome" and its a real thing[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Heartache is not a phrase, or a saying. The pain is real and it feels like someone's stabbed you right through the heart, and it doesn't end for days[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Right now as i retell for you to read, i want you to know that i'm feeling the same pain, the same throbbing dullness that i did back then.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] But you don't realize why yet[/spoiler]

>You see i was for all intents and purposes a snivelling crying mess on the floor right now
>I wasn't, i was still staring at her face, this wasn't even a second that had passed.
>If there was anything i ever wanted to do that moment, it was shrink into a puddle on the ground and die.
>I had seen that smile only a couple times before
>She had used it when we were younger, playing together in my houses yard one summer.
> when i had grabbed her waist to help her climb a tree and she had winced.
>I asked what was wrong then too
>I got the same smile. The same contorted mask of fake happiness.
>The same face carefully constructed to pretend there was nothing wrong.

>I had asked her time and time again that day because i had known even back then.
>That she just wanted me to think everything was alright, that everything was happy.
>It wasn't until later that day when we were sitting in my treehouse admiring the view of the neighborhood.
>We only had an hour or so of good sunlight left and she had to go home soon.
>So she scoots over to the window to admire our kingdom of backyards and rooftops from our suburban perch.
>I slide in beside her and end up squeezing her against the window frame a bit
>"Oww" Was the yelp that i got in return
>And i knew i hadn't even hurt her, we hung out in this treehouse all the time , she was made of tougher stuff than me most days.
>I knew something was wrong, and demanded she let me see.
>Thats when she showed me the bruises

>Raven didn't go home that night
>I told my parents and i was too young to really know what was involved
>All i know is that she stayed with us for a week, was the happiest i'd seen her in ages.
>It was like having the little sister i'd always wanted.
>But the bad comes with the good just as much
>We both knew things would change, we just didn't focus on it in that innocent childlike way.
>Her father was put away
>Every so often he would get drunk, increasingly more after he lost his job.

>The story was that he didn't love her, thought she wasn't his, illegitimate and ugly and hated her.
>I never understood "Ugly", but i guess when you think a child isn't yours it weighs on your standards.
>He would take out his pent up anger at the world on her, sometimes with his hands, sometimes with whatever was around.
>Her mother wasn't even aware the abuse was happening
>Raven had hid it from everyone, because no matter what was happening she still loved her father.
>You don't really ever stop loving someone, even if they hurt you.
>The mother received the house and all his money, and eventually raven went home in a sad sort of happy way.

>She was still the friend i had always had
>But i understood all the little things now
>Why she hated her self image, why she had low self esteem
>[spoiler]the kind of personality raven has is a direct result of this influence on her childhood, you can see what kind of havoc it wreaked[/spoiler]
>Eventually her mother remarried and her stepfather loved her and treated her as one of his own. (He had a bunch of kids already, so that was very honorable of him really)
>But that kind of thing doesn't ever go away.
>And now she was smiling at me like that
>I had caused it
>There are really no words

>There were only emotions
>I was angry
>REALLY angry
>In the instant i had recognized everything, all the emotions on her face
>and i said "Don't use that smile with me"
>In my head i felt like it should come out as some kind of strangled cry for help
>Like every fiber of my being was being torn to pieces
>But it didn't
>It came out like i was some kind of feral roaring lion
>"DONT USE THAT SMILE WITH ME"
>There was so much hate and malice in my voice that i scared myself
>Blondie jumped a full foot in the air and turned around to stare at us
>Raven shattered her smile and donned a mask of fear
>Not a mask, it was real fear.

>I knew i had just royally fucked up even more
>What a great way to remind a girl you're like her abusive father than scream at her
>What a better way to remind a girl that you're just like the last person she loved that just took it

all away and hurt her in an instant.
>Man i sure am good at everything today aren't i.
>Raven was terrified
>She had slid off the bathtub and fallen to the floor and was leaning back with one arm behind her, the other outstretched towards me. Legs trying to get a foothold on the slippery floor to push.
>Trying to keep me away.
>Trying to get away from me.
>I don't think i had ever really yelled at her
>I was always the friend that understood, was always around for chatting about shit that got her down.
>No matter how stupid she had ever fucked up, i took her side and helped her out of it.
>Not now, there was true fear in her eyes
>In front of me i saw the same helpless little girl
>the same fear in her eyes she had back then.

>I don't know where the anger came from.
>If there was anything in my eyes it was fear.
>If i was doing anything mentally, i was screaming that i had misclicked and didn't mean do do what i had just done.
>I had pressed the wrong button, it wasn't my fault.
>But it was my fault
>I had to fix this
>I had the illusion that somehow if i got closer to her, could just tell her something she would calm down.
>I tried to follow her
>She was almost crawling backwards, one hand holding her towel now and the feet giving her traction to back up as far away from me as she could.
>Every third or fourth push she would slip or slide on a puddle of water.
>Blondie was behind her in the shower, no expression on her face
>No expression on her at all, just emptily watching
>I try to chase after her

>My legs don't work properly
>I can't see straight
>I'm not sure if i'm crying or hoarse, but my vocal cords won't work.
>All that keeps coming out are some kind of garbled growl
>I fall to the ground and try to scurry after her in a crawl
>I've still got the angry scowl on my face
>I've still got fearful anger in my eyes.
>She's panicked, i'm scared she's going to hurt herself slipping and trying to force herself backwards.

>I'm trying to express this but its just not coming out
>I just keep following her

>She forces herself over the inch high ledge of the shower stall
>It's just those metal ridges that the sliding door fits into
>I can see they're sharp and probably scraped up her legs pretty bad the way she went over them
>I'm trying to tell her to stop
>I'm trying to fix this mess
>Nothing comes out
>Her face is contorted into the saddest and most empty expression
>Its the look you would have on your face as someone watched you sleeping.
>As you were tossing and turning in a nightmare.
>It means nothing, but it means so much
>Its what a face truly looks like when you're scared

>I'm within a couple of feet of her now
>She starts kicking at me
>I try to force my throat to say something
>the closest i can get out is a garbled "Stoaughp", its like mucus or phlegm or some other viscous liquid is preventing me from speaking properly.
>She still stops kicking though
>She's nearly on her back spread out towards the wall, but she's holding her back up with one hand and holding the other out in-front of herself, trying to keep me away again.
>Her butt is on the floor, but her upper body is making a 30 or 40 degree angle upwards trying to fend me off.
>I just push her hand to the side and wrap one arm around her lower back to pull myself in for a hug
>I get the other arm around too, and i pull her into myself as closely as i possibly can, i'm matching her body angle and lying almost completely above her.
>I've got myself pressed against her, chest to chest as close as we can get
>My head is over her shoulder
>And i start forcing my throat to work
>I say directly into her ear as clearly as i can
>"I'm. Not. Him"

>Over and over i say it
>I can feel both of our heartbeats individually, if i had to guess i would say we were both seconds away from an actual heart attack.
>I've got my chest pressed against hers so firmly i can't even feel anything, just a big expanse of warm skin.
>She's shaking all over, uncontrollably
>Her arm thats holding her up is wobbling and i take my left arm at a right angle and hold us up

by pressing against the wall above her.
>She's crying
>She wraps her right arm around me weakly
>We're like that for seconds, or maybe it was hours
>Finally she breaks the silence
>She sniffles
>Its more of a loud snort, the sound you make when you've just been bawling your eyes out and need to clear repressed memories out of your nose.
>But its followed by two words

"I Know"

>The next sound isn't from either of us
>We're locked together in a deep understanding that can't be explained away in words
>But blondie starts sniffling
>And then bawling her eyes out
>In seconds she's crying louder than either of the sounds Raven or Myself have made this entire time.
>Besides the yelling of course.
>Blondie doesn't say anything even, she just turns off the water and leaves the shower

>I can't hold us both up anymore, so i give a tiny shove and end up doing a half roll and lying on my back with raven above me.
>We really haven't changed position, we're just flat now
>Blondie is crying her eyes and lungs out somewhere else in the bathroom, i can't see where
>She's probably getting dressed though
>I manage to get out something about her clothes being outside
>Raven adds a word or two about getting us some dry ones too.

>We don't move
>I just start talking
>I talk about our childhood, how she was always the friend i could count on
>I talk about how when i found out about her father i wasn't sure what i felt
>But i'd realized that i was angry, angry at him for not loving her, angry at him for hurting her.
>Angry at him for letting her still love him and getting nothing in return
>I had watched Raven go through awkward phases, i had watched her berate herself, belittle and even harm herself over the events that occurred when we were young.
>I had secretly blamed him for everything. Every time she had suffered any sort of hardship it just tied back in my mind to the past.
>So i had thrown on my best attitude and supported her whenever i could to make up for the shitty times she had when she was young.

>This was some real sappy shit anons
>Shit like that happens to people, sometimes its really important.
>This time it was atleast.
>There was lots more, on her end and on my end, but i can't list it because it would give away where we were.
>But just know we had a good cry in the bathroom hugging one another on the shower floor.
>With the door wide open, i'm amazed nobody else came by.
>I guess that part of the house really was soundproof.
>Good to know.
>That and blondie took positively forever to come back with clothes.

>Eventually she did get back and we got up
>My face was soaking wet because Raven was crying all over me.
>We had soaking wet towels barely covering us
>We could probably do with a shower
>But fuck that
>We throw the towels into a pile and blondie leads us out to the master bedroom.
>Blondie is now wearing some random brown shorts and a grey tank top with a blue bra pretty visible.
>I guess it was her change of clothes, it was pretty cute.
>The tanktop was definitely in her comfywear line of clothing because it was also exceptionally

loose.
>[spoiler]Women have well-fitting clothing they go out in, and loose clothing just to chill in, that's how it works lonely anons[/spoiler]

>We check out the assortment of clothes blondie brought for us
>Oh lord, matching outfits
>No wonder she took so long
>For raven its a bright pink skirt that would go down to about her knees and a spaghetti-strap light blue top and matching underwear.
>For me, it was the same color hot-pink sweatpants, a pair of worn out light blue girl's boxers and a light blue T-shirt.
>There was verbal thanks involved to blondie for not trying to give me women's underwear, skirts, or other such embarrassing clothing.
>Her Response "There's a matching skirt and top in birthday girl's room if you want them"
>Nope
>Do not want

>We proceed to get dressed in the master bedroom for the second time that day.
>About halfway through dressing, homely and birthday waltz in
>I've got boxers on and a shirt, Raven has her top on and is working her way into the skirt.
>Homley takes her chance to stare me down like a piece of meat while i'm dressing
>definitely know what it feels like to be a woman when that happens.
>We get questioned
>We get accused
>"Why was blondie crying" - Homely
>"Do we have to do this again" - Homely
>"What happened to your old clothes, why do you need mine" - Birthday girl
>"Ill beat your ass if you don't tell me what happened" - Birthday
>I have no interest in explaining things anymore
>I've used up all the allotted words i have in an hour to talk to raven
>I just point at Blondie
>Raven seems to come to the same conclusion and do the same.
>We continue getting dressed as Glasses meanders in.
>We don't respond to any of the questions.

>Let me take this chance to address something
>It has come to my attention that i've done a poor job describing the girls in this story. That is to say i've described what they look like, what expressions they make and, but some anons are having a difficult time imagining things without pictures.
>I'm not going to offer up pictures of any of the women here, not only is that extremely risky and going to get my doxxed, but it's going to ruin the imagination all of you are putting into what the characters look like in your eyes.
>Everything i've tried to tell so far has been structured to give you the feelings, emotions and

even facial expressions to plaster onto your imagination's version of all the characters.
>But i'll fold, if you want images i'll give you the next-best thing, in spirit of the story ill list what everyone looks like, anime girl style.
>Skip these if you don't want to change your illusions of what the characters look like.

-There used to be descriptions here, but now there's an entire page. Have fun anons (old description is even at the way bottom)
http://storybroadventures.wordpress.com/the-girls-sleepover/

>Either way, Raven and i finished the "Put on girl clothes" game and went to go clean up the bathroom.
>Towels everywhere
>Clothes everywhere
>Water everywhere
>Shampoo bottles, razors, and various other things everywhere
>Frankly it was a war zone
>I yell at birthday to not come over here and we get to cleaning it up while blondie feeds them some huge convoluted story about us rescuing her.
>Birthday of course comes over and looks
>[spoiler] i mean that was the point of telling her not to wasn't it[/spoiler]
>We get a facepalm in response, but ten minutes later the bathroom is more or less back to pre-us state.

>Blondie has spun a very heroic tale, and somehow left out most of the nudity, all of the fondling in the closet, and glasses entirely from the story.
> Not to mention the entire ordeal between myself and raven.
>She was either being a Bro, or saving it for blackmail later.
>Probably blackmail, she was a girl
>Either way we had a huge load of clothes and towels destined for the wash, and Raven/Myself let ourselves out of the master bathroom and waltzed to the laundry room.
>We pop open the washer and toss everything in except for the towels
>I get to manhandle various feminine articles of clothing, including Raven's panties and and blondie's pajama pants.
>I've got a choice to make here
>I make a gut decision and go for the points with raven, take her wet underwear and bring it up to my nose and take a long whiff with her watching.
>She gives me a couple giggles and a long "Eww"
>The underwear really doesn't smell like anything, she wasn't wearing it very long and it just got soaked in the shower.
>Blondies would have been amazing though considering that party she had going on.
>Its alright, can't have everything i guess.

>Raven's given me secret points though, i just know it.
>Start everything up on just normal wash, water is fine they werent too dirty.

>Now the towels
>We pop open the dryer
>There's bedsheets in here
>Oh right
>We take em out and fold them
>I'm back to worrying if birthday knows or not.
>Raven notes she saw Glasses carrying them
>Seriously?
>I mumble about glasses being a lifesaver
>That girl has seriously got her shit together
>Raven isn't really responsive to this
>She's still sore from what i said earlier to blondie
>Also the fact i had sex with glasses
>I grab her in another hug but this time i place one hand firmly on a buttcheek
>"I'll make it up to you later" Were the words she heard whispered in her ear.
>Her ears almost visibly perked up like a little puppy dog
>Her eyes too, it was delightful.
>Rest of the laundry was uneventful
>We tossed the rest of the towels in the washer, folded the sheet (A two person operation because why not), and started it up.

>Now what
>Its about 10:30ish in the morning.
>Sleepover is technically done
>Parents are probably going to want phone calls or something to pick us up
>We make our way back to the living room and flounce down on the couch together.
>We're greeted by the sight of Birthday over in the hallway negotiating with bank robbers for hostages.
>Or something equally distressing, she's got a worried look on her face
>Kinda the face you have on when you're waiting for the results to a test you know you did badly on.
>With the ending of the call though, she visibly perks up as well and puts on a smile
>Eh, she'll tell me if she wants to, i wont ask.
>Raven and i just spend the next couple minutes reclining on the couch like lazy bastards.
>Maybe the other girls will show up and play video games or something.

>We were pretty tired
>We hadn't slept very much *wink*
>Plus the bathroom events took a lot out of us.
>Eventually though birthday girl came back and started gathering everyone up

>Some kind of announcement i guess
>I aint movin, so i hope she's having the meeting in the living room.
>She probably realizes it would be easier there, so everyone piles in.
>Glasses jumps on the couch and just piles her way across both myself and raven, which was less cute and more heavy things getting in the way of my relaxing.
>Homely squeezes in right next to me and blondie squirms over to where raven is and sits on the edge of the couch.
>We all stare up at birthday demanding answers for being forced to "assemble" like common rabble.

>Her parents won't be coming back for a couple days
>Whoever is in the hospital needs some surgery, so they're just gonna rent a room and stay up there
>They're really sorry, there's money for food up in some jar in the kitchen, we can order pizza/ect.
>If we're interested, we can stay over for another day
>she hints at another two days but implies her parents wouldn't know about that. They were probably coming back wednesday
>Its sunday
>we have a four day weekend, because teacher evaluations or something.
>We had originally planned to just group back up on monday again for the release of some movie we were expecting in english.

>Everyone is all for staying another night
>Homely can't stay for three nights, her brother is taking her to some concert somewhere.
>I'm "willing" to stay an extra night or two, but i'm going to need to get a chastity belt or something.
>I don't have one though, so i'm royally fucked.
>But i'm a pervert so whatever, consign myself to fate i guess.
>Everyone else is willing but we have one problem.
>Parents
>A plan is concocted
>We try to convince them ourselves, if we fail we give the phone to birthday and she begs for us.
>Flawless, it can't fail

>My turn first
>Euugh, i have to get up off the couch and slouch over to the phone.
>The girls are all just staring me down, birthday girl at the ready in-case i fail.
>I guess if i can't stay over it's just a completely different sleepover.
>I call up me mum
>give her a rundown on the party and how it's pretty much just being extended into some kind of group vacation.

>She's completely cool with it, asks if raven's there (I say yes) and she asks to talk to her.
>I wave raven over, i hear various one-sided girltalk from Raven.
>She punctuates her last sentence with "Don't worry ill keep an eye on him" and a giggle.
>Oh man what are they talking about.
>Fookin embarassin me infront of girls i'll git u mum i swaer
>It seems to be agreed ill just stick with raven the entire time and get a ride back with her
>She hands me the phone back
>My mom flat out just tells me not to get any of the girls pregnant.
>I stammer some awkward response like a true beta
>Probably along the lines of "t...thanks mom"
>She says "Have fun honey, keep raven company" and hangs up.
>My moms actually a total bro

>I announce i'm good for as long as they want me.
>Cheers
>Same thing happens for every girl really
>They chat up some parents, they seem more or less cool with it, everyone cheers when they're good for another night or two.
>Until blondie
>Her parents sound angry as fuck
>There's some god damn yelling going on on the other side of the line
>I'm not even sure they're angry at blondie
>It might be soemthing that happened at the house they're angry at and yelling at blondie for.
>Whatever it is, she has "THOSE" kinds of parents.
>They want her home right away.
>Doesn't seem to be an actual reason, blondie is pleading and begging trying to reason with them.
>They wont have it.

>Birthday girl steps over and takes the phone
>Introduces herself and starts kissing ass, talking about how she's heard such great things about blondie's parent's buisness and how it had such high quality food standards or something.
>I think the dad worked at, or ran a processing plant
>Sucking up to his job definitely worked though, you could tell he was bragging over the phone
>one of "THOSE" parents.
>Birthday was a class A manipulative girl though, she had the guy wrapped around her finger when she put on a begging little-girl tone and asked if blondie could stay for two more nights.
>Its agreed
>Ends up they were doing home renovations anyway and she would just get in the way
>No clue why they wanted her back so soon
>one of "THOSE" parents
>When the phone hangs up, blondie is sufficiently relieved and cheering resumes for her.
>Now that's over i'm making some god damn coffee

>I actually announce this word for word
>nobody likes coffee but Raven
>Fuck you guys im making a huge pot god damnit
>So tired
>I go to the kitchen and rummage around for a while, the girls seem to be discussing what we're going to do.
>They ask me what my opinion is
>I tell them we're drinking coffee and thats my vote
>They take that as a "He doesn't care" and continue planning without me.
>I've commandeered Birthday girl's coffee maker and made enough to sustain my need for caffeine.
>Milk and lots of sugar later, i walk back out to the living room with two steaming cups, hand one to raven and return to sitting next to her on the couch.
>We then proceed to act like pompous and sophisticated and sip our cups with a pinkie out while the rest of the girls bicker about what we're doing that day.

>Birthday seems to want to not do anything, Glasses wants us to go out shopping (pls no) and Blondie is just happy she's there.
>Raven, always the brilliant one, points out we don't have a car.
>Oh, no shopping
>I guess we're staying here then.
>Birthday girl says alright, starts rummaging around for things to do as a group.
>Board games, Video Games, More Anime are the three choices.
>But first she wants to put down some more rules
>Screams Internally

>Rule #1 The house has to be spotless when her parents come back, so if we mess things up we're going to have to really make sure its clean.
>Raven comments "Goodness gracious, well of course my dear!" In an english accent.
>She's still got her pinkie out and sipping coffee
>Rule #2 No more drinking unless everyone is present
>Raven punctuates this with a "My word!" and i've got to try my hardest to stifle a giggle.
>Blondie and Homely are smiling pretty wide at her antics too.
>Rule #3 "We all share Him", she punctuates this rule with a smooth hand movement to point at me.
>Raven sputters into her coffee
>I dont even react
>My head just extends four feet on my neck and the words "Nope" ring through the room.

>Birthday is smiling and she continues talking
>Rule #4

>I'm not listening
>I'm up and out the front door
>Seriously just walk out the front door in my socks
>Fuckin hate birthday girl's rules
>I really just loop around the side and sit in the small little back patio drinking my coffee though.
>Gotta make em worry about it a bit
>Think they lost me
>Glasses just randomly shows up out the side door though.
>She knows me better than she lets on.
>She pulls up a seat and laughs , a good hearty belly laugh.
>Then she pulls her seat right up next to mine and loudly states
>"Don't worry"
>"I don't plan to share"
>I sputter into my coffee

>Eventually she roams back inside and just says i'm out back
>Raven joins me again and we silently enjoy some coffee while who knows what happens inside.
>Finish up go back in
>Monopoly is set up
>Oh hell yeah
>We commence jewing one another out of money properties and houses.
>this lasts approximately 30 minutes before glasses has all the properties besides like 10
>in 15 more minutes she owns all the properties.
>Game is determined not fun
>Nobody wants to play again
>This is how real life actually works.

>We consign ourselves to video games again
>Tales of symphonia
>Hell yes
>Only 4 players
>Birthday Girl, Blondie,Myself and Raven get characters
>Its just Glasses and Homely not playing
>Homely tries to get on the couch
>There's no room on the couch because everyone is in vidya gaming posture
>Need dat elbow room
>She's stuck on the floor watching, along with birthday who's just chosen to sit down there anyway.
>Glasses randomly gets up
>Comes back with a blanket and spreads it over everyone
>We're really not paying attention to her except where birthday girl is running around
>We actually like the story ok

>Glasses somehow squishing people around and shoving on the couch until i'm sitting in the middle between blondie and her, and raven is on the other side of her.
>I'm playing Collette, Raven has some Sheena action, Lloyd is birthday girl and blondie is playing Raine
>Blondie being the healer, i know lol.
>This was a game save we had played at lunch all the time, so we had got pretty damn far.
>We were stuck on some boss, we had somehow got there way too low level because we didn't have time to grind when we were playing.
>Full concentration was required to get to the boss with a decent amount of health and whatever else those game mechanics were.
>Its like our fourth attempt on the boss
>Raven is missing every single block when he attacks
>Not getting any overlimits
>Not summoning anything
>We lose because of this
>Consider calling her a dirty casual
>Not in so many words though, back then it was just "Noob"

>Fifth attempt at boss
>She fucks up again
>What the hell
>Birthday girl is getting mad
>I don't really care that much
>Blondie is mad because she's actually really fucking good with raine.
>Like she plays raine as an offensive healer like you're supposed to
>Only person i've ever met that can play raine and not die constantly.
>That's really hard for those of you who don't have any clue what i'm talking about, especially on the harder difficulties like we were playing.
>Either way, blondie was mad, birthday was mad
>Sixth attempt at the boss
>I feel the blanket shift
>Glasses puts her hand on my crotch
>Oh god dammit

>The blanket is cleverly propped up so there's no way to tell what's going on.
>I suddenly realize this was her plan all along
>Every single time i'm supposed to block an attack from the boss, she squeezes my crotch
>I miss every single one
>It makes so much sense
>The weird part is raven is still missing every single one too
>We don't have to block the same attacks and we aren't even standing in the same place
>We die

>I take a chance to glance over at raven's face
>Her cheeks are flushed, but she's intently focusing on the game and staring forward.
>She's biting her bottom lip a tiny bit
>It looks like she's focusing really intently if you didn't know better
>I knew better.

>Seventh attempt
>Every single time i need to block, glasses squeezes and makes me miss it.
>She's doing it when i need to attack as well
>Or dodge
>Or do anything really
>We die again
>If you've never played TOS, Raven/Myself are of course playing the two best characters, but ONLY if you have full concentration.
>If you aren't focused, they're both ass.
>God damnit Glasses
>Birthday and Blondie are fuming
>First they yell at raven, then they yell at me
>Video games are serious fucking business guys
>We're told to shape the fuck up or we're getting replaced
>I ain't fuckin gettin replaced, thats not on my list of things to do today.

>Game face time
>8th Attempt at the boss
>Glasses Squeezes
>I successfully block
>I successfully attack
>I successfully dodge
>Compartmentalized my mind, i got this man.
>Raven seems on her game too, we've got the boss to 50%
>Farthest we've ever been
>45%
>40%
>The hand on my pants vanishes
>35%
>Its back again
>Nooooo

>30%
>Its in my pants
>25%
>Its in my underwear
>20%

>She's fondling me directly
>She Squeezes, hard.
>I lose my concentration
>Raven is channeling some summon when this happens
>The second i fuck up, she also seems to cancel her attack and start fucking up too.
>I have the thought that if Glasses is fondling me directly, she's probably doing the same to raven too.
>This helps absolutely nothing
>I'm rock hard beneath this blanket
>We die at 15%

>Blondie makes some kind of excuse and it seems we're off the hook for that one
>Time for another attempt
>Raven stops us
>"I have to pee, Be right back"
>Coffee
>She stays under the blanket for a second and seems to adjust something, then pushes it aside and gets up.
>She vanishes off into another room.
>She escaped
>Glasses still has her hand under the blanket and wrapped around my hardon
>She's just absent mindedly stroking it now, the game is paused im not even playing.
>Oh man, this is gonna be tough
>I'm sitting there thinking about awful things to try to get my boner to go away
>That might work in classrooms anons, but not when you have a girl actively fondling you
>I was boned
>Literally

>Raven comes back
>Looks like she's going to sit down where she was before
>She redecides
>She almost skips over, and decides that my lap is where she's going to sit.
>She knows just as well as i do what's going on under the blanket
>She sits right on top of it.
>This was not her best plan
>My legs are a bit spread, so she's sitting on top of the blanket, has hers between mine
>Glasses' hand is pinned between us
>Its still fondling me directly though
>Raven just made her add extra pressure
>Glasses isn't having any of this cheating
>She just rotates her hand so the knuckles are facing straight up

>Raven stiffens the second this happens
>Oh shit

>Now every time glasses strokes, her knuckles are grazing Raven right through the skirt.
>Raven tries to reposition so she's not sitting directly on my crotch
>Glasses isn't having any of that, with her free hand she reaches over and grabs the hem of raven's skirt and gives it a pull.
>Raven slowly but surely slides right back to where glasses wants her.
>As long as glasses holds her skirt, she can't move away or reposition
>As long as birthday or homely don't turn around, they won't even notice
>Even if they do, she can just let go and grab it again later
>9th Boss attempt time
>Every time we need to do anything, glasses gives me a long hard stroke.
>This rubs raven with not one, not three, but four knuckles.
>I can't see any of this happening, but i can feel the pressure change as she slides each bony knob right across the bottom crease of raven's slit
>Every time this happens, raven's entire body tenses just the tiniest bit and releases
>Every stroke, she tenses four times.
>Every time she does this, glasses eventually ends up rolling each of her fingers over the head of my penis.
>Because her hand is dry, i can feel every single finger slide past.
>This does the same thing to me that her knuckles do to raven.
>We die

>Blondie and Birthday are furious
>Birthday of course turns around at this point and realizes Raven is on my lap
>Raven gets extra shit for sitting on my lap and doing so badly.
>Birthday makes her stand up
>With another one of her exaggerated finger swings, points for her to sit on the ground.
>Raven hangs her head and complies
>I see a slight smile on her face though
>I start acting as if i'm going to sit on the ground too.
>Glasses pulls back her hand
>"Freeze right there" are the next three words i hear from Birthday
>She promptly stands up, walks over to me and rips the blanket off
>Sweat pants
>No shame
>Boner disguise unbreakable
>Literal 100% Camo Index

>She then turns around
>Readjusts her skirt so it falls around her.
>And places only her panty-clad buttocks, right upon my crotch

>Being hard as diamonds, of course she notices.
>GLASSESSSSS
>I can only see the side of birthday's face, but she has a quick look of surprise, and then her mouth turns upwards in a smirk.
>Birthday is a bigger female though, which means seeing the screen is harder than with Qt Raven sitting on my lap.
>Because of this i have to take my hands, and pull Birthday back until she's much higher on my crotch leaning flush with my posture on the couch
>Then i place my hands around her waist, set my controller in the little table made by her skirt in her lap, and put my head over her shoulder to see the screen.
>Wrapping my hands around her to play, and hoping i don't forget where buttons are.

>Needless to say, this is a very close position to play vidya in
>I've got my cheek pressed up against hers, with only a bit of her hair in the way from full cheek-to-cheek contact.
>She smells lovely, like rose petals, freshly cut greens and blooming flowers.
>She smells like a flower garden
>She's got the full crack of her bum placed perfectly on my crotch
>She's got exactly what she wants though, and gives a little gyration of her hips.
>This is some of the most amazing pressure, i just wish she would keep it up the entire time.
>It's just a perfectly encompassing hot and lightly frictiony environment for my penis.
>Thats like the second best kind of environment for a penis

>Tenth attempt at the boss
>I don't know if she realizes it, or its completely unintentional, but i realize on the way to the boss that every time birthday starts hammering out a combo with lloyd, she tenses up a little bit.
>Every time she tenses up, her thighs squeeze the tiniest bit
>This just presses two deliciously soft pieces of flesh closer together for a split instant.
>This is enough to completely derail my chain of thought.
>This is also enough to make me gasp out a little bit of breath
>Because i'm right next to her cheek, i know she notices
>It doesn't matter what i'm doing, if she's comboing on lloyd, i'm not doing it.
>This isn't nearly as bad as glasses though
>With raven on the ground, glasses without her blanket disguise and me only having my penis tortured a fraction as much as before, we make quick work of the boss.
>Oh im sorry did i say only a fraction?
>When we win, birthday just bounces up and down three or four times.
>She knows full well what she's doing there.
>Every single time she comes down, my muscles tense, i press my arms a little tighter against her sides and i let out a tiny bit of air.
>She definitely knows what she's doing.

>We continue playing through the area we're in
>Every time she gets a chance, Birthday bounces up and down a little.
>Every time she does a combo with the main character, she squeezes her thighs together.
>All i can feel the entire time is her hot cheek against mine
>All i can smell is her scent, the rose petals the strongest of all.
>Along with something i can't identify, something subtle but sweet and tart even.
>Then every time she leans back into me i can press my chest against her back and lean my head slightly forward
>And i can get a glimpse right down her shirt
>She's wearing a dull-gold Bra
>I don't know why every girl has one of these, but i've confirmed birthday does too.
>Shame she changed from the two piece rule she made last night.
>But every time i peek i'm treated to the upper half of her breasts spilling out of the cups.
>The best part is that every time i look it just seems like i'm trying to hit the right button on my controller.
>Lets just say, remember how there was one little man inside me earlier that day screaming?
>Now there were two.

>Half a dungeon later, i'm dying
>IRL, not in the game
>I decide i've got to go on the offensive if i want to retain my sanity
>i have absolutely no clue how i'm going to do that.
>I pull her back a little bit and press my cheek into hers again and catch a glimpse of her breasts once more.
>Lightbulb
>I release one end of the controller and bring my hand around behind Birthday like i'm going to itch myself or something.
>In one move, i locate her bra-strap and hover my thumb and forefinger over it.
>I place pressure right where the clasp would be using the shirt to press against it as i twist my two fingers clockwise.
>It lift one side out of the other and unhooks her bra strap in one half a second move, not only did nobody else notice, i don't think she noticed.
>The announce in my head goes on to introduce me as some magician who can pull clothes off people without them noticing.
>[spoiler]This actually works, try it on a girl sometime that wont beat your face in for doing it.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Well only if they have the clasp that hooks like that, which is most Bra-Straps but not all.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] and yes, women wont always notice right away[/spoiler]

>Now that i've unhooked her bra, i clench my arms together around her, place my forearms on her thighs and force her downward.
>This action alone is doubling the pressure on my dick, and that means its doubling the

pressure she's feeling too.
>I slowly alternate between forcing her down roughly, softly, hard and soft.
>I'm doing nothing but changing the amount of pressure that her crotch is placing upon my crotch.
>If she's anything like a boy, this is going to drive her crazy.
>quickly.
>Next stop is sliding her up and against me the tiniest bit, and placing my head cheek to cheek with hers again.
>She's flustered
>I can feel the temperature difference because she's blushing slightly now and her cheeks are way hotter than mine are.

>I take a peek down her shirt
>Her bra isn't being held back anymore and the cups and leaning freely forward
>I can see the entire top half of her breasts, including the nipples
>They're beautiful, 10/10 would suckle on.
>They're still shapely without support and every time she jiggles they do.
>I'm actually getting quite a treat, but this hasn't helped my boner at all.
>It's actually hard as ultradiamonds now
>[spoiler]Thats a thing, look up lonsdaleite, 50% harder than normal diamonds[/spoiler]

>I continue this mixture of pressure, changes and close contact, and i begin blowing softly on her neck when i get a chance or she's doing run-around quest things and we aren't fighting.
>I'm beyond impressed nobody else has realized what im doing, but birthday is hiding it well
>She's controlling her breathing well
>She isn't too flushed and doesn't seem to be making any sounds.
>But every time i press down she tenses up,
>she can't sit still and is squirming around slightly whenever she gets the chance
>Frankly neither can i, its all i can do to stop from moving my hips imperceptibly upwards every time i press her down.

>Eventually i can't even stop that
><Insert My hips are moving on their own joke here>
>Four, five minutes of this later i'm really closing in on my limit
>Even through three layers of fabric, i wasn't going to last
>I'd well established at that point that i don't think i was contacting her just perfectly to really get her off.
>Wrong kind of contact, not enough pressure, or just the wrong angle and mood entirely.
>She was enjoying it nonetheless, but she wasn't getting anywhere
>I definitely was.

>It took all the way until we had had unlocked a door or something.
>Birthday had finally completely some box puzzle with cobwebs that was annoying us.

>She bounced
>Once
>Twice
>Third time was it
>It wasn't a harsh ejaculation, it was rather soft actually, almost a peaceful muscle tensing and then a rhythmic couple of spurts and it was over.
>But it did the trick, i had definitely gone from "ULTRADIAMONDS" to just "Hard, but no longer painful"
>It was exactly what i needed
>I wasn't embarrassed, that was the entire god damn point.
>The only problem was that i realized exactly where Birthday was really sitting
>Her tailbone was putting pressure right on my bladder

>Boners and the magical ability to prevent you from noticing how badly you have to piss
>Well i had to get up, so i informed birthday very bluntly that she was sitting on my bladder.
>A little bit of embarrassed scuffling later, i'm up and in the bathroom
>I close the door
>I'm pretty sure i lock the door
>Neverless, i whip down the sweatpants and boxers for a piss & a cleaning, and as i'm waiting for the boner to subside the door opens, glasses walks in and the door closes and locks behind her.
>I'm just completely unfazed, i should have just expected it by now.
>I look her straight in the eyes while holding my penis outstretched
>I had one goal and that was losing enough of this boner to piss
>She was not going to ruin that
>I stare her down with the intensity of a thousand suns
>She matches it
>Eye to eye, she can see my every intention and i watch her eyes bare her soul to me
>I'm getting harder
>FUCK

>I advert my eyes and just force my bladder to start a trickle
>She's doing nothing, just watching in interest.
>I realize for once she's completely harmless and just curious, force enough to get a stream going and the boner drops on its own as i empty my bladder
>She matched my eyes with her own cold intensity every time i looked up at her
>Now for the embarrassing part, i pulled a small wad of toilet paper off the roll and cleaned up my expenditure off my leg and the inside of the pants i was wearing, her watching all the time.
>I finish up, grab a single sheet of toilet paper and run it across the entire rim of the toilet bowl, toss it in and flush
>if you live in a household with women, DON'T EVER FORGET THIS TRICK
>its just polite
>I then walked to the sink, washed my hands

> turned around and faced down glasses one last time, her eyes to mine.
>before i whispered "Next time, its your turn" .
>Opened the door, and strolled out.

That's all i'm doing for today anons. (That was a 13 Hour Dump, my anus is sore)

Expect more Tuesday April 8th at 8:00 PM PST

Update #6 : April 8th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11257646

>I leave the bathroom with glasses in close-proximal tow
>I know its a bad idea to just tromp back into the living room directly with her following me.
>Raven and Blondie are already emotional landmines ready to go off, and Birthday can just up-and-start hating people right away anytime she wants.
>Fuck if i even knew what homely was thinking.
>So we make a small detour around the house and out into the living room from the kitchen side
>i'm Pretending she was some wandering companion who lost her villiage to a dragon attack and joined me on my quest

>We slip back into the living room all nonchalant like
>The video game is back on and nobody noticed us even walk in.
>Homely took my controller and my spot on the couch
>I curse under my breath various times
>Glasses pops back onto her spot on the couch and i'm left with nowhere to sit
>Of course i've been around women all my life
>So i do the usual thing and inform homely that it's alright, i didn't really need to play anymore since her and glasses haven't got a turn yet.

>It works like a charm
>Birthday, Blondie and Homely get guilted into feeling bad about taking my controller while i was in the bathroom.
>Blondie tries to offer me hers and make excuses about her fingers being tired
>I'm not having any of it, i milk it for all its worth and make a big show about it being alright and they should all continue playing together.
>Raven gives a snort, she's not falling for it, but she's still intently eyes-forward on the video game.
>Everyone else is appropriately guilt tripped though
>Totally gonna use these guilt points later to buy things at the vendor
>Buy some god damn emotional armor or something.

>Birthday girl does the right thing and offers glasses her controller
>Glasses denies gracefully with many "Oh you don't have tos" and various other trivial words
>She still gets the controller though
>I'm telling you, women throughout their entire lives have friends that treat them badly, throw them through emotional loop-de-loops and use every trick in the book to guilt, hurt or manipulate them.
>All while seeming completely nice about it
>[/spoiler]This is why they hate nice guys, they associate it with being flat out manipulated, no joke.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] If you're an actual jerk to them, they atleast know you're honest and not manipulating them[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] The best way to treat a woman is like you would treat one of your bros, don't pussyfoot around issues and just make em clear : YW All male anons[/spoiler]
>Moral of the story is that glasses just used my guilt point acquisition to gather some for herself and end up playing the game.
>I would have felt guilty as fuck if i ended up playing again too.
>I had plans for those points though, atleast i thought i did.

>I've still got nowhere to sit though
>It comes to my mind that i could probably plop down on one of the girls and use them as a comfy chair
>Obviously one of the girls on the couch, sitting on Raven on the floor would just not work out

very well.
>Blondie
>Too small, she would put up with it but her legs would probably hurt after 5-10 minutes
>Homely
>Hahahahaha
>Birthday
>Naw
>Glasses
>Revenge
>*Evil Laughter*

>Except there's really no way i can get revenge
>The blanket is gone, and she's playing vidya
>I walk over in front of her and block her vidya view
>I'm pumped up from my Alpha moment in the bathroom
>I put my hands on my hips (appropriate demanding posture) and say
>"Open up, you're my new chair missy"
>Obviously because i can't just sit on the controller, she has to open her arms and let me in.
>Curt response "No"
>Euguhh
>I'm grasping my hand over my heart in an extremely dramatic shakespearean fashion
>[spoiler] in my mind of course[/spoiler]
>I'm really just standing there in that awkward way you stand places when you've been turned down for a date or something.
>I've been shot down, foiled, defeated
>Being alpha with Glasses is like an uphill unwinnable battle

>I do let out a dejected sigh and slump my shoulders
>Gotta look the part
>I then trudge over and plop myself down on the ground next to Raven
>She's sitting with her back to the armrest of the couch, so i sit down further into the couch
>Losers seat i guess
>Blondies legs are here though
>I don't even bother with them, i just lean back to the left of them and relax my head against the cushion.
>I get to watch the story progress without any involvement on my part
>I guess it's alright
>It's probably been an hour or two of this game though, people are getting worn out.
>JRPGs are just like that at parties, fun ,but gotta play em in segments

>Blondie's toes are adorable over to my right side though.
>She gives her feet little kicks every once in a while when she does a good heal or something.
>Even a couple times i watch as she wiggles each toe independently of one another

>Cute little feets mayn
>I'm not really a foot person, but cute feets are cute feets.
>To my luck, she decides to reposition herself after a little while
>I guess she was taking hints from glasses last night, because she drapes both her legs over my right side
>Smooth legs
>[spoiler] Alright well there was some light hair on them, but she was blonde so it wasn't noticeable[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Yes women have hair on their legs, wow you should know this already no matter how lonely you are[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] no, shaving them constantly is a bitch of a thing to do, and most women only do it when they are in dress-up mode[/spoiler]
>These are awesome legs though
>Blonde haired girl legs are the best legs

>I can't really fondle her legs though
>I've got no cover, no bushes to hide behind
>Anything i do would alert the guards
>Most i can do is play with whatever is closest to my lap where i atleast have cover from the girls behind me
>This would be those cute feets i was talking about.
>I can't really do anything to them though
>Even though i raise my hands to touch them anyway.
>Hands and feet are a bad mixture you see
>The second you touch a cute girl's feet she's going to do one thing
>Laugh

>Blondie lets out a high pitched laugh
>I imagine this is the sound elves make if you ever catch them not being prim assholes to one another.
>Raven is onto me and eying me with suspicion
>I don't even look behind me, fuck the police
>I continue tickling her feet
>they're adorable, she's shifting them and flexing all the muscles in them trying to get away.
>I raise my hands and get the back of her ankles too
>She's giggling up a storm
>She starts kicking
>Oh no this was a bad ide....
>Right in the balls

><Screams Internally>
>Various other noises you can imagine
>I keep forgetting blondie is an assassin sent to kill me

>Why do i keep forgetting this
>No words or actual sounds were made by my mouth
>I just let go of her feet, wrap my arms around my stomach and fall over to the side
>Raven is laughing
>She knows
>Blondie is instantly silent
>She knows
>Birthday, Homely and Glasses think i'm just laughing on the ground or something and ignore it.
>I'm not laughing
>[spoiler] Once again one of the rare spoilers for only the female readers in here[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Implying they exist[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Getting hit in the balls is one of those things that just really really hurts, but it's not actually pain and its difficult to describe [/spoiler]
>[spoiler] See, those unlucky bastards are hooked up directly to the base of your spinal cord, this means there's one big pathway for that pain right to your head[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] It doesn't just hurt, everything on the way up along that pathway hurts too, your crotch, your stomach and even your lower chest sometimes[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The closest comparison i've got is being hit in the kidney, but its just not something you've probably experienced[/spoiler]

>As is expected, i just keel over sideways and enjoy the floor for a little bit
>She didn't hit me that hard, but it didn't matter, i'd had enough of feet for the time being.
>I think Blondie is rubbing it in though, since she just sets her feet ontop of me like a footrest
>Probably thinking it serves me right for tickling her
>Back to staring at the walls of rooms again i guess
>I have a great view of the small space under the TV cabinet
>Cobwebs and dust bunnies
>Another untapped source of spiderbros to help me in my time of need.
>I'm not there for very long, im sure birthday/homely/glasses think im just relaxing sideways
>Raven has a smirk on though
>Eventually its decided that they've progressed far enough and the game is saved and swapped out
>Two player fighting game time.

>Blondie mentions food being a thing
>Its like noon-ish
>Birthday mentions some serious sandwich fixins in the kitchen
>Blondie offers to make some
>Birthday figures she might as well act the courteous host and help for once.
>Raven/Homely/Myself/Glasses Get to trade off in some 1v1s
>This means we pile on the couch again
>This doesn't work out as well as i want, as i end up in a corner with Homely deciding its her turn to sit on my lap

>You would think i could protest though right?
>Wrong

>If i let two girls sit on my lap and then not another, i'm playing favorites.
>I might not give a shit
>But homely's feelings would get hurt
>AND THEN EVERYONE ELSE WOULD GIVE A SHIT
>This giving a shit would get me in shit status with everyone
>I can't play favorites):
>Well i can, i just can't be obvious about it
>Either way she ends up on my lap and she's facing off Vs Raven
>Loser gets the controller
>Zero boners though, and i'm still kinda sore so she's not feeling anything except my lap.
>She's still wearing her pajama pants and loose t-shirt though, so i'm kinda worried

>I'm trying to concentrate on the game, but she's wiggling around and sitting upright so i can't really focus on it at all
>Or even see the TV for that matter
>I just resign to my fate and turn my head to watch raven
>I've got an obvious "Help me" look on my face, but i make sure she's the only one who can see it.
>She notices
>She knows i don't really like homely (but she's really the only one who knows)
>She puts on an evil smirk
>Payback for what i said to blondie in the shower earlier smirk
>Or something else i've done, who knows
>Oh no, i see it coming a mile away
>Raven loses on purpose
>Hands the controller off to glasses
>I have to "Enjoy" another round with Homely sitting where she's sitting.
>I give raven the most silent pleading face i possibly can
>I just get a brimming wide evil-smile in return

>Glasses is picking her character
>Homely turns around to face me and raven
>She's sitting sideways on me now, with her feet on raven's lap and crotch still firmly planted on mine
>I can't make faces anymore
>):
>I have to pretend nothing is wrong
>Even though really its just a girl sitting on my lap and i'm being overdramatic
>Or was i

>I have an even bigger problem
>Homely is still wearing her pajamas from last night
>This means she's wearing a loose t-shirt
>And no bra

>She makes this VERY obvious with her large breasts
>She was the most endowed female there D size maybe.
>Large enough to jiggle her entire chest every time she moved
>This doesn't help because her hands are in her lap and she's somehow playing the fighting game like a racing game.
>Tilting the controller left and right and shit
>Jiggling back and forth, each breast almost swaying individually
>No! Must... look... away
>I'm male so i can't
>Shameful boner
>I've failed you my hardening friend

>Well, homely notices
>She puts on a successful "Oh look at what i did" Smile.
>Its a mixture of a shit-eating grin and the look you get when you thoroughly trump someone in a fighting game
>Oh wait those are both shit-eating grins.
>Fuck you homely
>I can't do anything but feign a smile and continue watching the game.
>Also homely's tits
>I don't even like big tits (most the reason i didn't like homely), but not looking at big tits right in your face is impossible
>She catches me looking
>Shit eating grin continues
>This is the other half of the reason i don't like homely.

>She's still bouncing around and wagging her tits in my face though
>Boner at full hardness
>I'm ashamed on the inside
>I thought i had more control than this
>I thought i had a clear sense of justice
>Seeing myself live long enough to become the villain
>Whatever it is, my crime fighting days are over and homely has now confirmed she's attractive enough to get me hard.
>[spoiler]Ill restate what i keep saying in the thread, She's not ugly, but she's not really attractive to me, nor does she have a personality i like.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Tad overweight bar-skank with huge knockers, any of yall would fall for it.[/spoiler]

>Luckily, this means she's distracted as fuck
>Glasses kicks her ass up and down three ways from sunday

>Homely loses hard and passes her controller to me.
>I've got no choice but to put my hands out over her lap and hold the controller
>I know i'm going to regret this
>I instantly regret this
>Homely takes both her hands and lightly places them on my wrists
>Some kind of sick hand-holding without my permission
>I didn't ask for this
>Its me Vs Glasses
>This is the match up of the century
>At first i'm getting my ass kicked, but then i retaliate and leave her character damn close to death.
>I've got this
>Homely sits up straight
>This puts full pressure right on my crotch
>Shoves her boobs right in my face
>I die

>Why don't these girls just leave me alone and let me play video games
>I haven't been able to win once in anything we play
>I can't handle this
>I drop the controller back into Homely's lap
>I say "I'm going to go check on lunch"
>Homely puts on a sad face, but my excuse seems to have worked and she wiggles to the side so i can get up
>She still puppy dog-eyes me and leans forward though
>Loose shirt
>Breasts
>I don't look
>I do look
>I pretend to not look while looking
>I don't look while pretending to not look

>Breasts
>Big, floppy breasts
>God damnit male mind
>Fuck you
>I'm up and trying to leave though
>Just going to think about other people naked
>Raven gets up too at the same time planning to follow me
>She brushes me as she stands

>Feels me being hard
>Her eyes don't go wide, she doesn't freeze, she doesn't get a scowl on her face
>Well except the scowl part
>Her eyes are cold, like a wolf before it rips the throat out of the prey its been stalking
>I give her three silent faces in a row
>THIS IS YOUR FAULT RAVEN
>YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED THIS
>WHAT DO YOU THINK I WAS BEGGING YOU FOR
>I think these all come out as the above faces plus a mixture of the shameful boner face

>I hope she understands.
>She's still scowling though
>She tells me to make sure Blondie wasn't putting mustard on her sandwich
>She's not going to follow me anymore though
>She just sits down on the armrest of the couch, folds her arms crossed and stares at the TV.
>I slink away to the kitchen ashamed of myself
>I Enter the kitchen
>Blondie has a knife cutting the tomatoes
>I Exit the kitchen

>They didn't have mustard out though so i don't bother saying anything
>I just go and sit down in the dining room
>Clasp my hands together on my lap and stared off at the wall again
>In retrospect this was weird, but in my mind i was just going to quietly wait for food to happen.
>Just going to stare at this wall until the shame goes away
>Its not too long, luckily Blondie calls out in her singsong voice across the household that sammy-witches are ready.
>I arrive in the kitchen first, pretending i just got up and came over
>Some pastrami, swiss mayo/lettuce/tomato contraptions of flavor going on in here.
>Birthday and Blondie start the serving process
>Birthday gets out drinks and cups (has a 2liter of coke we never opened before)
>Blondie plops a big sandwich down on my plate and gives me a confectioner's maid smile.
>I don't know what that smile is called, but it involves your entire body
>She does a half curtsey, tad bit of knee bend, smile from ear to ear and her eyes are shining.
>You'll only see this smile when women have made food for you to eat and want you to enjoy yourself.
>Its fucking adorable

>My heart melts a little
>But its just a fucking sandwich
>Well actually the bread is toasted and i guess the tomato slices are done pretty well
>*sigh* i guess ill praise her for it when we sit down to eat

>We all end up in the living room though
>We all pick various places on the floor to sit and eat food
>Smalltalk of course
>We discuss what we should do next
>Various bickering about boys and girls at our school
>Raven doesn't seem to want to sit next to me and chat like we usually do
>I swear to god woman
>I end up with birthday and homely on either side of me
>they really aren't talking to me, its more like talking across me
>I just ignore them and eat my sandwich

>About halfway through my sandwich i appropriately give praise to blondie and comment on how the tomatoes are perfect and the sandwich is delicious
>She doesn't know i saw her cutting them
>One million bonus points
>Her face lights up like fireworks.
>The general sentiment around the room is that the sandwiches are delicious and blondie/birthday get plenty of praise
>Blondie still has her face lit up and looking at me though
>I grab the last half of the sandwich with my left hand and start to bring it up to my mouth while staring at her
>I plan to make lip smacking sounds and get bonus points
>Blondie loses the smile
>My hand doesn't seem to be able to get to my mouth

>Homely has wrapped her arm around my left arm and is holding it like we're lovers or something
>She's not breaking eye contact with birthday though, and they're still discussing absolutely nothing of importance
>A.... alright
>Its no big deal i guess
> i swap the sandwich to my right hand and go up for another bite
>This hand won't move either
>Birthday has her arm wrapped around that one, matching homely
>I just want to eat my sandwich):
>I can't do anything so i just lower my hand and drop it back to the plate.
>Stare at it sadly
>Sandwich arc over before it even began
>Both the girls don't even notice, they're still discussing clothes and other girly things like i'm not even there

>Blondie knows what's happening and is staring with a defeated sad look on her face at me.
>Raven isn't glaring daggers for once
>She's Glaring actual full longswords
>Foot long hilts and everything
>Why is this my fault
>Even usual non-caring glasses is looking a little peeved
>I guess her alliances lie elsewhere
>I can see her brain whirring in motion to try to stop this though
>Maybe she'll save me from this soul crushing emptiness inside
>[spoiler]that only my sandwich can fill[/spoiler]
>Both the girls still have one hand free though, so they're just eating as if nothing is happening.
>I know both of them can see the other girls staring.
>They pretend they don't see anything

>The one thing they aren't hiding well are the eyes
>I look left and i look right and i can see both of them are projecting lasers at one another.
>The facial movements are animated, diverse, and match the conversation
>But the eyes are hard and deadly.
>Homely grips my arm harder
>Birthday grips my arm harder
>Uh oh
>This is like a catfight but the cats are separated by a volleyball net and are playing volleyball with a huge inflatable beach ball.
>And all the beach ball is trying to do is not get popped by the cats claws
>That's probably what playing girl's volleyball is like anyway.
>I'm not escaping though
>Birthday turns her entire body towards me, and presses into my shoulder
>This has the effect of pressing my arm into the crease of her chest between breasts.
>I guess she managed to get her bra hook back together without anyone noticing, because i feel two layers of fabric between us.

>Homely matches it, but the difference is that she doesn't have a bra on
>Much softer
>Much more squish
>I'm really not at liberty to move now
>I can't imagine i have anything on my face but a pleading look at the other three girls.
>Birthday and homely are still keeping up the conversation though
>Glasses brings her plan to fruition
>"Alright that was delicious, lets clean up our plates"
>Homely and Birthday change from random conversation, to just staring at glasses
>"We're not done eating yet" they literally say in unison.
>Not exactly, one of them used different structure, but it was terrifying nothenless
>Then they just go back to the conversation they were having

>They haven't touched their food in like three minutes.
>My sandwich is just sitting there
>Please...

>Glasses looks defeated
>A rare look for her, trust me
>Birthday and homely aren't even talking infront of me
>They've put their chins on my shoulders and are talking through me
>Like whispering the conversation into one of my ears and its going out the other to the opposite side.
>I'm just trying to pretend this isn't happening and save face with all of it going on
>Actually i'm now staring down at my cup of coke
>It looks delicious
>I'm really thirsty, just a sip please
>It's just sitting there bubbling
>Each popping bubble screaming my name

>Birthday scootches closer
>The angle means she has full control of my arm and hand
>My hand is now resting gently on her crotch
>She takes this advantage to press my hand into her
>I feel an imperceptible amount of dampness
>Probably my fault from earlier.

>She presses my hand into her harder
>Definitely my fault from earlier
>While i'm limply feeling the searing hot valley between birthday's thighs
>[spoiler]Which is quite nice actually[/spoiler]
>Homely scoots up as well

>Oh no
>The other girls are just frozen staring
>why won't they do anything
>Homely scoots one of her legs right behind me and straight along my backside
>Her knee is actually touching birthday's knee
>My arm is close to where she wants it
>She's got an embarrassed but shameless look on her face
>She swings her other knee around infront of me
>I watch in slow-motion exactly where my eyes have been this entire time.
>NO
>NO
>THATS NOT TRUE
>as that delicious cup of soda spills
>THATS IMPOSSIBLE
>All over my sandwich
>NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

>The girls let go of me in a hurry
>Homely makes a couple "I'm Sorry"s, while she gets up and hurries to the kitchen for paper towels
>Birthday goes with her
>I scoot backwards to not get soda all over my pants
>Still got a generous amount on one of my knees, but its not too bad
>I dont stop scooting until i'm a relatively safe distance away
>I cross my arms so that nobody can take them away from me
>lie down and look at the ceiling again
>Someone gets up across the room and walks over to me
>Its raven
>She stands above my head staring down at me with vehemence in her eyes
>Its alright though because i can see up her top since its loose at the bottom
>Blondie shows up a second later to my other side
>I can see up her shirt too, but she's got a bra on.
>They don't seem to be in a friendly mood though
>I'm pretty sure they're going to kick me
>Daggers, Longswords and some kind of Halberds being glared down at me
>I figure its time to say something

>"You know it wasn't my fault"
>WRONG ANSWER
>The previously mentioned weapons being fired at me from their eyes have now caught on fire.
>They don't even say anything, they just stomp off
>Lots of banging in the kitchen, i guess they're trying to find towels or something.
>Someone gets up across the room
>Its glasses of course, she shows up in the same place blondie was standing.
>Her shirt is tucked in though
>I softly say "Why didn't you save me?" a real sound of pleading in my voice.
>She just shakes her head and walks away.

>Birthday and homely come back and start cleaning up the mess
>I guess everyone just left plates and cups everywhere and left
>I get up and help them clean up the coke
>[spoiler] putting a towel over a drink that soaks into the carpet and punching it with your fists works wonders [/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Plus it looks manly as fuck, try it sometime[/spoiler]
>I get to watch my soggy sandwich get scooped up and whisked off to the kitchen.
>):
>I pick up my empty cup and follow them
>They've left the kitchen clean, so they toss the scraps in the trash and put the cups in the sink and leave.
>I watch first hand as my soggy love falls into the trashcan and splats against the side before sadly sliding down.
>I probably look like i've just lost a pet or something
>The girls leave and i'm just standing there
>Not really much coke left, so i get maybe a fifth of a cup
> fuck this shit
> i'm now in major sandwich depression
> i walk over to the alcohol cabinet and pull out a bottle of rum and pour myself half shot right into the coke..
>Close it up, put the bottle away and just chug the entire cup
>Think about my sandwich the entire time):

Update #7 : April 9th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11272240

>When we left off, i had turned to alcoholism to make myself feel better after losing a dear comrade.
>Which is pretty much a hyped up piece of melodramatic shit
>Firstly i had only taken like half a shot of rum in some coke, which is nothing.
>Literally a pittance, made worse by the fact that it was in all likelihood very cheap rum.
>Next up, i was only doing it because i felt like i was in that kind of mood where i should be a character that goes to the liquor cabinet and takes a drink to "Get over it"
>My experience with alcohol up to that point was mostly in media, so i had no fucking clue what i was really doing anyway.

>If you haven't called it yet, i was being a gigantic raging emotional faggot over there alone in the kitchen.
>But whatever, that's what i felt like at the time
>I was getting picked on nearly constantly and used like a toy the entire time
>I'm not going to pretend i didn't enjoy it and throw up a "who gives a fuck" attitude all the time. But that entire attitude was biting me in the ass.
>Whenever i made a move, or didn't make a move. Everyone else would just blame me for making or not making that move.
>There was no escape, i was at fault for everything and the longer i tried to not make myself an enemy of one girl, the more i made myself an enemy of the rest.

>Really i was just failing at the politics of the situation
>Whatever i was doing, there was the foreboding sense that i would end up screwing this all up and end up without any of them as friends at the end.
>I was really in the stages of regret at this point, questions flashing across my mind and tearing me up.
>"Was all of this worth losing my best friend?"
>"Is this worth losing three other good friends too?"
>This sounds dramatic, but i was pretty bummed out over the entire morning
>In my head i was going over the bad parts and ignoring the good
>In that stupid way everyone manages to do when they get just the tiniest bit sad
>Telling myself i had ruined it all and fucked up everything
>See why i felt like i needed to "Drink" to make it all better?

>Either way i was i was standing in the kitchen glaring angrily at the lack of more soda in my cup.
>Might as well go figure out where everyone went
>I just slam the cup down on the kitchen counter. It's pretty loud so i'm sure atleast everyone in the living room heard me.
>I don't think i stomped out, but my footsteps were heavy enough to be easily audible.
>I get to the living room
>Homely and Birthday are the only two in the living room and are playing competitive vidya
>They seemed intently focused on winning
>Working out the anger between one another i guess
>I leave them alone, i really want nothing to do with either of them at the moment

>Still in brooding mode, i meander off to the other side of the house where i imagine the other girls went off to.
>I find Birthday's room with the door closed
>*sigh* its going to be locked isn't it
>I try the handle loudly
>Its locked
>there's only silence inside, but i hear the faint sound of a TV humming through the wall so

they're probably watching something with the sound turned off.
>[spoiler]man i miss being able to hear televisions through walls, stupid LCD technology[/spoiler]
>I've got no interest in going back to the troublesome two in the living room
>But i'm not welcome here it seems
>I don't even say a word, i just stomp my feet a couple times, and then step lighter and lighter until it sounds like i walked away.
>I then sit myself down silently against the wall beside the door and start listening.

>I'm silent, they're silent.
>I just drift off into thought about how badly of a fuck up i am
>In terms of helping me get over my mood, this is adding negative percentages.
>I'm sitting somewhere around -300% when i finally hear talking from inside the room.
>The door (unlike her parents bedroom) isn't a thick hardwood slab of wood, so i can hear through it more or less fine.
>Its blondie talking
>"Whoever it was is gone now..."
>There's an obvious melancholy tone in her voice
>"I just can't believe he would do something like that" - Blondie
>"Yeah, he was my favorite too" - Raven
>There's nothing but anger in her voice
>In my head i've already decided and confirmed they're talking about me
>Mood at -400% , each word is hitting where it hurts.

>"Man i sure hope she forgives him, she was in tears wasn't she?" -Blondie
>"Yeah i don't know what happened there" - Raven
>Oh lord wait who was in tears
>Glasses isn't in the room?
>Glasses is crying?
>Fucking hell that means she's off somewhere else in the house that i didn't look
>Crying
>Guess she's not as carefree as i imagined her being
>Probably i fucked things up with her just as much because i was her first.
>I'm feeling like a shitstain on the carpet right then, i don't even move, i just keep staring forward and listening.

>There's a bit more talk about something i can't really understand.
>Its like whispering or mumbling, i guess i can't really hear the entire conversation through the door.
>However various sentences come out louder than the others
>"Really if this continues for much longer i'm not sure what i'm going to do, i can't take this" -Raven
>More whispering

>"I'm going to cry" - Blondie
>"Whatever he thinks is left, is gone between us" - Raven
>Whatever, im done listening
>I'm still at the door against the wall but i just stop
>My ears don't really turn off, but there's just this loud ringing that's started up inside my head
>I just can't hear anything over it
>I'm at -700% now, back to dying on the inside, internal turmoil shredding whatever confidence i had that i could get this situation to fix itself.
>Welp, better start figuring out ways to kill myself

>I don't actually have a timer for how long i was sitting there feeling sorry for myself
>I was going over how many different ways i could apologize, or just leave and never come back, or just beg and plead until i was back in someone's good graces.
>Eventually the ringing stops and i hear various scuffling noises inside
>The door opens
>Whoever it is, they were planning on moving to the living room or something, but just froze when they found me there
>I wasn't looking at them, just staring at the floor infront of my crossed legs.
>I probably looked like a sad sorry mess, but that's how i felt so i wasn't trying to hide it.
>"How long were you sitting here"
>Its raven, no emotion at all in her voice
>I'm fucked now aint i

>"The entire time" is the response my brain decides to stupidly give them
>I guess blondie is on the bed and hasn't seen me yet, because she lets out a gasp when she hears my voice.
>Raven takes two very very very loud stomping footsteps towards me and reaches around my front and grabs a handful of my shirt collar
>She's not nearly strong enough to actually lift me up like that, but it doesn't matter
>I stumble to my feet on my own, completely avoiding eye contact.
>I'm just staring down at my and Raven's feet, nothing else.
>I'm ready for whatever they want to dole out to me
>I guess it might make them feel better, and thats all i want out of the situation.
>Raven shoves me inside of the room
>I don't even resist
>The door slams behind me
>She's got my collar again, and i'm up against the door
>I'm trying to avoid eye contact still, but she shakes me until i look up at her
>Her eyes have something in them i can't read anymore, or maybe i'm just too busy feeling sorry for myself to try.

>She shoves her face closer to mine and gives me some kind of glare
>i don't care what it was, it was just a glare

>I can smell her breath
>Whisky?
>My eyes dart around the room for the first time
>Its rather dark in here compared to the hallway outside
>The blinds are all closed
>The Television is on, but is paused at the main screen of some DVD and isn't playing. Its giving the entire room a blueish glow.
>There's a bottle and three small glasses with ice and liquor in them on the floor.
>Three?
>I look at the bed
>Blondie and Glasses are staring at me apprehensively, each one has an earbud in one ear and they're listening to something on a laptop.
>They don't seem to be paying attention to whatever is on the screen, even though i can see the reflections of some kind of show in each of their eyes and the dancing shadows across the wall behind them.

>At first my mind is reeling, i wonder if i was misunderstanding who they were talking about and it was just a show or something.
>I get brought back to my not-mind by raven pulling me forward by the scruff of my shirt, and then slamming me backwards again.
>"Why were you listening outside?" - There's only anger in this question
>I mumble/stutter a half bullshit response
>It's really not believable though, punctuated by being slammed against the door again.
>My head is kinda hitting the door every time, it hurts.
>I'm not defending myself because i feel like i deserve it.
>I've dug my grave and now i'm going to lie in it.
>She can smell my breath now that i responded
>Her face changes from emotionless to suddenly understanding that i had been drinking too.
>She's gone from perfectly reasonable angry Raven, to batshit angry Raven
>"Why were you drinking..." - Her voice isn't even angry anymore
>There's actually nothing in her voice, its an empty question

>I'm not going to just take that one
>"Why the fuck were you all drinki..."
>I get slammed against the door again and can't even finish
>That one actually really really hurt, she's not scuffing me up anymore she's actually trying to hurt me.
>I'm still mentally kicking myself and telling myself i deserve it though
>I'm pretty much a pathetic human being, fuck myself for screwing this all up
>Not an ounce of resistance in my body against this assault
>Her next words were screamed in a flurry, i don't even think she thought about them before she said them.
>"WE'RE not the problem here, YOU are"

>There is only pain in those words
>I mentally scrunch up into a smaller ball

>I would describe what i was feeling, but i was forcing myself not to feel anything.
>As if the act of feeling nothing at all over all of this was actually more painful than feeling something.
>I don't know how that works, don't ask me, but it happens sometimes.
>I've got a thousand apologies lined up in my head that i wrote outside
>I bring my eyes up from the floor and look raven in the face
>I start reciting one
>"I... i know i've fucked everything up"
>The entire room is silent, they seem to be weighing on whatever i'm going to say next.
>Raven has me pinned back against the door still
>Her eyes are shining
>Her face is genuinely contorted into rage.
>I try to choose my next words carefully
>"I tried not to play favorites and make an..."

>I'm interrupted by Raven's hand
>To the side of my face
>Hard
>"FAVORITES!?!?!?!"
>That's not raven's voice
>It can't be
>it's like the battlecry of a harpy you've accidentally stumbled across a nest of.
>after you killed her husband
>and crushed all of her eggs
>and she hit me
>I don't even need to explain what's wrong with that
>I already told you whats wrong with that
>But i can't take any time and contemplate which alien has invaded raven's body and taken her over because i'm getting screamed at still
>"THAT'S ALL YOU THINK THIS IS?"
>"YOU PLAYING FaVorItEs?"
>She enunciated favorites like its some kind of huge complicated word, but it gets the point across like icy hot blasts

>"ILL SHOW YOU FAVORITES"
>I'm really not able to pay attention to anything else she's screaming because at this point she's hit me full palm on the side of my head again
>[spoiler]I don't know how many of you anons have been hit by women but its really not like it hurts or anything[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It does, but as a male you're used to getting hit by your bros, so your pain threshold is

rather high[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]That doesn't mean that getting hit in the face is painless though.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Especially not when the female in question puts all her strength (and trust me they get like 10x stronger when they're emotional) into beating your face in.[/spoiler]
>My ears were ringing, the side of my face was white hot like it had just been pressed against a heated frying pan.
>The pain wasn't what was on my mind though
>The words "She's not hitting me" just repeated over and over in my head
>She can't be, she wouldn't ever, this can't be her.
>I took hit after hit
>All i could hear were the cushioning SMACK of each contact.
>The ringing in my ears followed every one.

>I take about six hits in total and it stops
>I've moved halfway across the room during this entire thing and i'm now actually scrunched up in the corner between the cabinet the TV is sitting on and the wall beside the door.
>I'm just staring lifelessly down at the floor and leaning against the cabinet
>I'm dimly aware of six feet, so i assume Blondie and Glasses got up and stopped her
>I'm not really sure what i feel about that development, i still feel like i deserved every single hit.
>I guess i was going through stockholm syndrome of sorts, emphasizing with my abuser.
>My ears are still ringing, but its lessening enough to hear the angry words being flung around.
>I just dumbly stare as raven's feet pull back from the group and stomp away
>I can't really hear the stomps, but i can feel the vibrations through the floor.
>I'm mentally screaming for someone to stop her, but i don't say a word.
>Whatever just went down, we're definitely not best friends anymore
>Or friends even

>Next thing i see is Glasses' face in front of my own
>She's crying for real this time
>Its running down her cheeks and down the corners of her mouth, which is scrunched up into a worried purse.
>She's places her hand on my cheek and seems to be checking for damage
>Her hand is freezing compared to the solar-flare of heat emanating off my face
>i guess i don't have any permanent damage because i'm hoisted to my feet a second later
>Kinda shuffled over to the bed and i fall on it face first
>I'm not even fully on the bed but i don't give a shit
>Im not in pain though, or whatever pain i'm in is being droned out by the suffering soul-crushing feeling of my heart actually being ripped from my chest.
>Gravity does give a shit about me not being on the bed though, and quickly i find myself sliding to the floor again.
>I end up sitting at the base of the bed and looking up at glasses and blondie
>One thought on my mind

>Raven
>I manage to eek some words out "Go make sure she doesn't do anything..."
>I pause, i don't want to say it but its on my mind so i'm sure its on theirs too
>"Stupid"

>Blondie is off to the living room rather quickly
>I hear frantic yelling in the distance about how Raven and I just had a fight and they need to find raven.
>I smile a little bit when she says its "their fault"
>for fucking once someone understands
>for fucking once
>Glasses doesn't say a word, she just silently sits beside me at the base of the bed
>I feel her wrap her arm around me, but i'm numb and silent
>Its still comforting
>I rest my head on her shoulder and just continue staring into the distance and listening to the sounds of the house being overturned in search for raven.

>This goes on for a while
>Yells of "Raven where are you?"
>and "Come out and talk please!"
>echo through the house.
>I'm staring at one of the cups of liquor on the ground that was tipped over in the scuffle.
>There's ice cubes and a puddle, just sadly melting
>Neither of us give enough of a shit to clean it up.
>I do get around to asking how many raven had though.
>"We told her to stop" was the response i get from glasses
>That kind of response that makes you worried because of how much seemingly innocuous regret is inlaid into it.
>"How many" I growl
>I'm now realizing that the bottle of whiskey is actually half empty.
>"We had one, each, she had...."
>"Three"
>What the actual fuck
>These aren't even shots these are actual cups.
> what the fuck was she thinking.
>How could she even be that fucking stupid

>My mind isn't even feeling sorry for myself anymore
>Three fucking cups jesus christ
>even i would be out like a fucking light with that much, and she's smaller than everyone here.
>I'm furiously angry at Blondie and Glasses
>How fucking retarded could they be to be sitting on the bed letting raven fucking drown three

fucking cups.
>How are they that oblivious to her feeling like shit
>Not to mention we now have no clue where she is.
>So she's hiding somewhere, with enough whiskey in her stomach to get severe alcohol poisoning or worse, who knows how much else in her blood stream, and to top it off we have no clue where she is.
>AND There's still yelling in the house so nobody has found her yet.

>I'm not even going to stand for this shit
>I rattle off so many harsh names and insults at glasses that it's like she's hit with a god damn shockwave.
>I'm up and out the door as i tell her plainly and loudly that she's an absolute shit friend.
>I end up in the living room where blondie and birthday are going over where they haven't looked
>I announce to them loudly that blondie is fucking retarded and raven has had three full cups of whiskey
>Birthday is speechless
>She's got the look of a deer stuck in headlights
>Blondie takes my words like a champion though
>Even though her face has "Sorry" all over it
>I guess she knows she really fucked up

>I don't wait for her decision or reaction past that though
>I'm out of the room and roaming the house trying to decide where the fuck raven has gone
>Glasses seems to be looking too, nobody can find her
>She didn't leave the house because nobody heard any doors slam, but just in-case homely pops out front and goes running around the block to try to find her.
>I admire the effort, but i know she's gotta be in the house somewhere
>I just can't think
>I can't fucking think

>I try to piece together where in the house nobody would have looked
>Its been 5 frantic minutes, i can't even begin to imagine how drunk she is and still digesting more.
>I ask blondie if she checked the closet, she shys her eyes downwards and says yes.
>I ask glasses if she checked the bathrooms, also a yes
>I'm trying to narrow it down where she could have run to
>The entire time i can't get my mind off the fact that she had actually hit me
>Out of all the things she could be feeling right now its ashamed of herself
> I know her too well for her to really be angry, she's hiding because she's afraid of what she's done and ashamed.
>Oh

>I know exactly where she is
>I know its not the master bedroom because it's got a baseboard, and not birthday's
>Guest bedroom
>I rush over to that part of the house
>I barge in the door announcing what a fucking idiot she is
>There's just big boxes under the bed
>Oh fuck
>She can't be under there
>I jump on the bed and crawl across
>There's no sounds, just the squeaking of the bedsprings
>I look down on the other side
>Boxes
>No no no where the hell is she

>I fall back onto the bed and make the entire thing creak again
>I think i hear a squeak that isn't the bedsprings but i'm not sure if i imagined it or not
>Wait a fucking second
>What i just saw plays over in my memory again
>I check over the side again
>One of the boxes has the corner actually sticking out an inch away from the bottom of the bedframe
>Sherlock holmes moment here
>No way anyone would purposely have boxes that didn't fit under the bed
>I get out and actually break part of the box ripping it out from under the bedframe
>I don't give a fuck
>Guess whose leg i find?

>The biggest idiot in the house that's who
>fucking pulled the boxes back behind her to hide
>If she had stayed down there on her back under the bed
>she would have passed out and thrown up.
>and fucking choked to death on her own vomit or something
>even if she hadn't thrown up our schools talked to us all the time about alcohol poisoning
>Hypothermia, Heart palpitations, Shallow and eventually completely ceased breathing.
>for a fucking 80-90 pound girl who drank as much as she did, there is no doubt in my mind even to this day.
>she would have actually fucking died, if i hadn't been able to find her
>This is not fucking cool at all in my book
>The sheer level of stupidity and selfishness that this girl had just caused was mind boggling
>The entire last half hour was so unlike her in every way possible that i couldn't even be sure it actually happened.
>Not to mention if i hadn't found her i would have blamed my god damn self

>The level of actual selfishness was off the charts here
>I wasn't even capable of speech that could describe how fucking atrocious this all was in my head

>I don't even give her a chance to react
>I'm not even thinking through my actions anymore, it's just all instinct.
>In three seconds she's sprawled out on the floor blinking at the brightness of the light
>She's crying
>Fuck if i care
>In Seven seconds i have her on her feet
>In Ten seconds I'm hauling her out the door, one of her arms over my shoulder
>She's awful on her feet, showing all signs of a person who's had way, way, way way too much to drink.
>Fuck if i care
>Fifteen seconds i've yelled throughout the house that i've found her
>Scampering feet and ten seconds later i'm in the small bathroom with raven, and glasses is helping me hold her up and drag her.
>I drag her forcibly over to the bathtub and shove her down so she's kneeling on the floor and her head is over it
>She's crying and saying that i'm hurting her
>Fuck if i care.

>I'm not even sure its me controlling my own body at this point
>"Make yourself puke"
>She's crying and shaking her head
>"I don't wa..."
>I interrupt her bullshit excuse with a fucking lion's roar of "NOW"
>She's still not having it and shaking her head fervently from side to side.
>Its actually flinging her tears and splattering me with them
>I think actually most of it might be slobber too, she's an awful sniveling mess
>Alright have it your fucking way
>I just grab her head, pull it back and jam my actual fingers down her throat

>This is accompanied by all the sounds you would associate with foreign objects violently being thrust into your mouth
>Sobbing
>Coughing
>Muffled Screams
>I know every anon here has had a finger or two in their throat by their own volition once or twice.
>Now imagine trying to do that if the mouth and human attached to the mouth is extremely against this idea.
>Her throat was contracting

>Her tongue was violently trying to force me out
>She was clamping down her teeth as hard as she could
>My hand was actually covered in bite marks and i couldn't be sure the bitch had actually broken a bone or two or not
>But Between glasses yanking back on her hair and me forcing my hand into her mouth and prying it open with my other hand, i do manage to get two fingers deep enough to trigger the gag reflex
>This doesn't work in any kind of polite manner either

>Vomit went pretty much everywhere
>All over my arm
>All over my shirt
>All over Raven's shirt
>All over Glasses shirt
>All over the bathtub
>The only things that didn't get covered in chunks of sandwiches, coke and whiskey was pretty much her hair because Glasses had a firm grip on that.
>I just let go of her and leave her to limply retch into the bathtub
>I rip off my shirt, use what was clean on it to wipe my arm and hand off as well as i could, and just crumple it up and toss it into the bathtub.
>I then took a firm grip on Raven's hair right above where glasses was holding it
>I'm sure i was squeezing hard and pulling on the roots, it probably hurt her, but i was no longer in a gentle mood
>I mention for glasses to get her shirt off as well, which comes off at about the same speed as mine and is tossed into the tub.
>She's wearing a bra, i know you care but i didn't at the moment.

>Raven is done retching and is just limply lying across the bathtub ledge
>We just scoop her upwards and her shirt comes off too
>I just use it to roughly wipe her face and chin down and toss it as well
>She's still sobbing
>Too fucking bad
>I grab a washcloth off the towel rack, wet it with hot water and just hand it to glasses
>I get a chance at this point to see the three women outside the door staring in with worried looks on their faces.
>I don't even look at them directly, i just stand by the sink.
>I watch in the mirror as Glasses lovingly cleans up Raven like you would a small child
>The washcloth goes over the sobbing girl's face
>wipes away her tears
>the spittle from the sides of her mouth
>the vomit from her chin and upper chest
>the thought came to my head that glasses would make a great mother someday.
>This is quickly discarded as impossible.

>She's clean enough
>I get the washcloth back and just leave it in the sink
>I kneel down, wrap my arms around raven's bare waist and hoist her up
>She doesn't really go anywhere just crumples
>Oh wow her legs don't fucking work anymore
>Im so fucking done with this girl
>I just kneel down and grab one of her thighs and wrap my arm around her underarm and back
>Then i hoist it all upwards
>This results in the lazyiest fucking possible way of picking up a girl
>But its the easiest if you're in a small space and have zero leverage on a limp body
>i've got one leg fully over my shoulder, the other just hanging loose
>Then her entire upper body is hanging off to the other side of me
>She's kinda complaining
>No fucks given
>I just turn sideways and walk her out of there and back to the guest room

>Glasses is step in step with me though, god damn miracle woman she is.
>Before i'm even to the bed, Glasses has rolled back the covers.
>Raven goes in
>We prop her up with pillows on her side (i guess one of us had seen it in a movie or something)
>Wrap her up so she can't move in blankets
>Problem fucking solved
>Let her sleep the rest of whatever is in her system off
>She's still kinda awake though
>I probably have to make sure she atleast goes to sleep
>I lie back on the bed and turn over to look at her
>she's half awake
>[spoiler] when you get someone really drunk into a warm comfy bed, they fade off fast[/spoiler]
>i glare at her.
>She starts moving her lips
>Faint but clear "thank you"
>I say the first thing that comes to my mind
>"I fucking hate you"
>Yep, that was the first thing
>She doesn't even flinch, frankly i think she smiles
>she mumbles "i know" before she's off to slumberland
>Yeah well fuck you and sweet dreams too.

>I sit up
>I'm still shirtless
>Likeigiveafuckanymore

>I stand up and start to leave before realizing we probably should check in on her every couple minutes
>I just point at girls and make it clear it's their job to make sure she's breathing every 10-15 minutes
>I grab glasses' arm and lead her back to the bathroom
>Close the door
>Lock the door
>Turn on the shower
>Watch as the disgusting mess just kind of washes away down the drain
>Of course its not going to be that easy though, chunks get stuck everywhere and its all over the clothes.
>Glasses and i spend ten minutes scrubbing the bathroom clean
>We don't take off any more clothes
>We don't really get more than our upper torsos in the shower
>But we get everything clean, and wash ourselves off thoroughly

>We walk out of the bathroom with pretty much the entire top halves of our bodies dripping wet, and a pile of clothes in my hands.
>We get about five steps out of the bathroom before i yell out across the entire household.
>"BLONDIE, HOMELY, BIRTHDAY, LIVING ROOM NOW"
>they better fucking listen
>We end up waltzing into the laundry room and just tossing the wet clothes in an empty hamper, we'll deal with that later.
>We move back to the living room and they're actually kind of lined up like soldiers
>I don't think it was intentional but i just force glasses to stand in ranks along with the rest of them.
>She's still not wearing a shirt
>I'm still not wearing a shirt
>That doesn't make my fucking terror inducing look of malice any less scary to them all though.

>I'm like a god-damn army sergeant up in here addressing troops.
>I've got rules to lay down of my own now.
>First thing i do is call blondie and glasses absolutely shit friends again.
>I make it clear that they really fucked up, not just in the little "Oh well you could have stopped it" way either.
>I make it firmly clear that although she's completely to blame for drinking so much herself, they could have just stopped her at any time
>I make it clear that they both owe Raven a serious something whenever the time comes for favors to be cashed in.
>Glasses gets off the hook a bit because she did really help me with her though.

>Next on my list is fucking alcohol
>I lay down the law, nobody is to touch another god damn drop.

>I send Blondie to go retrieve the cups and bottle from birthday's room and burn them.
>We don't say a word while we wait for her to come back
>Its pure silence
>I've got a look on my face that makes sure it stays silence.
>All the girl's are really standing up straight now, it is like a bunch of marines.
>They're probably terrified of me.
>Eventually blondie returns and assumes her position in line.

>Third on my list is the sleepover itself
>Its over
>The silence doesn't hold
>Dissent in the ranks
>"We shouldn't be punished its her fault!" - Blondie
>"We weren't even drinking!" - Birthday
>I pull the shut the fuck up card
>Twice
>I make it very god damn clear that a girl almost died here
>That us just dicking around and having a "good" time was over
>I make it full well clear that i'm going to go call Raven's mother and get her to pick up her daughter and that this sleepover is over.

>Everyone groans
>Homely blurts out "It's not our fucking fault she has problems"
>"We're not as fucked up as your FRIEND"
>Oh man homely
>The one thing you could have said to set me off
>You did it
>I just slap a smile on my face
>A shallow, empty, cheek to cheek, terrifying smile.
>She sees it and shrinks back, no argument left.

>I don't even wait for any more opinions and just start walking away.
>"Wait"
>Its Glasses
>"You can't, you know you can't"
>*sigh*
>She's right
>I'm on great terms with raven's mom, but even the most innocent explanation for why she was drunk and out like a light would just set off old bombs that are better left buried.
>fuck maybe i can call my mom or something
>"Take care of raven"
>Right....
>I guess its a really dumb idea to get any parents involved in this

>*sigh* doing the irresponsible thing is the right choice i guess.
>It would set off lots of parental bullshit meters if the other parents found i was around at this sleepover anyway, and that alcohol was involved.
>Only so much of a lie you can hold when shit like this goes down.
>Not to mention the "Almost died" part.
>Blondie points this out word for word.
>Plus that whole almost dying thing
>I guess she's right
>I turn around
>"LISTEN UP MAGGOTS"
>they all jump like half a foot and stand up straight
>god damn that was pretty neat i didn't think they would do that.
>"If we're going to continue this we need some oath of secrecy that nothing leaves this sleepover"
>Birthday comes up with some sappy multi-pinkie-finger swear system and oaths are said to not speak a word of anything that happened or happens.
>[spoiler]For those of you who don't know what a pinky swear is, it requires all participants to extend hands and *link* your pinkies with one another.[/spoiler]
>I just stand there and watch with my hands behind my back
>[spoiler]YW: Loney anons[/spoiler]

>Now that this is done, i snap at Homely to go make sure raven is alright.
>She's up and out of the room in an instant
>God i wish i could do that all the time.
>I'm out of alpha for the time being though, so i just ask "then what are we doing now"
>It kinda comes out with a little bit of alpha left over, but its less of a question than a demand.
>Its only like 1:00 PM
>Birthday suggests more board games
>I don't give a shirt
>glasses doesn't seem to give a shirt either
>We both don't have shirts to give
>I'm not fucking fixing that though, lets play board games.

>Birthday pulls out the pile of board games again
>Monopoly no
>Risk is too long
>Shoots and Ladders lol
>Chess Lol
>Checkers Lol
>Battleship No
>Jenga
>Hell yes

>Blondie says no to jenga though
>POKEMON MASTER TRAINER MOTHERFUCKING BOARD GAME
>HELL FUCKING YES
>THIS IS HOW YOU GET OVER NEAR DEATH SITUATIONS

>We set that shit up
>"Wait up, winner needs to actually get something" - Birthday
>"They can tell all the losers to do one thing together and they have to do it?" - Homely
>Meh i guess thats not that bad an idea homely
>but i feel like anyone else would have come up with better
>Everyone seems to like that rule though.
>Time to be a fuckin pokemon master
>God damn roaming the countryside
>Capturing all the pokemon
>[spoiler]that game had like 150 pokemon tokens you could capture, it was great and nobody had it[/spoiler]
>We get to the elite four
>Each of us is getting our asses wrecked
>Except for one girl

>Homely
>GOD DAMNIT
>She rolls a motherfucking rare chance card and captures an articuno
>and a Zapdos
>Got like a fully evolved set of god-tier pokemon
>Seriously what the fuck
>Everyone else is floundering around with magicarp and ratatats
>She just rolls through and dominates everything
>Blows through the elite four, wins whatever the end of the game was.
>I can't handle this
>Everyone is mad
>"Alright i get to tell you guys to do something right?"
>Fucking hate you homely so much this better be good.

>"Everyone needs to stand on their heads for 20 seconds"
>EVERYONE IS REALLY MAD
>WHAT KIND OF DUMB FUCKED UP DEMAND IS THAT HOMELY
>HOLY SHIT THAT'S WORSE THAN LIKE ENTRY LEVEL TRUTH OR DARE
>FUCKING GOD DAMN IM GOING TO KILL YOU OFF AS SOON AS I GET A CHANCE
>I CAN'T EVEN HANDLE HOW BAD YOU ARE AT SEXY STO...
>"Without your shirt tucked in"
>ehh... i guess that's alright

>still pretty shit though
>Only really works on blondie and birthday, but i guess that's fine.

>I go first
>i can't stand on my head for shit
>I just fall over
>Can't hold 20 seconds at all
>Can't even hold 5
>Eventually homely takes pity on me and grabs my legs and holds me up
>which would be pity if she didn't take the chance to run her hands up and down my ankles.
>I just shut up and ignore her, since its not really something that's likely to make the other girls angry, and get my 20 seconds over.
>Glasses decides to go next
>She's perfect at standing on her head
>I don't understand how that works
>Probably breasts are counterbalances or something.
>Her breasts go from sagging a little bit downwards, to upwards toward her face as she does the flip over.
>She's still got her bra on, so there's not much movement really, but it's a lovely excuse to stare at her chest and delicious underboob for twenty seconds.
>She eventually rights herself and is finished
>The best part is i can still stare at her chest

>I'm broken out of my reverie by blondie offering up her turn next.
>She does a half somersault and ends up with her legs kicking in the air.
>Her shirt falls down and is pretty loose, so right over the front of her bra it goes.
>There's an absolutely glorious span of skin visible.
>From the waistband of her shorts (which seem to be a tad low on her hips), to the lovely triangle of flesh above her breasts but below her shirt.
>Even her bellybutton is tantalizingly visible
>Her chest is rather firm so there's no sag at all upside down.
>Just cute blue-bra encased breasts for twenty seconds.
>With adorable kicking legs in the air.
>except she tumbles down after fifteen
>Homely stomps her foot
>"You have to do all twenty!"
>Hahahaha, re-dos
>Blondie is forced to do another entire twenty seconds
>with enough skin that i'm inclined to become a vampire again.

>Last up is birthday
>She's blushing in the corner and standing behind where glasses is.
>I don't know why, because the only person she would be embarrassed about showing her tits

to would be me
>And she probably knows i was looking at them all morning
>They're just tits, leme see em already
>She steps out
>OH
>RIGHT
>she's wearing a skirt
>Homely you evil genius

>She seems to just decide in her head she should get it over with.
>Birthday walks over to where everyone else was doing handstands and kinda kneels there facing away from us.
>Then just leans forward with her arms on the ground and elevates one leg up in the air.
>Gravity does its job and her skirt just falls down around her torso
>She lifts up the other leg and keeps them both held towards the ceiling
>We can't see her chest with her skirt falling around her shoulders, but what we do see is much better.
>First we start at the ankles, her long smooth legs were completely revealed towards us, i could see knees, thighs and even the elusive upper thigh in one look.
>Her skin was a lovely shade of white, i guess she didn't tan much either.
>She was also shaved smooth the entire way, legs and all.
>This means one great thing
>Her underwear is firmly pressed into the crease of her crotch.
>This leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination
>As far as we were all concerned, we knew exactly where that vagina started and ended.

>She holds this position for 10 seconds
>12 seconds
>14 seconds she gives a little waggle
>She's on the ground at 16.
>I don't understand how, she had perfect form.
>Well you knew the rules, she had to go again
>Up in the air her legs went again
>Down around her shoulders the skirt went again
>Up in the air my boner went.
>this time she wiggles her legs a little bit the entire time
>This forces the panties back and forth through the crease
>We're really just standing like four feet away from this, even the girls were staring.
>16 seconds
>17 seconds
>She's on the floor again
>Homely is looking embarrassed, she tries to say that Birthday made it to 20 seconds that time.
>Birthday won't have any of it

>"No no no, i can do it i swear!"
>"Let me try again"
>She's sneaking peeks at all of us while giving this little piece of acting though
>We know.

>Birthday stands back up, backs up and puts her hands on her hips and pulls and wiggles a tiny bit
>Says she's "Readjusting"
>She gets back in position but she's facing us this time.
>She goes up, first one leg, than the other.
>Because she started facing us, it takes longer for the skirt to fall out of sight this time.
>When it does we get three audible gasps from our crowd
>Me twice
>and Glasses
>She had wedged the back part of her underwear perfectly between the crease of her buttcheeks.
>Both of them were perfectly visible, flapping in the wind even.
>Not to mention we got to see the entire smooth backs of her legs to go with it
>She holds this for fifteen seconds
>Then she spreads her legs and gives us a full view of her crotch
>Panties digging in the entire way
>Then she starts falling again

>Not this time
>Homely grabs her legs and forces her upright again for the last 5 seconds
>Awe
>Homely you were so close
>Birthday gets up and won't actually look any of us in the eyes though
>I guess it helped that her skirt completely hid us from view when she was doing it.
>Homely declares that rule a terrible failure and that we shouldn't use it again
>backfiredonyoudidn'tit
>She's complaining she's the only one who didn't get a turn
>That's alright in my book
>We ignore her
>I inform blondie she's in charge of coming up with the next rule and i walk off to check on raven

>I pop into the guest room
>She's curled up with her arms wrapped around one of the pillows that's propping her up
>She hasn't really moved much otherwise
>She's got a big clump of hair sticking into the side of her mouth though
>I wipe it away and try and tuck it behind her ear with my hand
>I don't really break contact and move closer to check her breathing and i move my hand over her forehead to check her temperature.

>[spoiler]at the time i wasn't really sure what i was supposed to be doing ok[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]i just associated it as being dangerously sick, so you know check everything[/spoiler]
>Confident she's safely in the arms of slumber and not eternal slumber, i return to the board games room

>Blondie hasn't really come up with a new rule
>she's just saying we should get to ask one person truth or dare
>*sigh* i hate this game i never win
>[spoiler] its not possible to win truth or dare with women[/spoiler]
>Come to think of it i don't seem to win anything with these women
>Jenga is determined as our next endeavour of time wastery.
>We set up the tower and throw down the rules
>Everyone gets a turn, if you make the tower fall you have to set it up again and wait until we start a completely new round.
>It starts 5 players, then 4, 3, 2
>Winner gets to truth or dare one person.

>We play blitzkrieg rules (after the first round of turns, you have to take 2 blocks, then 3)
>So rounds go pretty damn fast
>Homely out first
>Glasses
>Then Me
>Birthday Vs Blondie
>Insane tower balancing skills
>I don't understand how its not falling down but they're good.
>They get to the sixth set of turns
>Birthday manages to take three pieces and place them ontop, then get another two from the stack she's made
>But she's out of pieces and screws up the last one.
>Blondie wins
>Alright finally time for some serious lewd
>Come on blondie, lets do some justice
>Blondie turns to face Glasses
>"Truth or Dare?"
>Glasses picks Truth
>"Whats the Most perverted thing you've ever done?"
>FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUU

>Don't fucking answer that glasses
>You know better
>God damn if any of them find out i'm so dead
>I decide the best choice of action is a tactical retreat the second she breaks the news
>A tactical retreat down the street

>Glasses doesn't even flinch though
>She just puts on her typical Evil Smile and begins
> ">Sure thing, that's easy!"
>Oh no
> ">It Happened quite recently i guess"
>Every muscle tenses in my body i'm ready to fucking bolt
> ">Well, you guys know that trip i took on an airplane earlier this month?"
>I'm halfway out the door mentally
>Wait what
>I do actually flinch though, glasses definitely sees it.
>If anything she smirks wider

> ">Well, on the trip there i had a seat all by myself by a window"
> ">Next to this older guy, some family man, had two kids and a wife down the isle"
> ">I was really kind of worked up, i hadn't really been alone all vacation and the book i had was getting kinda intimate and wasn't helping"
> ">I ended up throwing my jacket over my lap and just.... well you know"
> ">Not just once too, i did it twice and i think the guy next to me noticed"
> ">Actually i'm sure he noticed..."
> ">I... think it made it better...."
>She has somehow kept a straight face this entire time
>The girls break out into hoots and giggles when she finishes her story though.
>I've got a kind of stupefied face on, i'm still not sure if i should run or not.
>I'm worried, because she's either lying through her teeth and is an absolutely amazing liar, or that really happened.
>I don't know if thats hot or not
>Not to mention that might be more perverted than sex with me.
>But just the fact that might have been true, or she just came up with it on the spot.
>Glasses is scary
>My male ego was confused.
>I don't know... anons i need clarification is... that more perverted?

>Fucking glasses
>I did, but still
>Next round is set up
>Its Me vs Blondie vs Glasses in the finals
>Blondie makes it to 4 pulls before she screws one up.
>Next round
>I lose on pull #3
>Fuck, i'm no good at this game.
>Glasses is staring me down, i prepare for the question and mentally decide dare is my best bet.
>"Blondie, Truth or Dare?"

>Oh, payback, got it.
>"I guess i'll go with truth" - Blondie
>"What's the most perverted thing YOU'VE ever done?"
>GLASSES NO

>WHAT ARE YOU DOING
>I THOUGHT I WAS SAFE
>I'm ready to bolt out the door again
>Glasses is just giving me the most taunting eyes possible.
>Blondie just kind of stares straight forward for a second lost in thought
>Then i realize she's blushing pretty deeply
>she blurts out
>"I meant dare!, dare!"
>Birthday whispers into my ear that she's a fucking cheater.
>I agree, but i'm ok with it.
>Glasses doesn't miss a beat
>"Well you're wearing a bit much, how about losing your shirt?"
>Blondie realizes she's been caught between undressing in-front of me
>Or admitting she was already undressed in front of me.

>She ends up giving a little "Hmph" and reaching down to her waist and pulling her grey tank top over her head
>Delicious pert and gravity-defying breasts
>Encased in her lovely blue bra from earlier, but still.
>Well like i said, most of blondie's upper body was really elegantly appealing.
>Even without her breasts being exposed there was plenty of delicious eye candy.
>I was formulating plans in my head to kidnap her again and remind myself of this.
>But i had already promised myself no more public shows of attention, so even though i really wanted to stare at her, i reeled it into courteous peeks just like i had been doing with glasses.
>Next round
>Me, Homely, Birthday

>Birthday loses
>Me vs Homely
>No, must not lose
>3 Blocks
>Nobody down yet
>Four blocks
>Oh no its getting hairy
>Five blocks, homely picks every brick you can possibly move and leaves absolutely nothing for me.
>Fuck
>I try for my first brick

>Tower on the ground in pieces
>Failed so hard the pile actually catches fire):
>TIME FOR MY RECKONING
>She starts up innocently enough
>"Ohh... i don't know, who should i ask..."
>She's got one finger on her lips, i know she knows who she wants and she's just being suspenseful.

>She points at me
>"Truth or Dare"
>Oh no
>I weigh the options
>Truth will probably fuck me over
>Dare homely will probably fuck me.
>I'm gonna go with truth, maybe ill do less damage and i can always lie out of all the bad ones.
>"Truth"
>"Alright, i've got a good one for you" -Homely
>"Which girl do you like the most in this room, in a romantic way?"
>FUCK
>All the girls in the room perk up
>NO NO NO NO NO
>THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT SHOULD NOT BE ASKED
>NO PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION OR I GET CASTRATED, I KNOW THE RULES.
>I CAN'T PLAY FAVORITES, I CAN'T
>wait i got this
>"No i'm sorry i said Dare"

>Phew, i'm saved, there's nothing she can think of thats worse than that.
>She's got no expression change on her face
>"Oh, i misheard you, I've got a perfect dare for you"
>I'm ready for it, give it to me straight boss
>"I dare you to...."
>"...Kiss the girl in this room you're most romantically attracted to"
>NO
>TRUTH AND DARE WITH GIRLS
>NOT EVEN ONCE
>ABANDON ALL HOPE, MAN THE LIFEBOATS
>the captain's going down with this ship):

>Im pretty sure that's got to be cheating
>There's a rule against that right?
>I'm looking around hopefully but all the girls are boring me with eye-drills

>Oh god i gotta think about this logically
>Glasses doesn't like me going after Blondie, but i don't know her opinion on Birthday
>Blondie would be crushed if i kiss anyone but her
>Birthday would be crushed if i kiss anyone but her.
>Fuck homely, i don't know what she was thinking but its definitely not her.
>But hurting her feelings is a bad idea too.
>I can't win
>there's no winning
>it's all gone so wrong
>Pls time traveling anons, send help

>I've got one plan
>DELAY
>"I... it's an important decision, i need time to think"
>I say this with a sincere thoughtful face on
>Atleast i hope its a sincere thoughtful face and not the fear and terror i had on the inside.
>The girls collapse into "Dawws" - Blondie
>and "Of course!" - Birthday
>I figure it's worked
>Of course i know who i would kiss, but they won't know that.
>I'm gonna go the route that doesn't involve suicide caused by multiple homicides on me.
>I stand up and just... walk away
>I think i end up in the kitchen
>I'm not alone though
>I have two followers
>Birthday and Blondie
>They're giving me these looks
>The eyes man, they're just staring at me

>"You like me more right"
>"You're going to kiss me right?"
>"I'm your irl Waifu aren't i?"
>This is what those eyes were saying
>pls send help
>I book it out of there
>I turn the corner
>turn like six more corners to make sure i've lost them
>i might be doing laps of the living room
>i don't care
>I open the door to the bathroom and step in
>I close and lock the door
>I turn around

>Homely is standing there with her knees bent
>She's halfway to removing her pants and sitting down to use the loo
>I meet her eyes
>she meets mine
>two seconds pass
>She continues pulling her pants down
>I FLIP A SHIT
>JUMP IN THE AIR, OPEN THE DOOR AND 360 NOSCOPE THE FUCK OUT OF THERE
>Just doing continual moonwalk spins and headshotting people as i exit the bathroom.
>I don't even know where i'm going
>I go around seven corners backwards and have over 15 confirmed kills.
>I just go through a door and lock it.
>I am so done

>I turn around
>Oh its the guest room
>Raven is still curled up
>I walk over and place my hand on her head again.
>She's got her face scrunched up and is breathing softly.
>Fuck i wish homely hadn't said "This room"
>This would have been easy, i would have led them in here and given raven a kiss on the cheek.
>Considering they know we were best friends and i had just pulled her out of a burning building in the eyes of the group
>it would have been met with a group "Daww" and the dare would have been over.
>Nobody would have been hurt, they wouldn't even be jealous because raven would never know.
>It would be a cute secret crush, instead of an open admittance of love over all the rest.
>BUT NO

>IF WAR IS WHAT HOMELY WANTS
>THAT'S WHAT SHE'S GOING TO GET
>I get off the bed and walk back to the door, going over the dare in my head.
>I take one look back at raven, walk out and lightly close the door as to not wake her.
>I put on my game face
>I return to the kitchen and find the two medusas staring me down with eyes of petrification.
>I tell them i've made my choice.
>They follow me back to the area we were playing games.
>All of the girls look solemn
>Moment of truth is upon us
>I have them all sit down in a row.
>Im still shirtless mind you, and so is blondie and glasses.

>Homely looks rather embarrassed, i couldn't give a shit.
>She should lock the goddamn door.

>I tell them that i thought long and hard about my decision
>that the girl i'm going to pick is definitely the one that i would like to be romantically involved in.
>I continue hyping it up like this
>I say that it's the most attractive woman in the room
>The most special
>The most mentally stimulating.
>These girls are in the palm of my hand
>Each one is imagining i've said all these nice things about them
>That i'm going to pick one of them up and romantically sweep them off their feet.
>I've got them all riled into boiling and frothing pots of hormones.
>Time to pick one.
>I kneel down infront of...

I think we need to have a vote on which girl i pick. The vote is irrelevant but i'm curious.
Which pokemon should woody capture on his quest to catch them all?

Votes (From readers at the time, feel free to vote in comments afterwards)
Blondie : 7
Glasses : 8
Homely : 3

Birthday : 1
Raven (not even an option tho) : 5
Other things in the Room: 2 (Household Appliance/ My Hand)

>Glasses
>I'm quick about it too
>She can't even react as i lean in and press my lips against hers.
>She's almost motionless at first
>She's probably absolutely terrified at what i've just done
>At the fact that i chose her over everyone else there
>I just keep kissing
>She opens up after ten seconds
>I can hear the sounds of every other girl in the room's heart breaking.
>It's gone from just lips, to full french
>She still tastes a bit like whiskey, but its sweet and almost lustful.
>I've got my tongue chasing hers across the valleys of teeth and gums
>We're playing the breath game again
>I breathe out
>She breathes in
>She breathes out
>I breathe in.
>I get lost in her mouth, but i know it's getting time to end it.
>I pull back
>Her eyes are glimmering
>I've never seen her so happy
>Time to break her heart.

>I pull back and just leap at the next girl down the line.
>Its blondie
>She gives a surprised squeak, but is interrupted by my lips on hers
>Electricity
>We still tumble backwards a bit
>She doesn't seem to know what to do, i just wrap one arm around her lower back and just force her up against my chest
>Her breasts are pressing against me
>Her stomach muscles are fluttering against mine
>She's taking quick and short breaths, she doesn't know how to play the breath game but it's alright.
>It's different.
>She tastes like whisky like glasses, but also somehow Maple syrup still.

>Maybe she just usually tastes like maple syrup.
>Could be secretly canadian
>I'm lapping her up like a thirsty kitten though
>Her tongue doesn't know what to do, but eventually we fall back into the rhythm we had earlier in the closet.
>Its close, less intimate than glasses and I ,but its different, her body is different, her taste is different.
>She's giving little gaspy breaths all of a sudden.
>I realize i'm running my hand over her stomach and tickling her.
>oops
>i keep doing it.
>about a minute and a half into the kiss i pull away.

>On to the next victim
>Homely happens to be next down the line
>WELL HERE WE GO
>SUBMARINE READY
>WE'RE DIVING CAPTAIN
>My lips contact hers
>She's just as surprised as blondie was
>I guess she really wasn't expecting to be chosen at all.
>She's just lips gums and teeth though
>I don't know why she doesn't realize it but opening your mouth is a thing you do when you're kissing
>She probably hasn't been kissed many times
>Poor homely
>Still though, the kiss is awful
>She tastes like coke and white bread
>Not the most appealing flavor
>I try my best to teach her to open up, but its no use
>After a minute and a half i just pull away
>I'm dead on the inside
>But she seems happy
>Whatever

>Last but not least
>She's sitting kinda far away
>I do a flying leap at Birthday
>I manage to tackle her to the ground in a way that doesn't injure either of us
>Lips connect
>She's hot, her skin is burning compared to mine
>She also doesn't know how to kiss, but she's far better than homely
>Salty, tad sour, her tongue seems to be the most flavorful part

>She's not very good with her mouth or her lungs, but she's all over me with her hands
>I get hands on my back, she squeezes my butt, she's pressing herself into me
>Without a doubt she's the most physical of the four
>She's even grinding against me and letting out soft moans
>I'm kind of embarrassed
>But i do my deed and cop a feel of her breasts anyway
>I make sure to use my left hand, so the group can't really see what i'm doing since she's at the end of the line.
>But i definitely get a nice hard grasp and a rub of her breast.
>Glorious
>Somehow she gets one of her legs around mine and pulls me upwards a little
>Ohmygod
>My hardened crotch brushes hers
>This is like the best shifting weight sensation ever
>Fucking amazing.
>She does it three more times as we continue kissing
>Eventually i have to pull back
>My little friend tries to stay, but he's attached to the rest of me.
>):

>I move backwards into a sitting position
>I'm completely out of breath, for very good reason
>I lean back mulling over the various kisses and the ups and downs.
>All the girls are looking at me with various confused (homely), amazed(glasses), angry(blondie), or just turned on(birthday) faces.
>I'm categorizing the kisses in my head
>Glasses had the best kissing technique by far
>Blondie was the most exotic.
>Homely was the worst kiss.
>Birthday was the most physical.
>I'm kind of silently wishing raven were here so i could try hers too
>But i take that back pretty quick, i'd want no part of her if she was awake now.
>It's really no contest who was the most fun to kiss though.

>I stand up
>I put on my best shit-eating-grin
>My voice is full of nothing but true glee as i announce
>"I've fulfilled Homely's dare of kissing the one woman in the room i would most like to be romantically involved with"
>"The rest of you just let me kiss you, who would have thought it was that easy"
>This is the part where i start running
>I yell behind me "I'LL NEVER FORGET ANY OF THEM"
>I'm dodging pillows and half the jenga set flies by my face

>I'm writing this as i'm locked in the bathroom
>There's loud banging and i think they've got a battering ram.
>Time traveling anons pls send help.

That's where i stop tonight anons, i need to wait for the time travelers to send help anyway.

Update #8 : April 10th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11285082

>When we left off i was locked in the bathroom with angry women possibly beating down the door
>No time traveling anons came to my rescue
>Jerks
>I had to solve this one on my own at the time.
>I was in a pretty great mood though, since i had just made out with every currently conscious girl in the house, in a span of 10 minutes.
>Of course the banging and yelling outside the bathroom wasn't helping my mood

>"Come out so we can castrate you" - Blondie
>This was accompanied by hurried agreements and more banging.
>There goes my thoughtful assassin thinking ahead as always.
>Far as i saw it, they weren't actually too angry.
>[spoiler]Women especially, tend to pull this very often compared to men, where they'll get Angry, or overreact to a subject that they aren't actually as emotionally vested towards as they make out to be[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]This seems to be for partially entertainment reasons, and partially because faking strong emotions gives you control over the situation[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Manipulation and Advantages in future situations really[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] This isn't rare among men either, but men are usually being complete faggots about it when they do.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Oh right, i guess the women are being complete faggots too[/spoiler]
>But they were angry enough that hiding in the bathroom was a valid option
>so i guess they were winning.

>As far as i was concerned though i had them right where i wanted them
>Each one was now playing the words i had sung to them earlier over and over in their own head.
>About being the cutest, most intelligent, most beautiful, the most desirable in the room.
>Each girl had the vain hope that it was them i was talking about.
>Each girl was probably replaying the kisses over and over along with those words too.
>I'm no casanova, but i mean i tried to not make the kisses awful.
>I know i was playing my favorite in my head at least.
>[spoiler]I'll give you a hint, it wasn't homely[/spoiler]
>However i had other things to do than reminisce about my past
>Time to defuse this situation.

>I walked up to the bathroom door and pressed my head against it facing the door crack.
>I wanted them to be able to hear my clearly
>They were still shouting various angry things and banging on the door though
>"WhO WAS IT?" - Homely
>"You tasted like all the other girls, i want a rematch!" - Birthday
>The vibrations of the banging resonated through the door and were giving me a cheek massage.
>I think i was enjoying this.
>"He's probably jacking off" - Glasses
>I spit my drink all over myself at this comment
>except i don't have any drinks and i'm up against the door, but i mean that's the reaction anyway.
>The girls on the other side of the door devolve into hooting, giggling and more banging.
>"Open up! Let us see!" Squeaks an exasperated Birthday.
>"He's embarrassed now, we should let him finish" - Blondie in a taunting singsong voice.

>Blondie's spirits are way higher than i would have thought, i thought i crushed her a bit too hard when i kissed glasses first.
>She probably couldn't be anything but happy when i went straight to her second.
>"He probably needs help" - Glasses
>Yes pls
>"I bet its small that's why"
>A chorus of giggling and snickering ensue from Blondie/Birthday/Homely instantly.
>I don't even need to tell you who said this
>BUT FUCK YOU TOO HOMELY

>Glasses has done wonderfully though
>She successfully changed the situation from "CASTRATE HIM" anger.
>To sexual humiliation and teasing
>Glasses is such a bro
>You might not think so
>But I can work with this
>It's almost safe to come out
>I speak as clearly through the door as i can
>"Stop" , i say it softly but loud enough that they can hear it.
>One word, but the banging stops and they listen for the rest.
>I put on a completely Somber tone, trying to interject the tiniest hint of emotional sorrow into what i say next.
>"You guys will wake Raven"
>Silence from the other side of the door
>I continue
>"One of you go check on her would you..."
>Complete silence on the other side of the door
>Eventually i hear footsteps leaving
>My plan has worked perfectly.

>Firstly i've interjected guilt into the mix, they realize they were being really loud and feel guilty about it.
>I honestly couldn't give a shit about waking raven, and i really doubt they would have woken her.
>But they don't know that.
>This throws them just a bit off balance
>Just enough for me to ask for one of them to leave
>I've changed the odds
>its 3v1 now, i can take this.
>I speak again through the door
>"I'm coming out"
>Still silence
>I unlock the door

>Its not instantly shoved down and i'm not on the floor
>I consider this a victory
>Gotta take em when i can get em.
>I know i gotta keep the victories coming though
>I crouch down and start charging
>FAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLL
>I open the door when i'm half charged.
>First target is blondie, perfect.

>She gets hit hard in the stomach with the Force of a thousand screeching fal"CON"s that accompany my "PUNCH"
>Homely and Birthday are the only two left.
>It's still dawning on them that i'm out of the bathroom
>They don't understand yet
>I still have the advantage
>I give Homely an ol Sagat tiger knee to the stomach
>She doesn't even block
>Her feet even leave the ground for a moment
>She's down
>Birthday Vs Me now
>But she's onto my plan
>I try to catch her off guard with a generic Karate chop to the right shoulder.
>I know that if i can disable one arm i can win.
>She dodges to the left and i'm left open.
>She hits me with some god damn lightning legs like chun li
>I guess she doesn't need her arms
>Atleast 10 hits before i fall backwards.
>I'm on the ground clutching my stomach
>She moves over to gloat, hand on her hips
>I was just pretending
>DRAGON UPPERCUT
>She's in the air
>She's on the floor
>I win.

>I walk in victory to the living room
>The girls follow me
>Blondie has her hands on her hips in characteristic "You have some splainin to do mister" style
>Birthday and Homely mimic her in seconds.
>I try to avoid them and sit on the couch
>Homely stops me
>"Oh no you aint goin nowhere"
>She even matches this with her hand going in that "Z" motion and snapping her finger at every

corner
>They surround me
>Birthday places her hand on my chest for a tantalizing second before shoving me down onto the armchair.
>They're all towering over me, hands on hips.
>I'm being glared at from all directions.
>This is when i realize all of the women were black.

>And Blue with jealousy
>[spoiler] Back in 2005, black culture was pretty cool-ish among white kids[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It was ever present in media, and of course you just kinda picked up silly things and did them sometimes[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] This isn't racist, fuck you, it was fun[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] white culture is never cool anyway): [/spoiler]
>They were demanding answers though
>Glasses shows up as well, she just plops down on the right arm of the chair and accompanies the staring contest.
>I'm considering staring back, but picking one girl to look at might give away hints i can't afford to be giving.

>I'm trying to think ways out of this, i already laid most of my webbing before i started kissing.
>I guess i have an escape route or two
>I test one of the webs
>"Well, I just thought that the girl would know is all."
>Expressions soften all around, i've now got four sets of cute puppy/kitty cat eyes glimmering at me.
>God damn adorable, i've got this
>They'll all shut up and think its themselves.
>I continue
>"I tried to make the kiss between us Special..."
>All the kisses were "Special"
>I had kissed all the girls differently, even if they compared they could argue about it for hours.
>This plan was flawless, i just had to walk away.
>a soft voice breaks out over all the others.
>"I knew it was me"
>NO

>YOU IDIOT
>BLONDIE YOU FUCKING IDIOT
>ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS NOT SAY ANYTHING
>She's got a smirk on the size of kansas though
>She knows exactly what she's done

>She's killed me
>Her mission was complete
>This is it folks, my dismembered limbs are carried in a parade through the city.
>My head on a golden plate
>The girls break into TURBO BICKERING
>"He liked ME the most" - Homely
>I'm trying to sneak away
>"No of course he DIDN'T, i had Butterflies in my stomach when he kissed me!" - Blondie
>I've gotten on my hands and knees, i've started scaling the left arm of the chair
>"Well he groped my breasts, he didn't do that to you did he?" - Birthday
>I'm halfway to freedom when i feel a hand in the waistband of my pants
>"HE WHAT" -Blondie and Homely together
>I turn back and look
>Its glasses, she's got a brimming evil smile on again.
>She does enjoy seeing me suffer
>"Yeah, i was grinding against him like the entireee time." - Birthday
>She's got her hand firmly down the back of my sweatpants though, i'm not escaping.

>"Well i didn't have a shirt on, his chest was fully pressed against mine" -Blondie
>She's like squirming with glee at this statement
>I guess it was really good for her.
>"And his hands were all over my stomach, it was so hot!" - Blondie
>Her voice is like a flittering songbird singing out to a mate.
>I don't know how she does that, but her excited voice is something to behold.
>Well it was excited until Birthday points out that Glasses got the same treatment.
>"She's right, but i didn't tickle glasses"
>I don't say this though
>That would be really stupid.
>But i was really confused when everyone was looking at me
>OH NO THAT WAS IN QUOTATION MARKS WASN'T IT
>im so sorry past self):

>Nobody is talking
>Everyone is looking at me
>Blondie's not looking at me though
>She's looking through me and saluting the american flag with her freedom face on.
>Head held high, right hand over her breast.
>She knows she's temporarily won the war.
>"I guess shirtless kisses really are better huh?"
>Birthday says this with a defeated sound in her voice
>I actually felt a little bad
>I did get quite a bit more actual skin contact with Blondie and Glasses than i did her.
>Although i would have probably exploded in my pants if she had been able to get any more

physical with that kiss.
>Homely suggests Herself/Birthday get a Re-Do with shirts off.
>This sounds like a great plan at first
>I'm nodding on the inside.

>Wait a second
>My eyes narrow
>I realize its a clever homely trap
>She's the only girl that's not wearing a bra
>I would have to kiss her topless
>I contemplate asking glasses if i can borrow her bra
>[spoiler]To wear myself as protection.[/spoiler]
>then i realize there's just a better plan
>I relax back into my seat
>Glasses doesn't remove her hand though
>Its still down the back of my pants -.-
>I shift over and whisper into glasses' ear
>"Homely doesn't have a bra on, would be... unfair"
>Her hand is probably very visible down the back of my pants
>I don't want to look at all the women but i can feel the heat of eye lasers.
>Glasses doesn't say anything, she just gets up and removes her hand.
>She roams over around the group of people and scoops up homely's arm and leads her away

YOU HAVE BEEN MUTED FOR 17 MINUTES 16 SECONDS BECAUSE YOUR COMMENT WAS NOT ORIGINAL

-More posting at 10:56 I guess Ima go make a sammich

>Phew
>Safety assured
>I inform birthday she's going to need to calm her tits
>I get the statement out just in time because she's trying to undress right there
>She's dying to kiss me with her shirt off
>Blondie has a sadder look on her face than she did earlier
>"But... it's not fair if they get to kiss again"
>Daww blondie wants another kiss too
>I'm sure glasses would feel left out if she didn't get a kiss too.
>I'm not actually sure how i want to handle this.
>On one hand i want all the girls shirtless
>y... yeah even homely a tiny bit
>[spoiler] don't hate me[/spoiler]
>On the other hand i know that kissing them isn't going to actually help at all

>It might seem fair on the outside but they will just harshly judge every single move i make
>I would have to kiss all of them the exact same.
>I don't know if i could even do that, or resist not making each one different.
>I would have to tie myself up or somethi...
>*sigh*
>Well it'll work i guess

>But fuck tying myself up
>I would be dead in mere seconds
>I inform Blondie and Birthday of my plan.
>Blondie hates it
>Birthday is grinning evilly
>I guess that means its a good plan
>we're waiting for Glasses and Homely to come back
>Blondie complains to me the entire time
>She really hates the plan
>This is really cute

>Glasses and Homely return
>The prodigal sons from another land
>Homely looks pretty proud of herself
>I would be worried but i'm still mulling over my plan in my head
>It pretty much backfires if even one girl disagrees
>Plus it would ruin the mood if that happens
>I'm trying to revise the rules in my head so that i wont end up hated by everyone.
>Birthday doesn't give me a chance
>"He's decided we're going to kiss him"
>t... thanks Birthday
>"We're going to hold his arms behind him too!"
>Wait a second birthday i was going to just hold my arms behi
>"Ooh, that means we can do whatever we want huh?" - Glasses
>It's like she knows just what to say to egg the group on every time.
>Everyone's swooning, even me
>I don't know if i want to deal with this

>I guess it's not THAT bad
>The girls establish a timing system and everything with me just sitting there pondering the glorious events that were about to unfold.
>Alright girls, lay it on me, how many minutes
>"Three minutes each"
>Eep that's double the time i spent with each of them before
>"No hands under clothes, anything else is fair game"
>Oh man this is a dream come true

>Picture perfect anime events unfolding
>I'm so ready for this
>Beyond so ready for this
>My mind is racing as i examine each of the women
>I know birthday is probably going to dry hump me to death, but Glasses and Blondie are complete Mysteries
>And homely... well i can close my eyes and pretend it's someone else i guess.

>Speaking of homely
>"Aren't we forgetting something?"
>She reminds us that the shirtless part of the kissing game was still a thing.
>Ohmanohman everyone's gonna be in bra's
>I'm sitting up in my chair
>Probably wagging my tail and i have my tongue hanging out like a dog.
>Birthday catches my eyes
>Gives me a little wink
>She starts first
>She doesn't just undress, she kneels down and is on her knees at the base of the chair
>This puts her more or less at the same height as me eye-wise
>Eye contact
>It doesn't break, i don't even look downwards as she lowers her arms and raises her shirt up
>The eye contact breaks as the shirt passes her head
>I look down
>Glorious golden-bra encased breasts.
>Always good
>She gives her upper torso a firm jiggle back and forth for my amusement before standing back up.
>Awesome.

>Homely up next
>Glasses gives me a wink this time
>what the fuck
>I don't understand, but homely steps infront of the chair
>All the girls are obviously curious as to what she's wearing
>Homely doesn't want to pull off her shirt directly though
>I guess she's embarrassed
>She turns her back to me
>I watch as she pulls up the front of her shirt, nothing is visible but she seems to pause when it's above her breasts
>I can see fabric encasing them, so i might be safe.
>The girls however are giving out Gasps and "Oohs"
>I'm a tad worried.
>She turns around

>She's wearing a lacy brassiere, something you would see in a pin up magazine
>It looks hilarious
>I haven't seen one of those ever in real life before
>It must have been Birthday's moms or something.
>I laugh

>I manage to hold most of it in though, i just get off a ha or two.
>WRONG MOVE
>Homely has the shirt down over her chest in a flash.
>She just yells out "JERK" and stomps away
>The other girls are just staring at me
>They're angry
>I've fucked up
>I've really fucked up
>I've got to run
>I just had a girl take off her shirt to show me something she thought was "Sexy" and i laughed
>Oh god anons never ever ever laugh at things attached to females.
>Never ever ever

>I'm off the side of the armchair in a flash
>Glasses can't even grab at me this time
>I hit the ground flat and start trying to roll away.
>They can smell my fear
>What was once a disorganized group of females fighting between one another
>Is now an organized pack hunting machine
>They're flocking like a murderous murder of murdering crows.
>I'm tactically rolling away
>One of them gets my leg
>I'm clawing at the carpet
>the last thing i see is blondie coming at me with a pillow.
>I knew it would end this way...

>Well that's the last thing i see before i kick off whoever has my leg and bolt out of there.
>Back around the corner
>Through the Kitchen
>Bathroom again
>Lock the door
>They're banging on it again
>Probably two battering rams
>Time traveling anons pls send help
>Well actually don't
>I yell out past the door
>"QUIET DOWN, I'M TAKIN A PISS"

>They don't quiet down.
>Pls don't send help though, it'd be embarrassing

>I finish up, wash my hands, ect.
>unlock the door and walk out again
>I get battered with various pillows and punched in the arms a couple of times.
>Homely is back, with her shirt on and an obvious hurt look on her face.
>She doesn't seem to be emotionally traumatized though
>My experiences in dealing with raven seem to be non-indicative of what actual girls think.
>She's not giving me a chance to recover though, she personally punches me hard in the shoulder
>I take it like a man
>Which means i wince and grab it with my other arm because it actually hurt.
>I don't ever understand why we grab things that hurt, but i did.
>She's not too mad though, i should probably be worried
>Homely walks up to me
>I back up
>She follows
>She's got some look on her face i can't read at all
>It's probably because i spend absolutely no time reading her face

>She's actually forcing me against the wall again now
>Her clothed breasts are pressing against me and i realize she's back to not wearing any bra at all.
>They're lovely and soft though
>I can feel them change shape as she presses harder and harder against me.
>She makes like she's going to kiss me
>She brings her face actual inches in front of mine
>Her eyes are sultry, like she's been craving a delicious piece of cake all day and she's going to bite into it.
>Her lips are full, soft... round
>They're so tantalizing
>Would you blame me if i tried to lean forward right now and connect?

>Well i do try
>Except she's got her hands on my shoulders
>I can't move
>i've been tricked
>This movement on my end seems to be exaclty what she was waiting for
>She breaks off her advance
>Moves back
>Her eyes break contact when she gets a foot away from me
>She almost instantly turns around and squeals "You see!"

>"I told you it was me!"
>Hey wait a second that's not how it wor-
>"Plus he likes these better like this"
>She's got both her hands on her breasts and jiggling them up and down individually
>The other girls are looking on in shame

>Blondie looks like she's taking it the worst
>Glasses knows this is probably her fault.
>It is her fault so fuck her for the time being
>Stupid sexy homely
>Birthday is actually looking worried
>Homely infringing upon her territory
>Again
>I guess homely saw birthday as the main threat in competition.
>She was trying to do the birthday thing and go full aggressive.
>This makes sense why they've been directly competing this entire time
>Homely's not playing this straight though
>She backs up
>Wiggles her upper torso and exclaims
>"Well maybe you'd like them better like this!"
>In one sweeping motion she's got her shirt over her head.

>Oh lord
>They're definitely Ds
>Both of them aren't very firm, but not droopy either.
>Just well rounded with a little bit of hang
>My male brain has the instant desire to "support" them.
>The center of each has good half-dollar sized circles of red flesh, topped with a lovely nipple.
>I'm now in full automatic
>Male brain kicking in
>I'm not thinking straight at all, i mean...
>tits
>She's still got her plan in motion though
>She's close to me again
>She's actually up against me
>I can feel both of her breasts pressing against me
>[spoiler]Breasts when they press against you end up all over the place, it's really not symmetrical[/spoiler]
>Her nipples are just the tiniest bit hard
>It's really not hard to tell where they're pressing against me
>She's back at kissing distance
>One tantalizing second, i look up from her lips at her eyes.

>And she's off of me
>No kiss
>):
>Wait a second did i actually want homely to kiss me
>I'm so confused
>my Boner is so confused
>Multiple other body parts are confused as well
>My hands are still hovering where i would be holding her
>My crotch is still leaning forward slightly anticipating the kiss
>I'm still making kissing lips
>She's not though
>She's facing me from across the hallway and has nothing but a look of contempt on her face
>"What, you wanted a kiss? Too bad. J-E-R-K"
>She enunciates every syllable with a scowl
>With that she turns away, taking her breasts with her and waltzes down the hallway whistling and swinging her top in one hand.
>Holyshitpaybacklikeasackofbrickstotheface
>Homely wins this round

>I'm still standing there
>Dumb as balls expression on my face
>Blondie is first to act, she walks up and Slaps me
>It's not really a slap though, she like takes her hand and brings it up against my right cheek, hits it rather softly.
>"Idiot", she whispers as she draws her hand across the front of my face and walks down the hallway
>Glasses is generally amused, i get a curt "You deserved it" as she walks off in the same direction as blondie.
>I resist the urge to yell "FUCK YOU TOO GLASSES" down the hallway.
>Birthday is still standing there with her eyes turned downcast
>I'm about to ask what's wrong right as she looks up at me
>There's a look of rabid determination in her eyes
>each muscle around her eyes are scrunched up
>her mouth is prim and an absolute straight line.

>I'm formulating apologies in my head
>I've hurt her badly, or she's got my murder planned
>Is she jealous
>Is she angry
>I can't tell
>I don't need to tell
>I see her bite her lip for just a second.
>She's suddenly in the air

>She tackles me against the wall
>I don't hit my head somehow
>I realize she's put her hand behind my head so it hits the wall and softens the blow to not hurt
>I'm going to have to remember that trick for later
>But my learning is interrupted by her hot lips upon mine
>No foreplay, all tongue
>Same flavor as before, but lighter
>I'm not complaining

>She's trying her hardest to press me against the wall as much as possible
>She has one arm behind my lower back, and another behind my head
>She's got both of her breasts pressed against me
>Actually so much pressure they're spilling upwards out of her bra.
>I realize my hands are still outstretched in the "Trying to kiss homely" Position.
>I rectify that and place them on her back
>The warm, bare flesh of her lower back.
>She seems to have other plans though
>She pulls back
>And shoves me through the bathroom door backwards
>I manage four surprised steps backwards before i stumble and land on my behind
>It's far enough though, she's in the bathroom with me
>the door is closed
>the door is locked
>She gives me a sultry smile
>"That's better"
>Those words are purred like a content lioness.

>Her hands reach behind her
>I can tell what she's doing
>It's obvious what she's doing
>But i'm still looking at her face
>something's wrong
>It's her eyes
>She's purring like a lioness, but her eyes
>They're saying nothing of the sort
>They're like a lost little kitten
>They're screaming "Accept me"
>Her hands finish, the Bra goes slack.
>I watch in slow-motion as she hunches her shoulders forwards and the entire thing just slides off.
>Her words and actions scream confidence.
>But she's still holding the Bra in both hands where it fell
>It's almost defensive

>Her body language screams embarrassment, with the tiniest bit of fear
>I think she's scared i'll reject her

>Valid fears for anyone in that situation i guess.
>I'm still on my butt on the ground looking up.
>There's tits
>I'm looking
>Smaller than homely's, Large Cs
>Her areola and nipples are smaller too, just enough to notice a difference.
>But instead of red, they're light pink.
>She's absolutely ravishing, i'm not sure where to look because the entire package is so enticing.
>She's standing with her arms still held forward and together by holding the bra, one leg slightly ahead of the other under her long skirt.
>To top it off the expression in her eyes has leaked slightly and her face is backing it up.
>The position itself is rival to some of the best modeling you'll ever see. The emotions passing it far beyond anything comparable.
>I don't get to stare very long though
>She takes a step forward, and blurts out
>"Tell me i'm better!"
>It's definitely not confident, its like a desperate plea

>I'm of course more than happy to blurt out
>"Yes you're be-"
>But i'm interrupted by being pounced again and kissed
>I'm not knocked backwards though
>She lightly forces more and more of her weight against me until i slowly reel backwards and lie down
>I've got her full chest against mine
>and her Nipples were VERY hard.
>Almost painful hard
>But psychologically the feel of nipples pressing against you is awesome.
>I didn't get any victory music though,
>I'm too busy being kissed
>She's got me pinned against the floor
>One of her legs is snaked around mine
>That feels god damn amazing by the way.
>I can't move
>I don't want to move
>Well i guess i can move my hands
>I take advantage of his and wrap one around and place it on her lower back
>But i have TWO hands
>I take the chance and place my other right on her right buttcheek

>She doesn't seem to notice, or if she does she doesn't care
>Hell yeah

>She's moving her entire body against me
>She's got one of her legs folded up underneath her
>This puts her knee right against my crotch.
>Not in a painful way though, it's like its there just to provide the right amount of pressure and friction
>Her breasts are rubbing up and down ever so slightly every time she applies pressure with her knee.
>Her kiss is involving our entire faces now
>We have our mouths wide open, chasing down one another like we're trying to eat the other participant
>Each time we catch the other, it just ends in a stalemate as we go back to tongue play.
>I'm not sure this is how kisses work, huge slobbery messes, but it's actually pretty fucking fun.

>I take a chance between kisses and slip my other hand under her skirt.
>It ends up on her left panty-clad butcheek
>Its much hotter under the skirt, and her panties are made out of some soft silky material
>This just kind of slides around in my hands and i don't have a firm purchase, but it's amazing nonetheless.
>[spoiler]I don't know if you've ever touched women's underwear, but somehow its like seventy times nicer than men's in terms of fabric quality[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] It's got to be something to do with how thin the material usually is[/spoiler]
>I've got my other hand slowly working under her skirt as well, but its slow progress because i have to stop it wherever it is and hold her tightly every time we play the chasing game.
>The hand starts on her bare lower back.
>Pauses temporarily on the mountains of her upper tushie.
>Enjoys an afternoon stroll across her clothed upper thigh.
>Uses the skirt as a shade from the hot summer sun on her lower thigh.

>Eventually Monsieur hand makes his way to the bare upper thigh
>He's on tiptoes now, sneaking ever closer to his goal.
>He's on edge, he knows he might be caught any moment.
>With relish he reaches ze goal he's been traveling for.
>With one movement i clasp my hand softly over the entire crevice of her pantied crotch.
>From her butt, to where my fingers are pressing lightly right below her lower navel.
>She freezes
>an odd look on her face as she sits up slightly.
>She doesn't remove my hand though
>Her legs squish together as she changes position and i find myself happily stuck here, one hand on her behind, one right between her hinds.
>The only real sensation i can feel is heat emanating off of where Mr. righty is visiting.

>Birthday finally speaks
>"So...?"
>So what i'm thinking in my head
>i'm not sure this is what i should be saying right then though
>My brain wasn't exactly working at full steam
>Or half steam
>Or any steam
>It might have been empty
>It must have been empty because i simply repeat "So..." and look at her questioningly.
>Her confidence is back, she doesn't look as fragile anymore, but i know it's probably all there if i poked the wrong spot.
>"So... am i better?"
>Holy shit that's what this was about wasn't it
>I completely forgot
>Of course you're fucking better woman, i would have just told you if you asked me
>Not that i mind how you asked of course
>In retrospect this would have probably been the proper response
>Instead i try to be suave and "cool"
>yeah, im cringing too.

>"You had to ask?" Was my ill thought out response.
>To make it worse i punctuated it with a wiggle of my fingers right where she could feel them.
>this seemed like a good idea at the time
>Her funny look doesn't stop
>It doesn't change to hurt, or sadness, or happiness
>It's just kind of confused.
>I can almost see her changing slowly from "Loved" to "Unwanted" in her eyes
>My brain isn't working correctly because she's still got her knee pressing firmly against my hardness
>But i can tell she's not liking the answer
>I dimly realize i probably just made it about sex and not her
>I had given the equivalent to the after-romp question of "Was it as good for you as it was me?"
>Don't ever do that anons.
>I rack my mind and just blurt out an answer i think will smooth it over.

>"Yes"
>That does it, her entire posture softens
>Her upper body relaxes, her chest sinks an entire inch and brings her beautiful breasts along with it.
>Her eyes are back to smiling
>i retreat to my older thoughts of "I would have just fucking told you woman"

>I say some of these words
>Looks like i'm not fucked
>I'm just looking at her expectantly
>I'm pretty sure i had a pleading look all over my face.
>Please insert another coin to continue
>pls

>She repositions her knee, it's no longer pressing firmly against me, instead its on the other side of my leg
>This opens up her crotch, and lets my hand breathe again.
>She's just kneeling above me topless.
>Both of her legs straddling me
>Both of my hands under her skirt, one on her left buttcheek, one placed flatly across her panty-covered most private place.
>She's not moving
>She's got a kind of quizzical smiling face on, like she's deciding if she wants to do something or not.
>I take the chance, might as well
>I take the hand i have on her crotch and place a firm amount of pressure with my middle finger right into her pubic bone.

>I just watch her face, as i slide it down, inch by inch across her panties.
>Where her slit starts...
>She's got a look of focus on her face as if she's concentrating on something.
>Halfway down
>She strains a tiny amount and bites her lower lip.
>Bottom of the curve
>No movement in her face
>still the same focused concentration.
>I round out the last bit with the lightest caress of what i could only assume was her rear, before i moved my hand to the back of her thigh.

>Her look softens, then hardens again.
>She seems to have made a decision.
>"Thanks for picking me"
>She leans over and picks up the bra where she left it and begins putting it back on.
>Million things going through my head
>She definitely thinks that she is for-sure the one i picked during the kissing game.
>I mean the whole point was to give everyone enough clues to think it was them
>But now she REALLY thinks it was her.
>I'm not sure where my opinions lie on this

>She's got her bra back on though, hidden the precious things from sight while i was thinking about what she just said.
>Still have my hands on her glorious ass though
>Aint taking this away from me
>She stands up
>She's taken this away from me
>I see a hand hovering in my vision
>Oh i guess i should take this
>I'm hauled to my feet
>Still have a boner of a million armies
>I'm not stopping here
>Fuck that

>I wrap my arms around her, pinning one of her arms to her side and the other between me and her.
>I lean in for a kiss
>I close my eyes
>I meet her finger
>I open my eyes
>A single finger separating my lips from meeting hers.
>She's giving me another quizzical look, but its softer and it's almost saying "I'm sorry"
>I have absolutely no clue what she's thinking but i was just kiss-blocked by her finger
>She lets loose a whisper
>"Not now..."
>Her breath is hot and cascades across the features of my face
>It feels lovely
>But
>):

>I let go
>She backs up and straightens up
>She points at the sink
>We're both kinda covered with slobber i guess
>It's not a very cheery time, we both kind of just solemnly clean ourselves up and wipe away any traces of what happened here.
>Its much easier since we don't have shirts on
>We finish cleaning up and i get another sad apologetic look from her
>I don't know what i could have possibly done to deserve that look
>It must be something she doesn't want to tell me
>Maybe she's afraid of being caught by everyone else, or something else simpler.
>Caught
>Oh right we should probably not exit the bathroom together

>I offer to go first and just duck into the guest room and wait out her reintroducing herself to the crowd for a while.

>I do just that
>I close the door behind me
>The room is a darker and much quieter stark contrast to the rest of the house
>I guess the girls were back in the living room playing video games from what it sounded like.
>I turn away from the door and glance over at raven
>she's somehow shoved all the pillows all over the place and is lying on her back.
>I remember this is a bad thing
>I walk over and sit on the bed
>half of her torso is sticking out and it looks like she's half tangled in the blankets
>I think one of her feet is even hanging off the edge under the covers
>She seems to be sleeping happily unaware of this though
>Silly girl
>I slightly chuckle to myself comparing her chest to the two i had just had shoved in my face.
>Still, small has its merits, and i shove this thought from my mind as i roll her over.
>little bit of repositioning later, i've got her back on her side and wrapped up properly.
>Even got her arms around that hugging pillow, her chin resting on the corner of it softly.
>She has no clue, but she's winning major cuteness points in her sleep
>fokin adorabul

>I hear the door click though and i'm brought quickly out of my dawwing
>I turn around to find glasses closing the door behind her
>She turns around and seems completely surprised to see me.
>I mumble something like "she was just sprawled, i put her back on her side"
>She doesn't seem to say anything, she just gives a kind of half-nod.
>I guess that was a good enough excuse to have been gone for all this time and found in the room with an unconscious half-naked girl in it.
>I hoped glasses trusted me at that point, i sure felt like she did.
>She turns towards the door and starts to leave
>I stop her
>"Glasses" This is just her full name
>"Are you mad at me?... from earlier?"
>She doesn't turn around
>We're both just standing there silently for a bit
>longer than a bit, it's maybe 20 seconds, neither of us saying anything.
>Eventually she turns around

>She turns with one leg, the other just remains stationary
>It's more of a pivot
>She's smiling though
>The light is kinda bad, but from the distance i think i see a wet spot between her nose and her cheek.
>I wonder if she was crying, but i'm interrupted by her chosen statement.
>"No"
>This is just a harsh flat word in my ears
>I'm crestfallen
>I know that she means way more than she's saying
>I'm mulling this over, what her real opinions are on the subject for about a third of a second before she continues
>"Because you chose to kiss me first".

Update #9 : April 11-12th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11296271

>She's out the door less than 2 seconds after she says that.
>Oh manholyshitglassesthankyou
>Those words were like angels singing
>Things not fucked up with glasses, things not fucked up with Birthday, fuck homely, the only person left to smooth things out with is blondie.

>3/4 Girls somehow weren't angry at me over what i had done over the last 30 minutes.
>All i had to do was smooth it out with Blondie and we would all be on better-than-good terms.
>Better than good because i've treated them all specially individually or in their own mind compared to the others.
>I'm praising the miracles sent down from the benevolent sleepover god, i've somehow been able to navigate this raging river with minefield rapids of a situation with ease.
>Somewhere up above the sleepover god smiles.
>[spoiler] For he sees the waterfall up ahead[/spoiler]

>I had half a mind to just walk right into the living room, sweep blondie off her feet and carry her away like a damsel.
>In my mind that sounded like a great idea
>But in my mind that also sounded like the worst fucking idea possible
>Issues and problems that could arise start flooding my brain.
>The other girls would see
>she might not want to come
>I really didn't know how angry Blondie was either, she could just be unwilling to come completely.
>if she resists its just a huge mess
>Plus what if i can't pick her up properly
>or i drop her or something
>Oh no i've unleashed the stream of doubts, here they come
>What if i slip and fall
>What if someone else stops me
>What if she's actually heavier than she looks and i'm not strong enough.
>What if it takes too long and i look awkward trying to do it.
>What if i pussy out last second
>What if she just doesn't like me at all anymore

>I'm now standing motionless in the hallway slowly being crushed by self-pity and doubt
>I'm just shrinking smaller and smaller with every what-if.
>I just stop, all my best-laid alpha plans crushed before they even begin.
>I end up half-trudging and half-scuffling my feet into the living room.
>I'm pretty self-depreciated
>I've somehow made myself doubt everything without even any reasons behind it.
>Fuck you brain
>I just kinda sadly shuffle in
>Birthday sees and gets a frown for about half of a second
>At first i think she must think i'm in a shit mood because of what we did or something, which would make no sense
>But i figure it could be on her mind
>Her eyes aren't sad though, so she must be thinking something else

>Maybe that i'm just pretending to be sad so nobody catches on to what we did
>Yeah i guess we can pretend that's what i'm doing.

>So me and my brilliant plan to walk in and seem in a bad mood to throw all the girls off the trail is going great.
>Well except Glasses has no clue why i'm acting sad
>But she's got the same kind of look as Birthday
>Maybe she thinks i'm sad about raven, or something.
>It's odd that seems to be such a good excuse for so many things, even though i'm not thinking it myself.
>I can't pretend to know what's going on in glasses' head really.
>but i seem to be alright in her eyes
>So i end up plopping right down next to her.
>The video game of choice seems to be symphonia again
>4 player, everyone has a controller but me.
>I'm alright with this, i was jrpg-ed out for the day.

>Blondie is waaay on the other side of the couch and leaning all over the armrest, with Birthday and Glasses between me and her.
>Everyone is still shirtless, except homely who's chillin in the armchair to the side.
>She's got her t-shirt back on
>It's not like its hiding too much though, her chest still moves anytime she does anything.
>When she catches me looking at her she pokes her tongue out a little bit and makes a teasey kind of "Nya nyaa nya nyaa nyaaa" face.
>I haven't seen anyone make that kind of face since i had to rescue all the dragon eggs, but i mean that's what it was.
>[spoiler] if i start chasing her, charging around headfirst, someone stop me[/spoiler]

>I figure there's no way i'm getting close to Blondie's feet again so that path is closed off.
>Maybe if i could figure out how to send smoke signals to birthday i could get her to swap places with me, but i'm on thin-ice making sure she thinks she's special so i better not.
>The armchair of the couch is out of the question since Blondie is all over it somehow
>I don't even understand how it was comfy but she was relaxing on it sideways and chest first like some kind of big cat.
>Hands held out in-front of her away from the couch entirely as she concentrated on the screen.
>I can't even do justice to how awkward it looked, but she seemed to be having a good time so who was i to judge.
>I sadly don't have any avenue of getting to and assessing her current mood towards me though, so i just have to sit silently where i am and watch the game.

>My thoughts don't linger on Blondie for very long, i can't really do anything about her at the moment and i don't even know if she's angry at me or not.
>I am however sitting next to the prime culprit of most of my video-game related suffering of the

last two days.
>Glasses
>Time for some fucking payback
>I drop my "It'll all fuck up if i try" mood and just put my left arm halfway around her waist.
>EVERYTHING GOES WRONG
>But it doesn't, she doesn't say a word, my arm is properly hidden from view by everyone and my palm is just lightly resting on her bare skin.
>The only way anyone would notice where my hand is would be if birthday turns completely around
>From my seat i have complete reign over the entire right half of glasses body.
>As long as i don't do anything too obvious of course.

>What does any male do when he's got free reign of a woman's body?
>There's only one answer
>Tickling
>But not just any tickling
>I pull my hand back and take a single finger and place it softly along her spine.
>Without lifting it, i just slowly traced it in small circles
>I did this while gently moving it across the entire expanse of skin presented to me.
>I wasn't trying to tickle her yet, i had to find out where she was ticklish
>I intentionally scooted closer to her and watched her facial expressions, listened to her breathing.
>I was moving my finger just slowly enough that when i reached something ticklish i could notice all the changes in her body language.

>Her look of concentration at playing vidya would soften into a tiny tiny smile
>She would take a short breath, one that didn't match the rhythm of her normal breathing pattern.
>Depending on where i was touching on her lower back, she might tense up, or relax
>Human bodies are like instruments
>I could sit there for years eliciting little sighs, gasps, muscle contractions and other reactions from a girl.
>The sounds they make are like music
>The movements are like the vibrations of a string instrument.
>It's beyond entertaining.
>I roamed those expanses of flesh for what could only have been hours, but was maybe just a couple minutes.
>I think i was doing an awful job of tickling her and just got distracted.
>I think i might be really bad at this tormenting thing.

>Whatever i was doing, after a couple of minutes of it i had most of her ticklish areas worked out
>She was extremely ticklish along her lower spine, right where the skin almost vanished into the un-attainable reaches of her pants.

>She wasn't very ticklish anywhere else besides her sides (Which are ticklish on like everyone anyway.
>I had even roamed my hands along her upper back to where her bra strap was
>...Yes the idea to unhook it had crossed my mind multiple times
>But we knew better.
>I still hadn't actually "Tickled" her yet
>But that was the point wasn't it
>For the most part of her body language,
>She wasn't shying away from my touches
>She wasn't having trouble surviving on the game
>She wasn't giving me any looks of any sort.
>I would say she was enjoying it so far.
>But i had plans to fix that.

>Now let me tell you anons about tickling
>Tickling is a science, an absolute masterful talent to have
>It takes two things
>#1 Your hands
>#2 Someone else
>Face it, we all know how to tickle people
>Throw hands at other person, laughing ensues
>But i didn't want her laughing
>I wanted her ALMOST laughing
>That painful feeling where you're trying to suppress giggles and every single one threatens to come out.
>Not many people know how to play this tickling game

>I knew Glasses was enjoying my hands
>I knew she didn't want them to stop
>and i knew she didn't want the girls to know i was playing with her on the couch.
>I knew far too much for her own good.
>I placed my hand right back on her spine.
>One finger touching
>[spoiler]Now there's a secret to tickling, and that's really something you learn from experience.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The more points of contact you have, the more likely they'll laugh.[/spoiler]
>Even if you're a bumbling fool, five fingers will get any human giggling (as long as they're ticklish)
>But thats the brute method, i was going to start easy on her
>I was starting with two.

>I placed my ring finger slightly higher up on her back
>And i traced a circle

>[spoiler]That's the other secret[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Flitting contact will make them laugh easy, but soft solid contact almost never will[/spoiler]
>Then i lightly lifted them both off her skin
>Placed them lower
>and did it again.
>Every time i did this my fingers would end up upside down
>So to move them, i would my fingernails softly across her back
>This was the part that was getting her
>The hard surfaces of my fingernails were making her inhale off-rhythm each time
>and that muscle tensing/relaxing i was talking about earlier?
>She stopped that "relaxing" bit.

>As i repeated this lower.... and lower.
>Her face took on a grin, the side facing me even showing the tiniest bit of teeth
>It didn't take me long at all to reach the waistband of her pants.
>A disgusting artificial barrier to my fun
>Such is life
>With an internal sigh i simply took my two fingers and formed a bit of a claw
>Reached as far around her waist as i felt was safe from prying eyes
>Placed them back, one after another right where her skin met clothing again
>And scratched her, slowly, smoothly, the entire way back to me again
>Not too hard, not too soft, enough to leave the faintest of red markings where my fingernails had passed.
>Her reaction to this was instantaneous

>She straightened up, her posture went from slouching to straight up and down.
>This had the side effect of thrusting her chest outwards quite a bit
>Assets that i was not morally against observing during this process.
>Her breath slowed entirely, even stopping compared to what it had been before.
>Her stomach pulled in taught.
>Her eyes widened, her smile dropped to a straight line
>She even uncrossed her legs
>Let's just say that i was glad nobody else was watching her when i did this
>I was enjoying myself immensely though
>I hadn't realized that simple finger caresses could have this much of an effect on a girl
>i was kinda jealous

>But it was time to make her suffer
>Her performance in the game wasn't doing too hot, but she was still functioning more or less enough to not matter.
>She hadn't let me play video games though
>That was reprehensible

>She would atone for those sins.
>I would make sure of it.
>This time i moved my hand back up her spine, starting higher this time.
>I couldn't help but notice that her skin felt hotter, warmer to the touch than it did earlier.
>Maybe it was my fault, maybe not, i pushed the idea out of my head.
>It was time for three fingers.

>Because the pointer/index/ring on my hand were not all close to the same length, touching all three of them and drawing circles was impossible.
>I figured this out after two or three awkward attempts
>I was not as smooth as i'm making myself sound, trust me.
>Anatomy failing me in my time of need.
>[spoiler] But remember anons, you don't have to be a casanova with your fingers, even if you're fingers are literally tripping over one another, it feels nice[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Physical skin to skin contact just feels nice[/spoiler]
>No issue, i could improvise
>I placed my middle and pointer fingers side by side a decent distance apart, and my ring finger lightly resting a tad bit further away.
>Then i twisted my entire hand slowly.
>The index and pointer swapped position
>The ring traced an extremely light semi-circle around the outside of this smaller circle.
>It wasn't very firm, so the ring finger lightly brushed her only every couple of centimeters
>She tensed again

>Her grin was back
>I moved lower and do it again
>Wider grin, small exhale halfway through
>I was getting to her
>I slide my hand lower, and lightly trickle my fingers across the spine as i go.
>She's giving tiny-little amounts of air out the side of her mouth every time one of my fingers touch
>I place my fingers in position again
>I rotate my hand
>She gives what can only be described as half a giggle
>Quite loud too, a couple of the other girls look at her surprised
>Glasses plays it off like it was a cough
>She's got one of her hands off the controller and up to her mouth
>How suave
>I guess i went the tiniest bit too far
>But i know her edge now

>I'm relentless
>for ten full minutes i barely-tickle her.

>the lightest finger caresses, the smallest smoothest circles
>She's stifling gasps the entire time
>Her grin is just there to disguise the copious amounts of air she's exhaling every time i hit the right spot.
>Even her upper chest is fluttering , expanding and contracting with each microscopic giggle
>Her performance in the game can only be described as awful
>She's dying left and right, she's not getting the right hits off, she's in absolute vidya hell.
>Just where she had me earlier
>Luckily for her, she wasn't too essential to the fights, and the rest of the girls were rolling through and reviving her when she died.
>But she's sending little pleading looks at me now
>She knows what's coming up, a boss.

>I stop, just hold my hand lower on her spine than i had done circles with three fingers yet.
>I wait for her to be important, i know she's got a job to do this fight.
>seconds before she has to engage one of the enemies alone.
>i twist my hand
>she lets out a breathy squeak and completely loses concentration.
>I don't end there though, with my other hand i flip the waistband of her pants down exposing another half inch of unexplored skin.
>I make a claw again and run three nails in a very firm scratch along this newly exposed line
>She's dead
>No amount of concentration was going to save her from the tensing and suppressed giggling i was causing.
>She falls back against my hand and drops her controller
>She's lying with her back against the couch pillow, first time she's really been able to relax since i've started touching her.
>She's breathing softly and smoothly and staring right at me.
>Her eyes might be saying "Ravish me" or "Take me now"
>But i'm pretty sure they aren't
>to my careful-eye-observations it looks like "That was mean"
>Yeah i know, those looks can be confusing.

>Ill show ya mean
>she's lying back so her entire chest and stomach are exposed
>You know what this means
>RASPBERRY
>Any excuse to get your lips on exposed skin i guess
>I bend down and place my lips right on the skin above her bellybutton
>And i blow like a god damn blue whale coming up for air.
>The sound of my lips slapping against her stomach
>The typical PFPFPTPFPTPFPT
>those were the only two sounds in the room

>Until she started laughing
>The longer she did it, the more she squirmed
>She was trying to turn left and right, but i had her held right where i wanted her and wouldn't let her go.
>Her stomach was flexing back and forth, her arms were flailing trying to get me off as she giggled and laughed for a full fifteen seconds.
>She didn't even stop laughing after i ran out of air
>Job well done men.

>I return to my upright seated position
>Her face is an absolute look of mirth
>every muscle on her face is really smiling or giggling, or trying to stop giggling.
>her chest is heaving, taking her twin beauties up and down with it.
>She's still even squirming a little bit, her legs rubbing together slightly
>10/10 perfect laughing angel
>I'm pretty content with my revenge
>I look away from her
>Nobody else is content with my revenge
>Everyone's dead to the boss, the "Game over" screen is just sitting there
>Blondie, Homely and Birthday are just staring at me like i just showed up and did something horrible.
>[spoiler]kinda that look you have on your face when the girl you like is hanging out with you and your friends, and she just pounces another guy and starts having a tickle fight with him[/spoiler]

>NO, im not doing this again, fuck you mouth we're using words this time.
>"Don't look at me like that, she deserved it and she KNEW it."
>I put emphasis on "Knew it" i wanted to make sure glasses knew why she was just brutally tortured.
>The girls didn't seem to be convinced
>Alright plan B
>"Who wants to be next?"
>I put on my patented serial-killer-evil grin
>But i put out both my hands and start waggling my fingers like some murderous tickle monster.
>That did it
>Birthday who's the next closest shrieks (the only appropriate response) and i crawl over glasses at her.
>I end up chasing her laughing face halfway across the couch before i pin her down and proceed to tickle her.
>She's face up so i manage to pin her down and straddle her
>This means i get to tickle everything in reach

>My hands roam the mountains of her ribs
>Explore the cave of her bellybutton
>Tastefully tease the lower reaches of her navel
>Even climb the lowest foothills of her breasts.
>She's a laughing mess, which is exactly the point
>She's shifting from side to side, moving quickly up and down beneath me.
>I've got her laughing just as hard, if not harder than glasses was.
>But i know how the best-laid tickle fights end, so i stop after a good twenty seconds.
>Birthday is all smiles though
>I'm just clapping myself on the back for successfully turning this into a tickle fight.
>Tickle fights are the best
>Now who's next?
>I look up at the armchair of the couch and see blondie watching with a mixture of curiosity and something else in her eyes.
>Perfect

>I telegraph my actions perfectly, i rear up with my hands back into tickling formation
>I lunge at Blondie's delicious stomach hands outstretched
>"Don't"

>She hadn't just made a playful statement
>It was absolutely stone cold serious.
>The icy emphasis on these words was devoid of all emotions beside that little amount of timber that lets you know you REALLY should listen.
>Birthday had been giggling and shouting various things like "No" and "stop" when i was chasing her.
>But the tone of those was different, they were empty meant to convey the fun of chasing one another
>This single word seemed to leech all the warmth and fun out of the room.
>Even some basic aspects of physics ceased to function as conservation of momentum was no longer a thing and I fell flat on my face back to the couch
>[spoiler]Really since leaping and pouncing never actually works like it does in anime[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]i wasn't even in the air, had a knee on the couch and was just frozen in place.[/spoiler]

>I get back up and look at her with a healthy helping of confusion, maybe some beans on the side.
>she wasn't even looking at me, still staring straight forward draped over the side of the couch's arm
>she had her full attention on the television screen
>she was the only girl still holding her controller
>Even homely was halfway to getting up and trying to join in when the room froze.
>It was like even the lighting had changed, from the warm afternoon glow of the sun.

>To a shallower cold white, like a cloud had passed overhead.
>I suddenly realized how cold the room was without my shirt on.

>I guess tickling was over
>I guess fun was over
>fuck why is it so cold in here
>I'm now sitting up and staring at blondie's back as she's trying not to meet my eyes
>I try to wrym my way forwards and meet her eyes and ask what's wrong
>She just stops moving for a second
>And her head pivots around slowly
>It's like some kind of terrifying child's doll
>I don't even wait to see what her face is going to look like
>Im fucking off that couch
>Halfway across the room
>"I'll go... go get some snacks or something"
>fucking gone man

>I arrive in the kitchen
>Its much warmer in here
>that terrifies me that this is the first thing i notice
>I rummage around in the cabinets and find a bag of something crunchy and i start going for one of the lower cabinets to find a bowl.
>I figure maybe food is what we need to settle that mood in there, since i really don't know what just happened.
>While i'm kneeling, i find there's actually quite a bit of mayo that spilled down here, along with part of a tomato
>I consider cleaning it up myself, but i'm contemplating pulling one of the girls in here for company while i prepare drinks too.
>Birthday would be welcome company, she knows where everything is anyway.
>I yell out across the house "There's some mayo and tomato spilled in here, someone missed a spot"

>I finally find a bowl, and stand up to place it on the counter along with the chips
>I freeze halfway
>The room is icy
>The light is cold
>It's absolutely astounding how one person can change the perceived atmosphere of a place
>Humans are such perceptive creatures that even subtle body language can make you feel physical sensations, or draw you from one mood to the next.
>Blondie was standing in the door
>She wasn't smiling, she wasn't frowning.
>Her eyes were scowling, maybe burning at me
>Her eyebrows were furrowed

>But her mouth was straight, serious
>"Where"
>That one word sent chills through me
>What in Odin's name had i done to her.

>I just kind of place the bowl on the counter and point towards the corner where the mess was
>She glides over like a ghost, i could swear if i didn't see her hips swaying slightly i wouldn't know she was moving behind the island in the middle of the kitchen.
>I try to avoid eye contact
>If i catch her gaze, i know i'm going to have to start making will saving throws.
>I just busy myself with arranging cups on the island and getting out another 2L of soda that's in the fridge
>It's been like three or four minutes of me getting food ready, and i turn around to find blondie still wiping at the same spot in the corner with a paper towel.
>I'm really worried about her but i don't say anything
>I just continue fixing the drinks
>She's still back there though, i'm getting chills up and down my spine
>not just my spine, the hair on the back of my legs is standing up every time i turn away from her.

>I finish up moving and arranging everything i could possibly use my time for
>I'm dreading this moment
>I turn around
>she's still rubbing the area in small circles
>She's crouched, facing away from me
>I step behind her and kneel down and place my hand on her shoulder
>"Blondi-"

>She's standing up
>She's turning around
>NOPE.webm
>WHY DIDN'T I REMEMBER LAST TIME I DID THIS
>Its too late
>She's turned around
>You know that face that women make in anime where they have this shadow over the entire thing and you can't see it
>This was what i saw
>She had her head tilted downwards and the lights in the room just didn't hit where i was trying to look because her hair was in the way.
>I would be terrified
>But i can't be
>Because she shoves me
>The accompanying shout could rouse entire nations

>I don't doubt everyone in the other room could hear it as clear as if they were right beside her.
>"GET YOUR HAND OFF ME"

>Now getting shoved is no big deal
>She obviously didn't like the hand on her shoulder, and i had fucked up in even attempting to be a caring worrying human about her wiping up a mayo spill for six minutes straight.
>The issue was not that i was shoved
>Or that she had yelled and everyone had heard it.
>The issue was what i was shoved towards.
>Remember how i said there was an island in the middle of the kitchen
>Well that island was square
>It had lovely wooden corners, just like the rest of the kitchen finishings
>One of those corners was right at the height of the small of my back

>Now as many anons might know
>[spoiler]There's some things in your back that are really important[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]One of these things is a bundle of nerves called the Celiac Plexus[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Now what happens when you hit this bundle of nerves is a bunch of really fun things[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Depending on how hard you hit it, various things can happen[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Temporary Paralysis of the Diaphragm[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Minor loss of limb function[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Excruciating pain[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Cascading serious effects through the majority of your nervous system[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Disruption of organ function[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]In rare cases, death[/spoiler]

>Now i got the fun mixture of these
>I hit my back on this corner.
>It wedged itself right into the crevice beside my spine
>and a couple things happened.
>Firstly i could see blondie's face again
>She was angry
>When i say fire was in her eyes, i mean her eyebrows were getting singed
>Her face was contorted into a mixture of pure rage, and what i can only assume is true heartbreak
>I was impressed i was able to read all these emotions and feelings though
>Because colors changed

>Everything in the room got brighter
>Way way brighter, we're talking luminosity settings in photoshop bright
>She was still yelling, but everything around her was glowing
>I couldn't hear a word either, nothing was coming out of her mouth

>I tried to focus and hear what she was saying, but that was when i realized why everything was blindingly bright
>the Pain
>For whatever reason i'm now feeling the equivalent of being kicked in the balls earlier
>Multiplied by 10
>Across my ENTIRE spinal column and every radiant nerve cluster i can imagine was close
>There is no proper way to describe pain like this
>if you could imagine burning hot coals across every inch of skin on your back.
>With a pool of molten lead burning through your liver
>That's as close as i can ever imagine.
>Just know that when i felt it, i didn't just freeze up, i fucking collapsed
>I was on the floor, hands and knees in the most agony i've ever experienced in my life
>BUT IT GETS BETTER

>I'm on my hands and knees in this kitchen
>I'm suffering a fucking twenty on the 1-10 pain scale.
>I can hear blondie yelling
>words are getting through
>"Birthday" (The name)
>"Bathroom"
>"Better"
>But you know what
>I don't care right now
>I really don't care
>i'm going to cry
>I try to cry
>i can't

>Great, just great
>What's fucking wrong now
>Tears are streaming down my face
>I can see them dripping off my nose
>But i can't make a sound
>I want to be bawwling like a fucking newborn child
>My mouth is open
>But no sounds come out
>It's like i'm in a nightmare
>Some horrible nightmare where you try to scream and you can't
>I'm in some nightmare where i'm watching the most terrible destructive monster just slowly inch towards my friend and i can't warn them.
>But this is real
>Blondie is still screaming profanities at me from my right
>I still can't make a single sound though

>I'm just hanging my head, mouth wide open and staring through the floor like i want to scream.
>Everything burns, the pain in my back is still pulsing and throbbing like it's a wound being constantly re-opened by razor blades.
>My chest is burning just as badly, i don't understand
>I didn't hit my chest
>But it's still burning, more and more every second.

>I try to take a breath
>I can't
>WHAT DO YOU MEAN I CAN'T
>[spoiler]Have you ever had the wind knocked out of you anons?[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Its a blow to the same bundle of nerves, although many times far less direct, and far less intense[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]for those of you who haven't[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Take a breath, in... out[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Notice how you can control how your chest does that in-out thing?[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Now imagine if you tried to take a breath and nothing happened[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Nothing you can do to make your chest move works[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Imagine suffocating on dry land[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Welcome to the moment anons, if you want you can hold your breath and see how long you make it.[/spoiler]

>Now i'd just taken a serious, hard, direct hit to this bundle of nerves
>My Diaphragm was paralyzed
>It had been a minute, maybe two
>I hadn't had a single breath
>I couldn't scream
>I couldn't cry
>I couldn't breathe
>I couldn't beg blondie for help
>Everything was burning
>My chest was the worst part
>My heart was beating a thousand miles a minute
>Which means i was using up oxygen far far too quickly to be holding my breath this long

>Have you ever experienced suffocation anons?
>[spoiler]This is not a sensation that i assume is very common, or even relatable on any kind of real level because of how extreme it is. But i'll try to explain it anyway.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Hold your breath as long as you can[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] First you'll feel a pressure in your lungs, a slight burning in your throat and upper mouth, then the burning moves lower, a heat spreads throughout your torso[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Eventually the burning and pressure get so hot that your eyes start to water[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Its at this point that every single one of you will take a breath, its instinct[/spoiler]

>[spoiler] This will happen even if you're underwater, filling your lungs and burning your insides with the liquid[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Now if you're not underwater, that pressure just gets bigger, and bigger, until you're screaming on the inside to breathe[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Your vision begins swimming, your eyes lose focus, the pressure is like a fourty pound wieght upon your chest[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]and it hurts, it hurts like nothing you would ever believe. Suffocation is known to be one of the most painful ways to die.[/spoiler]

>There is a level of helplessness there that is absolutely mystifying and terrifying at the same time.
>I was so close to everything
>Air was right in front of me, if only i could make my lungs work
>If i could say "I can't breathe" blondie would have stopped yelling to help me no matter how angry she was
>anyone would have, any fucking one of you would have helped if you had known
>It's the most crushing helplessness i've ever felt.
>If i could have even thought of what to do in that situation it would helped
>But i couldn't think
>Too much pain, everything hurt, i couldn't see straight
>White spots were popping up in my vision
>[spoiler]That's indicative of cells in your eyes not getting enough oxygen[/spoiler]
>I had to do something
>every muscle in my body was burning, the pain from my back was like a single coal in an ocean of suns.
>I could still use my arms though, i did the only thing i could think of.

>I dropped my left arm
>I fell, hit my shoulder hard, full weight of my body and gravity
>i didn't feel a thing
>i gave the best shove i could with my right arm
>this was maybe a second of movement, its all i had in me
>My back hits the tiles hard
>I don't feel a thing
>I see three blurry figures standing by the fridge
>i can't tell who they are
>i ended up more or less on my back with my lower torso twisted
>it's enough
>I throw my arms up and onto my chest
>I really can't feel anything anymore

>It's just burning
>I try to press down as hard as i can and force my lungs to contract
>I can't do it
>I'm not strong enough
>[spoiler]Try it anons, you just can't[/spoiler]
>I give three attempts before i can't feel my arms anymore
>as in i can't move them
>It was like that sensation you get when you've fallen asleep on your arm, and you wake up and its stiff and tingly until it wakes up
>But in reverse
>My arms and hands were stiff
>I couldn't move them, they were tingling just like sleeping on your arms
>That was really all i could feel was the tingling
>It was spreading across my body slowly
>I guess it was a relief after the pain
>I'm not really seeing anything anymore
>its not like everything faded to black
>or faded to white
>No, the color was grey
>But it wasn't grey, it was Grey with that color of a soap bubble reflecting the light, or an oil mark on a driveway shining in the sunlight.
>It was grey, and then every other color at the same time.

You have been muted for 17 minutes 4 seconds, because your comment was too low in content (0.00% content)

What a perfect time to get muted, 10/10 effort r9kbot

>I don't really wake up
>I mean its not like wake up in the normal sense
>first thing i recognize is that i can see the grey again
>i guess it went away for a while
>It's lovely, its shimmering back and forth between everything
>second thing i recognize is that the pressure on my chest is different
>It's not like a weight anymore
>It's very precise though, and i feel it pressing very, very firmly into me.
>I'm trying to figure out if my hands are working again and trying to move them, but i can't tell.
>when i realize with my half-addled brain that it might be someone else
>I still don't feel much of anything
>I try to take a breath again

>its extremely hot, but i manage to inhale just a little bit, as if you can only take one 100th of a breath.

>I keep trying
>2/100ths of a breath
>out
>4/100ths of a breath
>The sensation was painstaking
>everything hurt again, the burning was back
>I still can't see anything
>still feel like i'm drowning
>But every breath i take is slightly bigger and helps just a bit more
>That's all i'm focused on is breathing
>In
>Out
>in
>Out

>Eventually i can realize that i'm not actually the only one breathing
>The pressure on my chest is definitely someone else
>Hands maybe
>It's forcing my chest downwards and really not helping though
>I'm kind of breathing on my own, even if it's only with a fourth of my diaphragm
>Every couple other breaths i keep taking are hot, like the air is different.
>Mouth maybe
>I'm dimly aware someone is trying to give me CPR
>[spoiler]thank you time traveling anons[/spoiler]

>I've started to regain my basic motor functions
>vision is back, but its just an absolute blur of colors
>Imagine all the colors in a room
>Now take the most common ones and just make those cover everything
>That was all i saw
>Wait a bit
>There we go, there's some basic shapes
>Three girls
>fuck if i can tell who they were
>All of them looked to be kneeling above me
>Every couple seconds one of them got real close and i could almost see the face and eyes
>I guess that's whoever was giving me CPR
>after she pulls back , i manage to let out a cough
>I don't know if anything was in my lungs, but it sure felt like they were still not working correctly

>the cough was weak, empty, and just ended in a breath
>i was conscious enough to know that i sounded terrible

>It's eventually to the point where half my lungs seem to be working
>and the tingling is doing the same thing, but in reverse.
>It feels exactly like i just slept on my entire body, and it was returning to being awake.
>I can take breaths deep enough to satiate the fire burning inside me
>All it does is takes away one pain and reminds me there's still another
>Those searing hot coals all over my back are back
>Its far more focused though, and centralized
>it's excruciating though
>I think i want to cry again
>that's almost the first sound i make
>but it comes out as sort of an "auugghh" before i realize i need more air again

>Everyone's in focus, my eyes must be moving and it must be obvious i'm breathing.
>Because the CPR has stopped and i can recognize the girl hovering over me
>Well i can't actually recognize her, her face is a blur but i can see one detail
>She's wearing glasses
>I guess its time to try to move
>Nope that's not gonna work
>The second i twitch a finger, EVERY MUSCLE the entire way up my arm burns
>It's like i've run a marathon and my blood forgot to take the lactic acid away.
>[spoiler]if you don't know what that is, its what makes your muscles hurt, go watch the magic schoolbus or something[/spoiler]

>whatever was going on, i could move a tiny bit, but it hurt like hell
>it was like all my limbs hadn't finished that waking up process and i was just forcing them into action
>my legs do REALLY hurt though
>I try to lift my head and can't really, i get it like an inch or two before my neck just doesn't work anymore
>It's enough to see that i'm all twisted around
>I don't think i should try moving yet, but this pain is killing me
>It's throbbing like some raging fire in my lower back, i can't get away from it
>I try talking
>gibberish comes out
>oh no, that's not how you talk, let's try this again.

>"I thought"
>there we go, i got two words out
>I have no clue what i was trying to say though
>let's try this again

>I move my tongue around my mouth, trying to get its bearings, like it needed to be in a specific place for whatever i was going to say next.
>I really can't feel my tongue very well though
>try number #3 at talking
>"Died"
>Yep, that's about right
>I thought i died
>Really i guess i technically was dead for a while there
>I didn't ever ask the girls how long i was really out
>I didn't want to know
>But what you've read is the description of exactly, word to word, feeling to feeling. Of dying.
>[spoiler]The more you know i guess[/spoiler]

>Those words didn't do much to help any of the girls in the room
>Birthday and homely were scanning my face, as if they could find some kind of solution to fix this, both of them nearly falling apart with looks of despair.
>Glasses was leaning over me staring at my face.
>She was crying
>Her mouth open, and openly sobbing, just the first few teeth showing.
>I couldn't see her eyes, the lenses were covered in tears.

>i felt the need to do like i always did
>try to brighten the mood with a joke, or something
>i start
>"New Rule"
>Oh man it's hard to talk like this.
>I can't feel my tongue enough to make the words come out correctly
>I can't be sure i didn't sound like i had a lisp, or if i was even saying the words correctly, but i tried
>"No more Dying"
>It felt really sappy
>I feel like i'd seen it in a movie somewhere
>But it worked
>The girls looked like a load dropped off each of their shoulders, and homely/birthday were doing some kind of hugging-cheering thing
>I would describe it in detail but it kinda hurt to look.
>just imagine something generic

>Someone's going to need to give the Memo to blondie though
>with the Addendum "No more Killing either"
>Oh yeah, wait where is blondie
>That's my new question
>I manage to get her name out for the girl's to hear

>Birthday gets up and vanishes around the side of the kitchen island
>I guess she went to go get her
>there were still a million questions about why she was gone though
>did she leave when she realized i was hurt
>did she not even understand i couldn't breathe?
>i don't even think the girls knew until i turned over and i don't think she was there.
>I guess my questioning face was obvious, because glasses mumbles a quiet "She didn't know"
>I don't know if that's worth forgiving her though

>The pain in my legs is still there
>Getting worse, i wonder if i broke something or maybe my legs are just never going to work again
>I still can't move my lower torso, or anything without it really hurting
>least i think i can't
>I try
>yep, still REALLY hurts.
>just checking
>I enlist the girls for help
>"My legs"
>Just saying this felt like an awful cliche
>i didn't even say "I can't move my" or "Can't feel my"
>Because really i could move and feel them
>Boy could i feel them.

>They helped though, i get rolled right way up, and glasses kinda picks me up and props me against one of the lower cabinets so i'm sitting.
>This makes breathing lots harder, but i've almost fully regained use of my lungs so it's alright
>In my mind, how cliche the "My legs" comment came out made me imagine they thought i was disabled or something
>I grit my teeth through the pain and lifted my right knee up and closer to me before setting my foot down.
>There we go, now we all knew my legs worked
>[spoiler]I'll be honest i wasn't really sure myself. glad they did though[/spoiler]
>Next on the list are arms
>These seem to work ok, not as much pain as the legs
>I guess legs were a ton closer to the nerve cluster
>I'm flexing my fingers like they're some kind of new robotic toy when i realize i've been hearing yelling for the past minute

>Birthday is screaming something in the distance
>Blondie is screaming back
>It doesn't take very long for the screaming to get closer
>It doesn't even seem to be an argument anymore, i just hear shouts from blondie

>I see them both come around into my view in the kitchen
>Well i see the feet and legs
>Blondie doesn't seem to be walking though, birthday is dragging her
>It doesn't even seem to be a fight, Blondie just gets tossed to the floor near me like she was some hunk of meat from a recent hunter's kill
>Even if she's a hunk of meat, she hits the ground like a sack of potatoes, really looks like it hurt
>[spoiler]I don't know if you realized, but Birthday has a way more violent side than all the other women[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] It's not so much as she enjoys hurting people, but when her friends are hurt, she just goes into a mother bear protecting cubs kind of mode[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's not something you really want to be on the wrong side of[/spoiler]

>Before blondie can get up, birthday is more or less on-top of her
>Blondie's trying to get her off, but birthday is the bigger girl, eventually she's just pinned underneath flat on her back.
>There's a lot of screaming during this.
>"LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO HIM" - Birthday
>"WHEN YOU YELLED AT HIM HE HAD A HEART ATTACK AND ALMOST DIED" - Birthday
>w... well i guess it looked like a heart attack
>To them i just kinda flopped over and grabbed my chest
>"I didn't do ANYTHING, he put his hand on me and i SHOVED HIM OFF" - Blondie
>"YOU probably did SOMETHING earlier to him in the BATHROOM ...SLUT" - Blondie
>Oh blondie, no don't start the name calling
>"WHO ARE YOU CALLING A SLUT MISS PRISSYPANTS, YOU HAD A SHOWER WITH HIM" - Birthday
>Too late
>"THAT's because he LIKES me BETTER, stop being such a BITCH" - Blondie
>"I BET you SLEEP with all the BOYS you invite over don't you SLUT" - Blondie

>Now blondie suddenly stopped screaming profanities at Birthday.
>This was only at the point at which Birthday's hands were firmly enclosed around blondie's throat
>And Blondie was getting throttled
>This wasn't nice throttling either
>I'm in horrible agony, so i assume glasses or homely will step in and fix this
>you know... any time now
>any time at all
>Nope, they're just staring
>Blondie at this point was now making the entire orchestral arrangement of sounds that you make when someone's choking you.
>Birthday is screaming all kinds of things like "HE COULD HAVE DIED" and "I'M NOT A SLUT" and "FUCK YOU, YOU'RE A BITCH"
>Normal girl things, you know

>Blondie is still getting choked though
>I guess i don't have a fucking choice do i
>I put my right arm out onto the tile floor
>Kinda lift my entire body up and swing around it like a pivot
>and i punch Birthday in the jaw
>she's not really as close as i'd like her to be
>I don't really connect properly, i doubt it even really hurt
>But she's surprised enough to be off blondie
>Goal completed, now i'm teetering out here on one arm
>Not going to end well
>I manage to get my punching hand down onto the tile before i crash into it
>It's a rough landing but i end up with my head somewhere warm and soft
>I'm pretty sure i'm lying sideways with my head on Blondie's stomach
>could be worse
>I absolutely can't move anymore, my back is killing me.

>Birthday screams a "WHAT THE FUCK" off in the corner
>I manage to irk out a "AGAINST THE RULES" really loudly
>I don't know what it sounded like, but i'm sure blondie was confused as fuck and birthday/glasses/homely understood.
>wasn't on my list to make blondie understand
>it's literally only been like 2 minutes since i made that rule
>but already someone tried to break it, for fuck's sake.
>i punctuate it with a
>"If anyone's strangling blondie..."
>I gotta catch a breath, i'm dying
>my back is searing white hot, just moving made it hurt a hell of a lot worse
>"It's going to be me"
>I chuckle to myself
>i'll strangle her later
>The other girls don't seem to be agreeing, there's a hell of a lot of gasping at my comment.
>oh come on, it was funny.

>They're making really worried sounds and homely keeps repeating "No" and "Ouch"
>It was a joke, i'm sorry.
>I try to make this clear to them in as few words as i can
>i'm interrupted by birthday, who isn't shouting at me anymore
>"No, your back"
>Oh, great, what now
>Probably have a tattoo or something, someone probably did it while i was sleeping.
>i fucking hate sleepovers.
>I'm brought back by imagining what the tattoo is of, by Homely describing a giant red swollen

welt, with what looks to be the beginning of a black and blue bruise in the middle.
>Oh, right i'm just gonna lie here for a bit longer
>Blondie's stomach is perfect for relaxing my head on anyway

>I can hear the girls in the background doing something
>Birthday seems to have decided we need to apply ice and stop it from swelling/getting worse
>The other girls agree
>I figure ice might feel better than this pain
>But i'm distracted by the realization i've got my head firmly on blondie's stomach, and facing what looks to be the waistband of her pants
>and that my weight has pulled the skin away from the waistband just enough for me to almost see inside.
>This mission has my utmost concentration, and through it i manage to stave off the pain
>Being a pervert has its benefits i guess
>Also she fucking owed me

>Eventually ice is applied
>It felt like [spoiler]You know what ice feels like anon[/spoiler]
>Hint: it was really cold if you forgot.
>and after a substantial amount of lying there in the kitchen
>Half on the floor, half on Blondie's stomach, with other girls fretting around us both and making sure we're ok
>It hurts quite a ton less
>You know back within pain ranges i can manage to describe to fellow anons
>[spoiler]Thousands of Bamboo shoots plunged through your skin at once, or the sensation accompanied by grabbing a pair of pliers and ripping a fingernail straight upwards[/spoiler]
>I hope you flinched
>Serves you right for reading my spoilers
>Point was it hurt really bad, but i could finally take it like a man.
>Sad part was i still never got a peek into her pants, i guess some things weren't meant to be.

>Eventually i get up
>seems my legs, arms, functioning decently
>I manage to prop myself up on a nearby cabinet and sit against it
>This really hurts, but i have enough motor coordination to hold the ice pack against my back while i do it.
>The ice seems to be really helping, i thank birthday for the wisdom.
>Blondie is still lying there like she's broken or something
>Guess she's just thinking and didn't want to move though,
>Eventually she gets up and sits directly across from me, her legs right beside mine and her toes halfway up my left thigh
>i'm feeling much less dead than i was before, that's a good thing i felt at the time.
>I point out to the group "I... made snacks"

>There's still something crunchy in a bowl, and various cups and what used to be a cold-bottle of soda on the counter.
>The three un-injured girls busy themselves pouring drinks.
>I guess its a welcome thing to busy themselves with

>Eventually drinks are properly poured and handed out to everyone
>Homely hands me a cup
>I try to hold it
>I can't stop my hands from shaking.
>I'm spilling soda everywhere
>I don't know why.
>Is it finally setting in that i was actually almost dead just a short while ago?
>Is it the pain?
>Did i really fuck something up back there?
>I'm feeling completely ashamed as homely stops my hands and holds them still
>She takes the cup and i feel hopeless again as she helps me drink some of it.
>[spoiler]That's a feel i haven't been over[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But being an american specially, its ingrained into us to feel like shit when we need to ask for help.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]No lie, its a part of our culture.[/spoiler]

>Homely helps me drink another third of the cup, complete with crooning and mama-birding.
>I've had enough of that real quick
>i tell them i'm going to try to stand up
>I do it all in one shot
>One leg, two legs, I'm on my feet
>They still seem to work and i'm not too shaky
>I would talk about how much it hurts, but you know already
>Plus i had to smooth this entire mess out
>Again
>Even though it's really not my fault
>And i should be the last person doing it.
>First step is blondie, i shout her name.

>She jumps, full body muscle tense, must have been lost in thought.
>She's now looking up at me, i'm sure from where she's sitting she can see how hard i'm white knuckling the counter to stay standing.
>"Apologize!"
>She starts stammering "I... i'm sorry i shoved you i di-
>Awe that's cute, but if she's going to apologize to me it better be on her knees.
>ideally with my pants off.
>"Not me, Birthday" , my tone of voice is flat, i've got no emotions but ow this hurts.
>She looks surprised.

>Not just surprised, that angry sort of "well fuck you too" surprised.
>"Why"
>I'm not dealing with this, we're not arguing
>I just use the oldest trick in the book to fix things
>"Because you owe me." , i've slanted my eyes downward at her angrily when saying this.
>Guilt

>Perfect acting.
>She's stuck between being angry at birthday, or feeling even worse about hurting me.
>She mumbles some sort of apology
>It's really quiet
>I'm glaring at her and i begin moving my mouth to say "louder"
>she seems to get the idea and repeat it again so that birthday can hear without me saying a word though.
>Birthday knows her part, she gives a curt "Apology accepted" and returns with her own apology about attacking her
>I say "Twice", and birthday looks at me confused for a second before adding an apology for the time she tied up blondie too.
>Blondie doesn't seem willing to accept these until i give her another glare.
>"I accept"
>she doesn't seem very happy about it.

>This is just the beginning, i spend the next five minutes forcing the girls to recount and apologize
>about every single conceivable little problem they've had with one another,
>or fight they've started this entire time.
>Its very cathartic
>I'm sure everyone feels slightly better than the actual anger less than 30 minutes before.
>Now i have the problem of sorting out everyone's feelings towards me
>Oh man this is gonna be great.
>Well that's what i'm thinking, but my hands are cramping and i just can't force myself to stand anymore.
>I guess my legs are shaking too, and from what i hear i had a grimace the entire time.
>Whatever it was, Blondie seems to realize i'm teetering upon collapse, and i find myself being supported with my arm over her shoulder and hers under mine.

>Its a welcome change and i can let go of the counter and lean on her instead.
>Because of the amount of clothing we were wearing, my arm was experiencing near full skin contact along her shoulder blades, and hers felt smooth and warm upon mine.
>It was comforting to say the least, but i still had to smooth things over with her myself
>Hell, all the girls had heard the screaming match
>They knew what i had done in the bathroom with birthday, and they probably thought it was a hell lot more than kissing.

>Alright i wasn't going to pussyfoot around this topic
>"I made out with Birthday in the bathroom."
>I say it loudly and clearly like i was some kind of confident stud
>I wasn't, this could backfire in so many ways it wasn't funny
>not to mention i'm pretty sure i couldn't even hope to curl into a ball and tactical roll out of here.

>I continue
>"She was topless, we had maybe 10 minutes together..."
>My voice is wavering, its a mixture of pain and my confidence slowly draining away as i'm watching the faces of the other girls
>Homely looks hurt, glasses looks sad, blondie just has a grim face on through the entire speech.
>I'm hurting inside and outside, but i've got to finish what i've started
>"It wasn't meant to hurt anyone, but blondie overheard us and it did..."
>On the words 'Blondie' and 'did', the girl in question pulled me closer with the arm she had under my shoulder.
>This stretched my back and really hurt
>i'd like to imagine she didn't know this though.

>I keep up with the speech.
>I'm dying little by little with each word though, my voice has lost its confidence entirely.
>I know this is going to kill me
>"I didn't mean to lead all of you on like that, it was unfair, and selfish of me"
>I couldn't read their faces anymore
>they were shimmering blurry wet blobs
>i think i was crying
>my back really hurt alright?
>[spoiler] i wasn't feeling guilty ok, don't judge me[/spoiler]
>"I don't blame any of you for being hurt, or angry..."
>on the word "angry" i'm pretty sure one of the girls gives off a snort like a raging bull.
>and i'm wearing hot-pink sweatpants.

>"But you didn't get your fair chance, and i want to make it up to you"
>I think my voice even cracked a little bit there, from the back pain of course.
>I'm done with my speech though, i sink a little on my knees and lean on blondie more.
>i figure if she's going to drop me, i might as well be ready for it
>I calculate atleast two full rolls before i'm overcome with pain and can't get away.
>I'm trying to decide in which position i want to take my deadly beating (i've decided i want to make some sort of heroic pose wherever i stop rolling on the floor)
>I'm interrupted by a voice from across the kitchen, it sounds like homely but i'm not looking up in that direction so i'm not sure.
>"Ten minutes, Each."
>N... not what i was expe-

>"Fifteen, Alone." That was blondie's voice right next to me
>It was cold and angry
>I might not get to choose which pose i die in after all.

>I'm not even able to interrupt before the girls are haggling amongst one another
>Fifteen minutes alone, Same amount of clothing as Birthday had or more.
>Then the kicker
>Birthday had to sit outside the door and listen, she could only stop it when 15 minutes were up.
>Because she had cheated and tried to hide it.
>Ouch
>Women man, i mean this sounds awesome and all but ouch
>Imagine if a group of guys got 15 minutes of "free time" each in a bathroom with a girl you were crushing hard on, and you were forced to listen.
>Yeah, thats fucking harsh.

>Women are truly all cutthroat conniving masters of emotional torture
>Poor birthday
>I'm actually speaking up to contest this kicker when birthday pops up with her opinion
>"That's fine by me" - Its dull, emotionless, no expression on her face.
>My lord, this woman is tougher than me
>May her heart rest in pieces at the bottom of her chest cavity. Rip.
>Maybe she just hates me, it would just be better that way.
>Either way, i wasn't much better off
>As long as this back hurt like this, i was definitely a broken man.
>The mind was willing, but the body was actually weak and bruised.

>I try to explain the amount of agony i'm in simply being held up by blondie in the kitchen
>They want none of it
>It's happening
>Thisisthegraveyoudugnowlieinit.psd
>I have the feeling that they're just angry at me and one another, and using this as a way to get even.
>I have the sneaking and very strong suspicion that the entire time they'll try to flaunt everything to the other women to get back at them.
>Even though they fucking apologized and accepted it and everything
>Why aren't they bros yet
>What ever happened to no hard feelings
>God they're truly evil creatures.
>They decide to play rock-paper-scissors for who gets first turn.
>Evil i tell you

>First round and Blondie gets rock with her free hand,
>Glasses does rock and homely does scissors.

>Last place thucka, take that.
>Second round
>They both pick Scissors
>Third round
>Scissors
>Fourth Round
>Scissors
>Really, come on now, two girls just Scissoring one another, who does that.
>There's probably children reading this story, keep it PG girls.
>[spoiler]If there are children reading this story i promise i won't tell your parents[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]if there are parents reading this story i promise i won't tell your children[/spoiler]

>You don't really care what the final results were, but Glasses won with her masterful ability to win every game she plays.
>It might be just one of those lesser-known superpowers.
>Whatever it was, i found her arm under my other shoulder and her taking weight off blondie.
>I'm then corralled and dragged off towards the master bedroom, with the others in tow.
>I glance at the clock as we go by
>4:15
>I sure hope i can survive the next 45 minutes
>That hope is instantly crushed as i realize exactly how painful it is to walk.
>I'm actually atleast 5-10% more dead by the time i get to the bedroom.
>I've got pain written all over my face, and i know glasses can see it.
>But she's got a straight face the entire time.

>We make it into the master bedroom and homely/blondie are locked outside.
>No eavesdropping for them
>I don't make it more than halfway into the room before flopping onto the bed
>I don't want to move anymore
>I ask if we can just do it here on the bed because its soft and i won't have to move, but i get a hard "No" from glasses.
>):
>I guess it's meaner if we don't let birthday watch, man that poor girl
>I get picked up again and dragged towards the bathroom
>I try to think up ways i can make it better for birthday
>I'm really hurting though, so i can't really think as well as i want to.
>I just come up with the plan of whispering something in her ear as i go into the bathroom
>Birthday is just standing there with a sad look on her face holding the door for us and looking at the clock.
>I get dragged nearby her, and i squeeze glasses for a second to get her to stop
>I lean over and whisper in birthday's ear
>"I fucked your mother"
>The last thing she sees is glasses' shit-eating-grin.

>The door slams behind us
>I hear various loud bangs in the other room

>I realize when we're inside that i did not put the words out that i wanted to put out
>Frankly i don't think i could have said any sentence in the world that would have possibly been worse.
>not a single one, not anything
>Glasses is almost giggling to herself, she definitely heard
>She's lowering me to the ground softly with the biggest smile on her face.
>She probably thinks my plan is great
>I don't have a plan
>She's probably going to painfully rape me
>Someone please tell me what my plan is
>and then i'm going to be killed as soon as i step outside.
>Anyone

>Glasses tries to lower me to the floor back-first
>I touch the tile and it stings HORRIBLY
>It's two seconds before i'm on my front pressing my cheek against the cool tiles.
>I'm really hurting all over, not as bad as earlier but i do not want to partake in sexytime.
>I try to make this clear "Could... we just not do anything?"
>This is a plea, a real, plea
>There's hope in my voice
>i'm internally screaming "come on glasses ill make it up to you later i promise".
>She's direct as always
>"Nope"
>Its loud, i know she's said it intentionally like that with glee in her voice
>There's more angry sounds outside the door
>Im so sorry birthday
>I'm preparing for whatever large phallic objects are going to be inserted into my body
>My mind isn't willing nor is my body ready, but i'm doomed
>I can't see what she's doing, but i know its coming.
>It's at that moment that i feel something cold, and very slimy squirt all over my back

>Now i'm just confused
>Atleast the Rape train is bringing lube, even if it doesn't have any brakes.
>I just brace for impact
>I feel a hand
>another hand
>She's got both her hands on my back
>It actually feels really nice, even if it's a tad tender
>She starts rubbing my back
>I get a whiff of whatever the cold liquid was

>It was lotion, she's giving me a backrub.
>Well it was a backrub until she rubs a little closer to the tender spot
>I let out an "auughh", its loud because it does really hurt.
>But her hands feel wonderful
>She responds with "How do you like that , big-boy?" and a soft (but very audible) moan of her own.
>Oh no glasses this is dirty

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11303026

>She continually alternates between firmly massaging my tense muscles, to lightly prodding the tender portion of my back.
>Each time she hits something that hurts, i can't help but let out a sound
>*Groan*
>"Ooohhh"
>"Hyummg"
>"Hoooough"
>Every time she makes me make one of these sounds, she responds with a sexy moan of her own.
>Sometimes its throaty and guttural
>Sometimes its shrill and more of a squeak
>Sometimes it was just a long exasperated gasp of contentment
>But it's always loud
>I feel terrible for doing this, but the massage feels absolutely amazing
>And it's definitely helping my back,
>Well until she runs out of lotion and her hands stop sliding so well across it.
>I take the bait

>I loudly state "It needs to be wetter", intentionally changing the pitch of my voice halfway through.
>I can almost hear her smiling
>Her voice echoes through the bathroom "I'm SoRrY i can't HeLp IT" , every letter with a singsong pitch.
>Oh man, i'm dying of guilty laughter on the inside.
>She does get more lotion though, and the awesome backrub continues.
>I'm really in backrub paradise and i'm fully into it
>i even start giving out tiny moans of my own when she's not even near anything sore
>It takes her a tiny bit more rubbing before she hands me a question on a silver platter.
>"Are you close?"
>I don't even respond in words, she gets a "mmmhhmmmmm" as loud as i can manage.

>Her pace intensifies, she's focusing more on my tender areas and working out the constricted knot of muscles from all the pain.
>I can't help it, i'm making every sound in the book, very close together.
>She's breathing loudly, she's letting out little tiny carefully planned sounds, squeaks, squeals, giggles.
>She's got a mental timer it seems, because eventually she just takes both hands and firmly presses into the tender spot i hit the counter.
>I let out a long, exasperated "Auuuuuuughhuhhuhhhghhh" and she matches it with the loudest most content sigh you'll ever hear.
>This woman is an evil mastermind.
>I love it.

>She seems to be counting in her head, so she helps me up and then moves me back to the toilet
>I then get draped one arm over it, the other hanging loose, and she makes a goofy smile at me.
>I get the hint
>I put on the dumbest most satisfied face i can
>She starts washing her hands, and is drying up as there's a knock at the door
>Birthday's voice is shrill as she announces time's up
>It's obvious she's trying to hide her emotions.
>The door opens and she sees Glasses just finishing washing her hands, and me in the corner with a goofy smile.
>I feel bad, i really do, but i enjoyed that far far too much.
>But its time for me to get up
>Miraculously i can stand and i don't fall down anymore, fucking miracles.
>I walk out of the bathroom on only my own two feet, and i lean over to birthday as we leave.
>Poor girl has a sad look on her face.
>ill fix that.
>"At Least with your mother, i was thinking of you the entire time"

>Well its not sad anymore
>That wasn't a compliment if any anons are confused.
>It's a mixture of quizzical and angry.
>I laugh, i force it to be a belly laugh and vibrate the air around me softly.
>This really hurts my back, but its worth it.
>The steam coming out of Birthday's ears is priceless, i can hear it hissing like a teapot in the background as i walk away and follow Glasses to the bedroom door.
>Next up is Blondie
>I remember i should ask Glasses to remove all sharp objects from the bathroom, but i can't get to her in time before the changing of the guards occurs.
>Blondie doesn't come in happily though

>The second she's inside she's got her hands on her hips
>I'm getting daggered via eyes again
>I need to come up with a cute name for that, Eyedags? Dageyes? The women use it so often i should just have it ready.
>She's firing the damn things at me, just know that.

>She's not one for talking this round, she just grabs my waist and drags me along with her
>Her hands go right where i really don't want them, and she even digs in a little
>It's all i can do from screaming as she shoves me towards the bathroom.
>Really just you had to grab me there you dick
>Blondie just struts into the bathroom ahead of me and stands there one hand on hip and a prim glare on her face.
>I'm wincing in pain as i limp over towards birthday at the bathroom door again
>She's furious, i get close to her again
>"Atleast she's got cute boobs, unlike yours"
>Before she can even realize what i've said, i've slipped out of her grasp as she grabs after me.
>I close the door behind me and lock it
>then i yell "LUMPY" right through it.
>The banging means its working

>I turn to face blondie
>I catch the corner of her mouth in a smile, she doesn't know what i'm doing but she enjoyed the compliment.
>I guess hearing your boobs are nicer than another girl's is pretty good
>I'm smiling, hopefully this won't turn out as bad as i hope it doesn't.
>Who am i kidding, i'm doomed.
>Alright blondie do your worst
>She's still just standing there
>One hand on her hip , the other leaning on the counter
>She's kind of scary
>She's just got this half smile on and glaring daggers at me.
>Yep, i'm doomed.

>It's a good many minutes later now
>i think we're having a staring contest.
>I think i've blinked multiple times
>She's definitely winning, i'm not sure what we're doing but i might as well try to start something
>I take a step towards her
>She takes a step back
>I take another step towards her
>She takes another step back
>She's still got the same expression on her face, i can't read her at all.
>Hmm, i sure hope this isn't one of those parts where i have to fight my evil female mirror clone.

>I continue the one step forward one step back routine with her until she's backed her way into the large shower stall and against the far wall.
>I take another step, she can't move, she doesn't move.
>Two more steps and i'm in the shower area with her
>She's not smiling anymore, well... she is but it's not a real smile.
>It's a shallow sad smile, the kind of one you put on when you realize something cool can't ever happen because the laws of physics just don't want to cooperate.

>It's not a happy smile, i'm really not even sure why i got closer to her if she's going to just look at me like that.
>I do take a couple steps closer though
>I'm within arms reach
>But i know better, i'm not going to initiate contact
>Instead i just put on a warmer smile than the one i was holding
>I guess i was giving a hurt smile, it made sense because her reaction hurt, and my back hurt, and i was doing a bad job of hiding both.
>We continue the staring contest from this position
>Eventually i get restless
>I take the safer route of building bridges and extend my hand, beckoning for hers.
>She shakes her head, a prompt and swift back and forth.
>Her smile is gone, she holds the slightest pout after this movement.
>I don't know what she wants from me.

>I ask the question, one word
>"Why?"
>I try to enforce as much intent and curiosity into it as possible
>I try to make it seem as non threatening as i can
>It's another full minute, i just hold my hand outstretched
>I know this sounds cliche, like i'm asking the girl to join me on a dance and i'll just stand there waiting for her to take my hand.
>But let me break the bad news
>[spoiler]Your arms aren't really meant to be held stretched out in front of you[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]When you see a character stretch out like that and hold it for more than 30 seconds[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]His muscles are fucking BURNING[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]He's dying, he's hiding it on his face but his arm feels like it's going to fall off.[/spoiler]

>After about a minute or two, i dropped my arm
>To her this probably looked like the invitation was over
>But to me, it felt like my arm was going to drop off
>Instead i switched to the other arm
>I can't even imagine how awkward this looked
>like on a list of giant fuckups that make you look like a massive loser, one of them is not being

able to hold your arm out for serious extended periods of time to woo the ladies.
>[spoiler]i felt like an awkward fucking child extending that other arm[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But my first arm really burned, and my back hurt, and the music was too loud, and i just wanted to go home.[/spoiler]

>Extending the other arm got another shake of her head though, i guess it was a reaction.
>I cautiously considered dropping the second arm and putting up the first again, maybe i could get another shake?
>I'm weighing the odds involved with that idea when she finally speaks.
>"It's alright, go sit down"
>w... what
>that mental thought must have broadcast across all female radio waves, because she gets the question and doubles down.
>"I know your back hurts, go sit down."
>There's nothing but soft compassion in her voice, i'm completely taken aback
>This was not the Blondie experience i had mentally prepared for
>Nor was it the one she wanted
>She was pulling one of those attention-seeking moments wasn't she, i knew it.
>I wasn't going to let this go unchallenged, i wasn't going to fall for it.
>"You were the one who asked for 15 minutes weren't you?"
>It's again genuinely curious and soft, i'm trying to keep from threatening her in any way.
>The answer is fast, almost too fast, like it was on her mind the entire time and she was just waiting for me to ask.
>"I don't deserve it"

>Well shit there's like a thousand things that could mean
>I know what it sounds like it means, but she's a girl remember, it doesn't mean whatever you think it means.
>The first and most likely is that she's digging for compliments, she's trying to trick me into feeding her a "No, of course you deserve it"
>Of course this could be exactly what she doesn't want to hear
> She could genuinely think that she doesn't deserve to spend 15 minutes alone with me because she's guilty for hurting me.
>Or both of those could be completely wrong and she wants another "Why", so that she can explain why she didn't deserve it and talk about herself more.
>Which in itself could just be another plea for attention
>Even more likely still, she could just be feeling bad for me and my back, and be lying and saying "She doesn't deserve it" to convince me to sit down and stop hurting.
>whereas in reality she wants my company for 15 minutes just as badly as the other girls did.
>That or she could just have not wanted to come in here in the first place, is only doing it to screw with birthday for choking her, and she doesn't want anything to do with me so she's making sure i don't do anything.

>It comes to mind that my girl translator is in the shop and i could really use it right now.

>I'm pretty sure all of those answers are a trap
>So i go with the safe option
>"Yes"
>There's one word for her facial expression
>Livid
>I knew i had made the right choice, all the others were traps but not this one.
>I had simply agreed with her, no harm in that.
>That's how it works right? Always agree with women and they'll love ya.
>Her teeth were slowly clenching
>Her eyes were boiling, i could see bubbles welling up
>I told you guys this was the perfect answer.

>I just let her stew a moment, i keep a calm peaceful smile on the entire time.
>I've got to try really hard to keep the expression on my face though, it's obvious she's going to try to murder me in mere moments.
>As she prepares the final step of her assassination attempt, bringing the scissors to the rope starting the rube-goldberg machine of Storybro-doom.
>I stammer "I... i mean of course i don't deserve it!"
>Target hit, the fire in her eyes is dead on "I don't deserve it"

>I keep the ball rolling though, i've got to if i want to get out of this alive
>"I mean it was incredibly kind of you to make it 15 minutes just for the other girls"
>She was lost now, i hadn't just misheard her and agreed
>I had misheard, agreed and complimented her kindness, while clearly stating she was being generous and superior to myself.
>I've got her stunned and confused, its time to throw the pokeball
>"Thank you, i'll go sit down"
>I'm spamming the B button as i turn away slowly
>I feel her hand grab mine.
>You've captured, Blondie.
>[spoiler]Do you want to nickname your pokemon? Y/N[/spoiler]

>I turn back to face her
>She's got a cute little smile on now, mischievous, much better than what she was wearing before.
>She's not looking me in the eyes though, she's just holding onto my hand with both of hers
>My little blondie can't possibly be this cute
>[spoiler]For those of you who don't understand what happened, the entire game is played with words, she wants you to play down her path and she'll judge you as you go[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] the only way to win is follow her path perfectly the way she wants you to (which is impossible) or make another path that you can't lose.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]So i insulted her, redirected the insult at myself to set her off guard, and then i complimented her in various ways, and tried to take her advice and treat it as kindness[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Because her goal was never to actually have me sit down, she stopped me[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Welcome to surviving women 101, enjoy your stay lonely anons[/spoiler]
>"I'm sorry"
>"I didn't mean it"
>Man i sure hope she said those and not me.

>Don't worry, she said it.
>With those words, she's established she was still interested and wasn't just doing it to spite the other women
>That in my book was no small victory, i was really out on a line there.
>I take my victory and advance bravely forward, placing one hand on her waist and pulling her two hands up along with my other.
>I drop one off on my right
>I drop one off on my left
>Why look at that miss, you've got your hands on the shoulders of a strapping young lad.
>I place my other hand upon her waist and we start dancing to a silent tune
>[spoiler]when i say dancing i mean we trip over one another's feet and fall out of the shower the second i try to make us dance[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]We were both white, i don't know what i was expecting[/spoiler]

>Either way, we're outside the shower on the ground and it's all giggles.
>[spoiler]Dancing isn't a thing you just know how to do, it takes actual effort and serious practice to get it at all.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Specially dancing with a partner.[/spoiler]
>I proceed to tickle her, citing her lack of tickling earlier as a negative that must be solved
>I've got my hands roaming where i want them, i even cop in a couple of feels of her breasts through her blue bra
>Soft and squishy if you must ask
>I keep this up for a minute before she asks me to stop, and i do.
>Because the one time stop always means stop is when you're tickling someone.
>I mean you can keep going, but don't expect to like the results anons.

>I take this as a hint to actually kiss her
>I take aim and fire
>I miss
>what
>how do you even miss kissing someone
>i try again
>She's dodging.
>I knew i wasn't that bad at kissing.
>Every time i come back up she's got her tongue out and is taunting me
>Whatever, i'll go for a more stationary target
>I get her bellybutton
>RASPBERRY
>I get about three seconds into it and she's giggling and squirming
>zeus i love making girls giggle, it's one of the best feelings in the world
>Unless its blondie
>Then she just knees you in the chest

>It's not hard, but it's enough to hurt
>"Oww, i swear Blondie"
>I'm playfully growling now
>I mean everything hurts, anyway, a little more chest pain ain't gonna make my back hurt any more or less
>Plus i expected it, i had my crotch not anywhere close to her legs.
>I swear i'm learning
>She's giggling up a storm though, but manages to squeak out an "I'm sorry!"
>I swear to god girl, next time i try to have my way with you, i'm tying you up first.
>i tell her this, it's too good a thought to waste
>She turns the same color crimson as the bath towel on the rack behind her
>Not just her cheeks, upper chest and all.

>Come to think of it, there's a pesky piece of clothing between me and her that i'd love to remove.
>I pull her forward off the ground a bit, and reach behind her.
>Her eyes tell me she knows what i'm going to do, her smile tells me it's ok.
>But her mouth itself, it tells me "No, Against the Rules"
>Well fuck the rules

>I place my fingers one above and to the left, one below and to the right.
>I twist, just like i did earlier with Birthday
>I remove my hand thinking the deed was done
>Wait a second, it's still on her shoulders, there's no slack in the line.
>"One second" I interrupt our intimate moment by flipping blondie over and looking at her back.
>I need to know why i failed, why my troops returned empty handed.
>Velcro, my mortal nemesis
>It's alright, i can see what i'm doing, i've got this
>I start fumbling with the clasp
>I'm holding her up with the other hand, velcro with one hand isn't possible anons.
>There's a knock on the door
>Time's up.
>FUCK
>It's been 15 minutes already
>We wasted far too much time just doing nothing):

>I get up and lift blondie to her feet
>She's a little tussled
> i sort out her hair so it's not a mess and toss her a comb to fix the rest,
>I'm obviously taking too long because the banging at the door is telling me birthday thinks we're cheating
>We open it
>Birthday is mad
>She's mad at me, she's mad we locked the door, she's mad at everything
>I just take my fingers and draw perfectly round circles in the air while looking at her.
>I then crabtunnel my way out of her reach and across the room
>It's the changing of the guard again Blondie for homely.
>However unlike glasses, blondie gives me a public kiss of affection on the cheek as she leaves, plain for everyone to see.
>Territory marked i guess
>Homely doesn't seem phased, she's cool and collected, a smile on her face.
>I really don't like her smile

>I couldn't help it though, i needed to use her as a wall between me and birthday to get into the bathroom.
>I hugged Homely the entire way across, making sure she was always between me and

birthday
>i really hoped homely was willing to cooperate with my dangerous plan
>only one way to find out
>when we get past the Birthday demon guarding the gate to the forbidden realm...
>I shout
>"Bigger is always better!"
>and i grab a fistful of Homely's breasts through her shirt and wink at birthday.
>It takes both of us to slam the door closed and get it locked
>Thank god homely was on board, that poor girl outside was ready to explode.
>She was having the best birthday ever.

>On second thought, i've just locked myself inside this bathroom with homely
>For 15 minutes
>It can't be that bad
>I'm atleast SL130
>i got this
>I retreat backwards to the middle of the room
>I take a bow
>I step forward slightly with arms outstretched and ask "Well! what is it?"
>She seems unfazed, i'm worried she knows something i don't.
>"Take off your pants"
>...
>....
>[spoiler]Its a hacker, i've already lost[/spoiler]

>"R... rules?"
>This comes out as an awful high pitched voice-cracking question
>"They only apply to me, not you."
>The level of confidence in her tone of voice is astounding, she's completely serious
>She's had 30+ minutes to think about this
>Why didn't i think this was a threat
>I don't know how to escape this
>In terms of actual thought processes they all shut down
>I just kind of shut up and take off my pants
>I've got those girl's light blue boxers underneath
>My brain turns back on in time to realize this is the last female i want to be undressing in a bathroom with.
>I retort with the best i can think of at the time, which is trying to embarrass her into inaction.
>"Alright, your turn"
>I keep a straight face the entire time
>She just shakes her head and says "Nope"
>Haha, i win!
>"You get to do it."

>...
>I'm not getting out of this alive.
>This is what i get for trying to help birthday and using homely as a prop
>I asked for this
>*shrug*
>Plan C?
>I pretend that i'm alright with her plan and walk forward a couple steps before doubling over in pain.
>My back doesn't hurt that much anymore, but she doesn't know that
>I take a knee, and feign excruciating pain
>"She's not having any of that either, before i even realize what's going on she's calling me a "Poor baby" and shoving one of her bare breasts in my face.
>"Suck this, mommy will make this all better"
>Hold the fuck on
>This isn't even hot
>This is like some shitty dialogue from an awful hentai
>I'm pretty sure that's where she's learned this, i can't comprehend the thought processes she's having.
>Who does something like this
>I fall back onto my hands and butt and i'm physically trying to lean as far away from her as possible
>I have one question on my mind
>"Why are you doing this?"
>I am worried, not just for myself, but for whatever Apollo forsaken reason she's coming onto me like this.
>She has one answer
>"Because the other girls won't"

>Hold the fuck on homely
>That's not how it works
>I know exactly what she's doing and i would be an absolutely horrible person if i let it go through
>[spoiler]As i've said before, homely has an absolutely awful personality, and although she's moderately attractive, i can't stand her, nor do i like her body type.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]She backstabs others constantly, belittles insignificant flaws in friends and is just generally a horrible spoilsport.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]She's not the best looking and she has an awful personality, so she's a very ugly person overall[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]As a result, she gets very little attention from males, to the extent at which she's found very few ways to express herself properly to attract the attention of them[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Earlier in the sleepover she was aggressive, but rather tame, i showed her no affections and her attempts to earn them failed[/spoiler]

>[spoiler] But she begins acting lewd and she gets my attention, notice the pattern[/spoiler]

>Through me entirely, she's learned that the way to stand out from the group and get attention is to act more or less a total slut.
>She's got no redeeming qualities otherwise
>She's trying to compete with all the other girls strictly on the field of sex
>While ignoring the fact that every single one offers me something more.
>She's acting this way entirely from things she's watched, she has no clue what she's actually doing besides seeking attention.
>I might hate homely, but i would be an absolutely shit person if i threw her to the ground and fucked her brains out right here.
>Was the penis willing? Of course, but the guilt would kill me afterwards.
>That's shamelessly reinforcing a whore's mentality for a lifetime, just to get my dick wet once.
>[spoiler]The sad part is that many anons would just do it, i guess it's your choice, but i couldn't[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]This is every camwhore thread on /b/, most male/female threads on soc, and various other examples in every other place you can imagine[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Why do you think they show tits? cock? Because they feel they have nothing going for them but sex appeal[/spoiler]

>Mind you this was not a light decision
>If you could quantify the force my penis was exacting upon my mental capabilities it would be counteracting huge swaths of logic.
>My crotch was actually creating anti-gravity fields, lifting me off my feet and dragging me across the room towards her.
>The mere fact this happens in males is my one biggest hatred of us as a species, but its something i can't fix.
>Somehow i managed to come to the above conclusion while hovering across the room
>When i looked up, Homely was untying the knot in her pants

>"Storybro" - This was her saying my full name
>She had a searching look in her eyes, i knew she wanted me to look at her.
>She waited until my eyes were drawn to where her hands were, slipped lightly into the waistband of both sides of her pants.
>She started sliding them down
>I saw her lower navel, the V crease that all women had just started to appear
>"Stop"
>I don't know how i said it, my heart was beating a thousand miles a minute
>I was so ready to just let go of logic and go for it, but that little voice on the inside was screaming otherwise.
>He's the guy who reminds you that you have standards for a reason, that you'll fuck anything but standards let you live with yourself in the morning.
>I would regret this, long before it was morning again.

>So i just blurted it out
>"Give me a reason, and i will"

>She pauses everything, all motion
>I can see her thoughts flowing back and forth
>"Don't you want to?"
>She said it in the most teasing way possible.
>Its the question i dreaded
>Gods yes woman i want to
>But it would be empty, meaningless
>"It needs to be special"
>Those were the words i picked, the ones that mixed everything i could into a package as easy to understand as i could
>I knew i was being a hypocritical fuck, if this was any of the other girls i would take them without even asking that question.
>But i could safely say each one of them was different, and had more to offer me than sex.
>That was the difference.

>"Aren't i special?"
>That's not what i mean woman and you know it
>My penis and you are making this far more difficult than it needs to be.
>"If we have sex, what else will we give to one another besides sex?"
>I'm pretty sure it came as some sort of heckling, trying to demand more out of the deal
>I felt really bad, but i tried to pretend it was easy enough to understand.
>"We could do it as much as you want~"
>hnnnnnnggggg
>Lord Ares, grant me strength to overcome
>"It needs to MEAN something, ANYTHING"
>In my mind i'm trying to rationalize and agree with everything i'm saying
>It's like the very fibers of my mind are losing tautness
>"I don't want to just have empty sex with you"
>I'm actually struggling to get these words out now
>I'm making exceptions, i just gave her a reason to come back later whenever she figured out what empty means.
>I'm losing faith in my ability to resist, i'm not going to last any longer in here.
>I've got one backup
>Plan F
>I force myself to look away from homely and i step into the shower
>Turn the tap all the way to cold and stand under the showerhead

>Its freezing, but i stand there for atleast a full minute and endure the cold
>I finally turn it off and step out, homely is still standing where i left her, but she seems to have her clothes back in order.

>Her breasts are no longer showing and her pants are pulled up and properly tied.
>I'm freezing
>I've got goosebumps all over and i'm shivering endlessly
>I grab a towel, wrap it around myself and sit down on the toilet to try to regain some senses in my skin
>I stare over at homely again, she seems to be back to her sassy attitude
>I can tell because her hands are on her hips again
>"Just tell me what you want me to do and i'll do it"
>This isn't a pleasing seductive tone, she's being bossy.
>I can even sense a large helping of angry in her voice
>I guess that's what i get when i turn down sex and tell her she's not making it special.

>"Listen there's probably a reason i could like you, i just haven't found it yet"
>I'm being brutally honest
>This isn't going to end well
>"I need to find it first, alright?"
>She seems actually to accept this response
>I'm not going to pretend to know what was going on in her head
>I've probably escaped with my life, somehow navigated the minefield.
>[spoiler]I'm sorry anons, the conversation you're reading here about the bathroom is just an approximation of what i kinda remember[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]i can't remember anything but the intentions and eventual conclusions of this event, just zero recall.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]so if the dialogue sounds like a shitty fanfic, that's because i can't fucking remember what anyone said, and i think it's because i had a raging boner the entire time[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The moral and premise are there though, i don't fuck homely because there's no point besides sex, and i don't want that[/spoiler]

>I just end up sitting there shivering for another 3-4 minutes.
>Homely doesn't do anything, really we've passed the point of anything and just joined the awkward wait for it to end.
>Eventually there's a knock and we unlock the door and leave
>Well homely leaves
>I'm hiding in the shower, i know i'm going to get attacked by birthday
>But i can't see her, so i don't know where she is
>I do see as all the way across the room homely has left the master bedroom
>I make a run for it
>I exit the bathroom ready to dodge to the left
>Birthday is on my left
>I don't have a plan for this, i duck and roll
>this hurts like hell
>i'm up, i jump, land on the master bed and do atleast four frontflips
>I then land in front of the door to the amazement of Blondie and glasses standing there

>Haha! i've succeeded
>I slam the door in their faces and lock it

>Time to wrestle the bull
>I must have looked hilarious to Birthday from across the room or the girls in the hall.
>Ran out of the bathroom wet and wearing only a freezing pair of soaking underwear.
>Flew across the room and closed the door, locking myself inside with her.
>But she wasn't down for hilarity
>She was about as angry as i could have got her
>I've got the bed between me and her, so i move around the room until its just me and the birthday girl.
>She's got fire in her eyes, every time she breathes she gives off steam, even her shoulders are hunched.
>All her body language screams her being furious at me.
>She runs at me head first
>Hits me right in the stomach
>This kinda hurts
>I go down
>she goes down on top of me.
>this really hurts
>Next come her fists.

>She tries to reign in a flurry of blows on my face
>But punches aren't hard when they're coming from people who don't know how to fight and are much lighter than you.
>i fought before, I knew how to win.
>I just grab her forearms and hold them outstretched
>This means she's got nothing holding her up above me, and she falls flat to my chest, her head beside mine.
>Now for the plan
>Well... it wasn't much of a plan
>i'm pretty sure it would either work, or i wouldn't be able to work anymore.
>I whisper in her ear
>"Ello Love"
>I put on my smoothest british accent for this, gotta play the part.
>Her response was a gruff and angry "Let go of me"
>Not what i wanted, but i could improvise.
>"What-cha thinkin bout?"
>I make sure i put emphasis on every syllable
>Her response was quick and to the point, with the same gruff voice as earlier
>"Hurting you."

>Perfect
>"What about when i was in the bathroom with Glasses?" - Me
>"That you were a jerk, i hated what you said"
>"Blondie"
>"they're not LUMPY you asshole!"
>"Homely?"
>"I was just imagining how i could punch your smug little face to make it collapse just right"
>There was an interesting amount of glee in the last comment
>I take the chance to roll her over, we end up me on top holding her forearms down still and staring her down.
>She struggles a bit but can't move
>Her eyes are still radiating cold heat like a viper just waiting to strike

>She's staring at me silently, knows i'm thinking something but she can't see what yet
>I had her fuming at me for nearly 50 minutes straight, edging and fanning the flames every chance i could get.
>She was absolutely furious, to the point at which every thought had to do with punching me in the face or on how much of an asshole i was being
>This was a bad mistake initially, but halfway through the back massage i had realized how useful it could be.
>You see the girls had done the mean thing, they had set Birthday up in a situation where all she could do was listen to neotare bullshit and get jealous.
>But she wasn't jealous
>She was angry at me
>Instead of tearing her heart into pieces every time she heard a giggle or moan from the bathroom, she wasn't listening, she just wanted to punch me more.
>This girl's heart was boiling, not broken three times over.

>Atleast i hoped that's what was going on
>It made more sense in my head, but in my head was where i was at the time trying to make it all fit together like a puzzle.
>I figured cooling her off was easier than putting her back together again
>So i asked her a question i knew would throw her off my trail
>Give her a chance to drop a little of the anger.
>I asked if she wanted to take her turn now, or later.
>She gave me multiple looks, Hatred, a smile, and then she openly questioned if i was fucking with her.
>The door was locked
>She had fifteen minutes if she wanted it.
>"Now"

>It started off great, i had her pinned so i stole a kiss
>or two
>or three
>I'm not sure at exactly how long one kiss becomes multiple kisses, but let me assure you it was plenty of them.
>Her eyes were burning, the flames were still there from earlier
>But she was kissing me back
>Hot
>It didn't take long for one of my hands to start roaming
>Upper shoulder
>The smooth shape of her collarbone
>The foothills of her upper chest
>IT didn't take long for her to realize her arm was free and hook me in the right shoulder with a hard jab either

>I rolled off of her clutching it
>Her advantage
>She was on top now
>She straightens herself up and straddles me properly, skirt flowing off to the sides
>Between my boxers and her panties, there were very thin layers of cloth separating us
>She reminds me of this with a long firm grind, once top to bottom
>She repositions again and bounces... once... twice... three times
>My hardness against her softness
>It's a lovely sensation, it's hot, my underwear is soaking wet, and it's the perfect amount of pressure to make my penis feel loved.
>But she was still wearing a tad too many articles of clothing for my taste.

>I make this clear to her in a whisper
>The response
>"Pick Two"
>I thrust against her softly at this revelation and move up to meet her in another kiss
>Of course the kiss has a secret motive
>Good ol righty sneaks around the back and lowers the drawbridge
>Two fingers, good as a snap and the bra is unhooked
>Not-velcro, that's the best kind.
>In moments the bra's off, i've unleashed the beasts.
>I move one hand to her right breast
>It's warm, soft like a bag of pudding and absolutely impossible not to play with.
>[spoiler]I think i've made this comparison already[/spoiler]

>I end up tweaking her nipple softly as i return to kissing her
>We're playing tug of war with our tongues, there's no friction, no line in the sand, but the grappling and pulling is all there.

>she's moved on to tasting like an apple tart without sugar, bitter but slightly sweet
>I continue the kiss until i decide it's my turn to be on top again
>I pull back, and push forward again and get a grip on her shoulder with my teeth
>I bite
>she falls back
>I'm on-top, she's got her legs open and i'm between them
>I'm still nestling myself against her, it's heavenly
>I let her know how much i'm enjoying it with a thrust
>Even though its just cloth on cloth, she gasps
>I give her another
>and another
>Her mouth stopped closing
>Her breath is always ragged.

>I force her fully onto her back, grab both her legs and squeeze them together infront of me.
>This puts her bum in tantalizing view, but i've got other plans.
>I grab the hem of her underwear and slowly slide it off
>She can keep the skirt
>I roll it up and off her upright legs and toss it to the side
>I don't even look down, i know she's mine for as many minutes as the lock holds.
>I spread her legs and lean back in for another kiss
>She locks ankles behind me and squeezes her thighs
>I'm forced roughly against her, boxers barely containing the sensation.
>It feels absolutely astounding, a warmth is seeping through the underwear that wasn't present before
>i'm in heaven, really

>I lean backwards and start to take off my boxers and i'm looking around for where the parents probably keep the condoms.
>I find her hand on mine
>She's stopping me
>I'm confused
>I look up at her
>There's a strange sadness in her eyes, i don't understand one bit
>"We can't"
>w... what wait a second hold on , "let me go get a condom it'll be fine"
>She shakes her head
>I THOUGHT THE COLD WAR WAS OVER

Update #10 : April 13th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11321229#p11321581

>I'm staring blindly at Birthday's face, not really seeing anything.
>I can't read her own emotions, mine are overpowering them.
>Now i know i must have just misheard the catastrophic miscommunication that just went down
>There's absolutely no way the words "We can't" just came out of a wet and willing female
>In my entire lifetime of anime, television and movie experiences this shouldn't happen.
>When you excite a girl she's putty in your arms, that's how it works right?
>There's no media i'd ever seen where she was into it and completely unwilling.
>But sadly... as is the case in most of this story.
>Life is not like anime.
>[spoiler] or in many cases anons): [/spoiler]
>[spoiler] There's a thousand and one reasons women will let themselves get close but won't go farther.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Regret, more self control than you, or just plain catholicism[/spoiler]

>Whatever the reason, i was a self centered male.
>my ego was shattered
>There was no reason we should stop, i saw no logical idea in my head that would even remotely make sense as to why i'd failed.
>For some unknown reason i was not copulation material, and that hurt.
>Physically as i had what can only be considered an unstoppable force in my boxers, and they were trying to stop it.
>And mentally i was picking up the shattered pieces and cutting myself on the edges.
>This is where the questions start
>"Why?"

>Anger in my voice maybe, hurt, confusion
>In the bathroom i had chalked it to not enough time, or too public an area of the house.
>Here i couldn't see any excuses, but it could still be a myriad of things she wasn't telling me.
>I don't get a response
>just those sad eyes and a shake of the head
>I always wondered if in some futuristic reality this kind of moment would ever change.
>where if you could hook up and feel every emotion and sensation your partner was feeling at the time, one of you would cave.
>Maybe you'll get to experience that someday anons, but today was not that day
>I had to change her mind myself
>I asked the worst question possible, saying instead of doing.

>"Can i change your mind?"
>I'm full of intent, staring her deeply in the eyes and moving my left hand down her side
>and towards the expanse below her skirt.
>She softly grabs my wrist and stops me, dragging it and placing it back at her waist.

>There's not many ways you can respond to that
>Maybe she's not warmed up yet or something
>i'm still latched to the idea that it's my fault.
>I mean it was wasn't it?
>Not enough foreplay, not enough tender attention on my part.
>I lean into her again, connect my lips with her neck and suck on it softly
>She gasps
>I press my hips forward and grind just the tiniest bit
>She softly releases air, the tiniest hint of vocal emanations from it.
>These are good sounds, i know these are good sounds
>I know that if i'm straining hard to resist, she must be straining just as hard.
>I know she's struggling internally, i just have to get her to give in.
>This plan's going to work i know it.

>I try to take a dive, i grab her waist and begin lowering my head downwards.
>I figure i can try eating her out, i haven't been unlucky with that yet and maybe she'll enjoy it enough to...
>I don't make it far before she realizes what i'm doing
>She grabs my hair
>I'm forcibly yanked upwards
>This isn't a soft tug of my hair, i'm pretty sure she actually rips a couple strands out
>She's holding my face stationary above hers, maybe an inch, maybe two.
>All i can see are her eyes, they're actually twinkling in the light
>I'm worried she's crying, but as far as i can tell her cheeks are dry
>She yanks me sideways, i'm sure tears are in my eyes.
>Having your hair pulled is just one of those things that really hurts
>I get a kiss on my cheek, then quickly pulled back to my earlier position.
>"No."

>She lets go of me and gets off her back
>I know what that word means, i know what her tone means.
>It means there's nothing i can do to change her mind.
>She's sitting now, legs folded cleanly under her, knees facing me.
>My eyes are drawn to her skirt, her two hands smoothing out the creases as it billows out around her.
>It comes to my mind that i didn't even look
>How fucking stupid could i be, i thought she was mine, in the urgency it didn't even cross my mind.

>Her breasts are still uncovered though, i get back to staring at them while plotting my next move.
>This is where the pleading starts.
>I start the process in my head, maybe if i beg, maybe if i grovel she'll let me
>I realize that this was pathetic
>an appeal to an emotional side of her that probably wasn't receptive at the moment.
>Not to mention pathetic.
>Maybe she was just that angry with me, this was revenge.
>Really fucking pathetic.
>I had no way of knowing, i couldn't read her over the thoughts in my head, so i just gave up.

>I just fell to my back and went back to my favorite passtime, staring at the ceiling.
>I didn't want to just burn all bridges and go completely autistic though, so i threw a question out after a moment or two.
>"What do you want me to do?"
>I wasn't being soft, sincere, angry, or questioning. I was all business, a demand even.
>I had even crossed my arms above my head and was using them as a support as i stared angrily at what seems to be my favorite ceiling in the house.
>I wasn't looking down, but i knew that the tent in my boxers was a monument that she and i both knew existed.
>Not that she seemed to care.
>"Nothing"
>Ouch, that word hurt
>I knew whatever was going on here was over for some reason i didn't understand.
>The worst part? The spiderbros were gone, off making webs somewhere for the night.
>I had no allies in my time of need.

>I'm back to not giving a shit i guess, there's an army of men screaming inside me.
>I'm falling quickly into angry.
>Not really true anger, but that mood where you lash out at others to hurt them because you feel hurt.
>Who is she to lead me on and end it here?
>I'm thinking intrusive angry things, calling her angry names, intentionally trying to break the heart that i had tried to keep together earlier.
>I don't act on them directly, i just take the beta route.
>"Where did i screw up?"
>She's got an instant response, she was expecting this question, always a bad sign.
>"Nowhere"
>She pauses, i see her out of the corner of my vision staring at me.
>Probably my crotch, it's the tallest object in the room right now
>"I'll... finish you off"
>Thank fucking Eris goddess of chaos.

>She crawls over to me
>I watch her breasts the entire way, nothing like a girl's breasts pointing nipples-to-the-floor and swaying the entire way.
>Reminds me of the soft swaying of a ship on rough seas.
>She's eventually got me crotch in grabbing range, leas' we're going to get some action started.
>X Marks the spot, come get it.
>About fucking time, i'm just frustrated, ripping at the sails at this point.
>I've had a constant on/off erection for about 40 minutes now.
>All i wanted to do was find some worthy wench to deposit a load into
>Pirates booty denied, i guess i could accept a bit of a suck on the ol' bottle.

>Except she starts with her hands
>One hand above the boxers, one below.
>This can't be anything but good.
>Oh how wrong i was
>She was pulling far too hard, i was wincing, she was rubbing the cloth roughly against it
>I completely forgot that this girl had no clue how to give handjobs
>I think "No clue" was an understatement
>This was like first time using chopsticks no clue
>This was like first time giving a handjob with chopsticks that you've never used before today no clue
>I was getting an Indian Ropeburn Mark II
>I'm actually making those sounds the velociraptors make in jurassic park internally
>Even a couple externally
>She's not getting the hint.
>Fuck the sounds coming out of my throat would fit in 40 million years ago

>It was like she lit me up, grabbed my monkey and started to go.
>She was trying to start a fire, her hands were cold as ice.
>It's making me tired, like a rerun of Miami Vice
>I want to walk away, fuck this whore.
>I want Homely to open the door.
>I'm on the floor, making sounds like a dying dinosaur.

>It doesn't take me long to stop her
>completely
>the words "You are hurting me" do not even begin to explain to her the pain she was causing
>I could be bleeding for all i know, i don't even look
>I now realize i have the daunting task of teaching this girl how to give me a handjob
>I don't know where to start
>Basic human anatomy maybe
>She might be missing a couple important bits, like the ones where it being "Attached" was important.
>I'm mulling over how to explain this when she interrupts my thoughts
>"I can try my mouth?"
>Oh right that's a thing
>Yeah go ahead, it can't be worse than the handjob
>Oh boy, i should really stop saying that.

>There's quite a few things that i neglected to explain about blowjobs earlier
>Mostly because the previous girl to give me one had been more or less drunk, horny and was given no choice but to actually take it throat deep.
>Now birthday started with kissing.

>Anons that have had blowjobs know what kisses feel like
>They look hot as fuck, but don't really feel like ANYTHING.
>The hand she's using to hold your penis upright to kiss it is stimulating you more than the kiss itself, and that hand isn't even moving.
>I didn't want hot, i had hot for hours, i was stuck in a full household of hot.
>I just wanted to get off

>You know that feeling, i decide i need to take things into my own hands
>Literally
>i wrap one of my hands around the base and start stroking slowly while she's kissing and softly pressing her lips across the thing
>She seems to decide my hand is in the way
>Because she grabs it and softly pulls it off
>I'M TRYING TO HELP WOMAN
>Door's stuck
>PLEASE
>I BEG YOU
>She returns to doing absolutely nothing but torturing me.
>[spoiler]We're dead[/spoiler]

>I hint that she should put it IN her mouth
>that's how blowjobs work after all.
>I figure it would feel better than the kisses
>She seems to acknowledge this request and pulls back up again
>She puts the tip in your mouth
>Now if she had sucked it i woulda said sucked it ,but it's just in her mouth
>[spoiler] now about those things you need to make a blowjob actually feel good and not just like your dick is wet[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Number one, Suction. If she's not closing the gap and applying suction, you're going to feel barely anything[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Number Two, friction, Lips, or throat action usually. Absolutely no teeth (unless she really knows what she's doing). Cheeks don't actually count.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] For friction to work, you also tend to need movement[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] Number Three, Tongue action. It can make or break a blow, trust me[/spoiler]

>Now birthday was doing none of these things
>No suction
>Her tongue was sitting at the bottom of her mouth
>She wasn't taking me very deep at all, really mouthing the top 1/7th or so.
>The only thing she was doing right was not biting me
>But i did feel a couple scrapes with her upper jaw (which happens sometimes)
>Luckily that's usually not that jarring, so i had to give her a little bit of credit.

>I decide to try to instruct her to do it better
>Remember you can't just tell people they suck at blowjobs.
>If they suck, they're atleast doing the right thing.

>So i try to hint at various things she can do
>Suction, she manages to get a bit of a seal going and i see her lips pucker inwards.
>Tongue, She manages a bit of a weak effort at rolling it around the tip, better than nothing.
>Lips and movement, She's going back and forth, still not very far but its a start.
>Depth, now this one was tough she wasn't taking kindly to my requests to put more of it in her mouth at a time.
>I have to practically beg and plead with her to get more of it in her mouth
>I wasn't even against begging at this point
>It takes her a bit, but eventually she relaxes enough to get about halfway down (a little farther)
>It feels much better than when she started. i might be able to enjoy this.
>But she pauses
>She just doesn't move for a couple seconds
>I take my hands and gently press her downwards, trying to get just a little more length inside her mouth
>She gets about half an inch further before she gives a cough and i let go
>She quickly pulls her mouth up and off, sits up completely.
>Horribly confused and distraught look on her face.
>"I can't do it, you smell like my dad"

>Of course, of course the soap belonged to her dad.
>Its like the gift of bad-decisions in bathroom products that keeps giving.
>I'm completely done with her, mood fucking ruined
>i just walk over to my boxers and pick them up and put them back on
>She's sitting there in the middle of the floor
>Just sitting on her folded legs, skirt flowing around her, she's still beautifully attractive but i can't handle this.
>I'm now hovering next to her, trying to decide what to do.
>I end up picking up her panties from next to her and strutting off to the bathroom
>I don't bother closing the door, she can watch if she wants
>I take a good look at the cloth i hold in my hands, soaking wet spot right in the middle of the crotch.
>I drop my boxers, get a firm grasp and start stroking

>I take the panties and press them against my face, might as well
>The wet spot is cold but it warms up quickly
>It smells like a stronger more direct version of the musky sex-smell that was permeating the

other room.
>The fabric smells like freshly washed socks
>The juices smell tart, sour, they have the slightest fruity aroma and a much more overpowering musk like light sweat.
>I contemplate how hard i want to bend birthday over and fuck her brains out.
>I'm really imagining rough, dirty, kicking, screaming sex.
>I pretend she's not resisting, but in my mind she is.
>It doesn't take long, i blow a load all over the toilet, because into the water would be too easy.
>The imagination is better than the real thing i guess.

>I use the crotch of her panties to clean up the mess i've made
>Until they get washed, these babies are ruined, smears and trails of various juices across all of them.
>Learning from my past mistakes, i'm very thorough, no more bathroom explosions thank-you-kindly.
>I turn around to find Birthday standing, leaning against the doorframe and silently watching.
>I walk over to her and ask her , out of kindness and not-being-a-jerk more than anything
>"Do you want me to get you off?"
>Silence for a bit
>"No... i'll do it myself"

>They weren't really words, it was like an exasperated sigh of defeat
>Now she knew what i was feeling
>I held out the panties and used my other hand to force her to grab them.
>"They're ruined, you won't be able to wear them now..."
>I tried to imply a couple things with this sentence, i hope she realized which ones.
>I retreat to the bedroom again leaving her holding the cloth limply in her outstretched hand
>I'm still watching her out of the corner of my eye when i say
>"I'll owe you a Do-over, when we're both ready"
>I tried to shift as much blame to myself as i could to make her feel better.
>Her hand tightly squeezed around the underwear.
>I just put on my sweatpants and leave.

>I closed the door behind me
>to my surprise, none of the girls were out here eavesdropping
>I was fully expecting to have to fight them away from the door to give birthday some privacy
>I didn't feel very good about myself leaving her like that, but what else was i supposed to do
>She didn't seem to want my involvement at all, it was best to leave her alone to think....
>She was probably going to fap though
>I mull this thought with endearment as i tromp off, fully expecting at any corner to be mugged by angry women.
>Nobody in the Living Room
>Nobody in the Kitchen

>I check the guest room
>Raven still sleeping peacefully in there, no other girls
>I guess they're in birthday's room again
>Sure enough, the door is closed
>I don't just barge in though, i knock softly three times.
>"Come in~"
>It was blondie, that was her sing-song voice
>But it wasn't her singsong voice
>i hadn't even opened the door yet and i was worried.

>I open the door
>[spoiler]get on the floor[/spoiler]
>All three of them are still wearing what i saw them last wearing, i guess that was good.
>They all have fake smiles on though
>That's not good
>Really fake smiles
>"Hey there Man of the hour, got plenty of action didn't ya?"
>This was glasses, and was punctuated with a wink
>What in Loki's name have i walked into.
>Blondie and Homely are just staring me down with genuinely terrifying fake smiles.
>I'm preparing to start tactically rolling away when Homely asks a question
>"You must be tired from all the action you got with us, i hear Glasses got the farthest~"
>Nope nope nope nope, i had walked into a trap i knew it
>They're trying to get me to reveal information about what happened in each room
>I ain't playin this game, i know what they're doing
>I avoid answering, but the other two are straight to business
>"What did you do with Birthday after you had her all riled up?" - Blondie
>"I bet she gave you that bruise on your shoulder" - Glasses
>I look down at my shoulder, there is indeed a red spot where i was punched, but no bruise.
>I didn't realize she had hit me that hard

>I told them the truth
>"We attacked one another and fought, neither of us walked away happy"
>It was the truth, i was completely sincere
>I guess it passed the sincerity test because nobody seemed to question it, but i had to question them next
>"What have you girls been talking about in here?"
>I try to make it an innocent question
>there's no way to make that an innocent question
>Blondie obliges and begins spewing information
>"Everything!"
>W... well that was informative
>"Glasses told us all about her kissing techniques, Homely said she got you to go the farthest

with her, did you really let her see it!?"
>Blondie is saying these things like its some kind of joke
>Or like its empty gossip
>I mean that's how she's phrasing it
>But each word is dripping with jealousy
>They've been sitting here lying to one another the entire time about what happened in the bathroom.

>I'm not playing this game, i can't win
>I say one word "Spoilers"
>That's all they're getting, if they want to start a fire under one another that's not my problem
>Even though it is my problem, im pretending its not
>I walk across the room and just plop down on the bed
>My back hurts and i've been hiding it for ages now, i just let out a groan and try to prop myself up on a pillow against the headboard and the wall.
>The girls watch me for a bit
>I'm very comfy and i just stare back
>They try asking various questions
>I'm just silent
>I'm just staring
>It's like we're playing a staring contest.
>Eventually they decide they're losing, or they don't want to play anymore and decide to watch TV
>They were right, i was staring at barely clothed teenage tits the entire time.
>When they turn around to watch TV sitting on the bed, i don't have anything fun to stare at anymore.
>That's boring
>I try to pay attention to what's on the TV but i just can't be bothered
>My eyes get heavy and i close them for just a second
>They're closed much longer than a second as i drift asleep.

Update #11 : April 14th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11333293

>Now where we've left off it would seem the perfect place to give you a dream sequence
>You know, one of those things where i wake up
>walk into the kitchen
>Blood everywhere
>find Blondie finally has gone full Yandere and stabby-stabby with all the others.
>Have an exceptionally long and drawn out swordfight and then eventually succumb to my wounds and die.
>This would be the perfect place to draw you into an alternate reality where the women all love me unconditionally, or where i've become as smooth and suave as a super-spy.
>I really wish it could be the place where i have prophetic visions of my future, of the events that lie before me.
>But i can't tell you these stories
>I don't dream
>None of those wonderful adventures happened

>My head hit the pillow, and the next thing i know i'm opening my eyes.

>The first thing i noticed was that the pillow i was resting my head on smelled like rose petals
>I don't know why, maybe a cleverer anon than i can figure it out, but that was simply the first thing i noticed when i woke.
>The scent of rose petals is not a bad thing to wake up to, but a pitch black room is.
>There was no light, none at all
>to make it worse, i had no recollection of what was in the room.
>In that funny way those things just manage to vanish when you go to sleep at a friend's house.
>I realized the girls must have left me alone to sleep, possibly closed the blinds and the door.
>I was left with the task of navigating my way through pitch-black darkness, in a room that was not my own nor well documented in my memory.
>I ended up getting out of bed like a zombie
>Arms outstretched and flailing
>They should hit things before i do, navigational aids to-say
>I know there's a lightswitch by the door, but i just have to find it
>because of the rules involved with wandering around arms outstretched in a dark room trying not to hit things.
>I hit my shins twice, stubbed my right toe and almost fell flat on my face tripping on unknown obstacles.
>Finally i make it to the light switch, flip it and blink a couple times as light floods the room.
>I turn around and try to determine what i tripped on getting here, and there's absolutely nothing but soft objects, sleeping bags and stuffed animals strewn around the room.
>What the hell did i hit my shins on
>spooky

>Well next on my agenda is getting some water
>My throat is dry, i probably slept with my mouth open
>I manage to use the light of the bedroom to navigate to the hallway light switch and i flip it on
>It shallowly illuminates the area,
>It actually strikes me as weird that it's off
>It's also weird that the house is completely silent
>where the hell are the girls
>I meander from room to room turning on lights as i go and looking for people
>Nobody
>Nobody in the living room
>Nobody in the bathroom
>Nobody in the kitchen
>Where the hell are they.

>I'm finally at my goal of the kitchen though, so i start grabbing a glass and filling it from the tap.
>*BANG*
>I flip a shit and drop the glass

>It clinks and clatters into the sink as i'm off my feet and turned around before they hit the floor
>There's fucking nothing in the kitchen, it sounds like it came from the living room
>fucking hell i swear to god these girls better not be playing a trick on me
>I'm tacticool as fuck on my tiptoes as i sneak over to the entrance of the living room and look in
>the light is off again
>I'm being fucked with, its got to be the girls fucking with me.
>I've got this carefully concocted plan in my head on how to discover them
>I call out "Listen i know you're there"
>No response
>Best plan.
>I hear howling in the distance

>I know that sound
>Timberwolves
>They've caught up to me in my city life after all these years
>*BANG*
>The bathroom light goes out too, and the kitchen light flickers at the same time
>No holy shit fuck this shit
>My plan is out the window, i've got absolutely no clue what was going on
>There's no way there was a girl in the kitchen behind me dimming the lights, or in the bathroom, i could clearly see across the hallway to where they would have had to come in.
>This is some paranormal activity bullshit going on right now
>I'm ready for the girls to jump out of the growing shadows and scare me
>anytime now
>any... time

>I retreat from the living room and back to the kitchen, thank Sol i've got light here
>I need to stop saying these things
>*BANG*
>This time it's accompanied by the sickening sound of wood on wood
>The same sound you might get when two ships crash together out at sea, or an old wooden dock collapses under the weight of a truck.
>The worst part isn't even the sounds
>Its that the kitchen had taken the effort to heed my thanks to the norse sun god and the light was off.
>The house was pitch black now
>I don't know why but there wasn't even light streaming in from outside like there should be.
>It occurs to me that i might actually be dreaming, that this could be the first time i've ever had a nightmare.
>Fuck

>I crouch down to the floor of the kitchen, i know i can just find my way to the lightswitch and turn the light back on again

>I start the crawl over in the direction its in
>I hit the fridge head on
>completely wrong direction, and now my head hurts.
>I've got my bearings now, i try to crawl back towards where the light switch is
>I'm very slow this time
>I hit my head a couple times against various things, but i manage to not make it hurt by just not hurrying into them.
>About halfway through the kitchen i crawl through something i could swear was cold and wet
>I'm losing my edge now, if this is a joke they're getting me good
>i stand up and fumble around for the lightswitches
>Eventually i find one and flip it
>Nothing
>They're getting me really good

>I'm not sure what i'm supposed to do
>this isn't my house, i don't know where flashlights or candles would be
>[spoiler]This was back before cell phones were popular with teens, we didn't have the portable magic light devices in our pockets 24/7 back then[/spoiler]
>To make it worse, the howling started up in the distance again
>I think its on the other side of the house
>I feel like i'm obligated to investigate, but i'm not sure what i'll find
>You know demons, bears, timberwolves, vampires
>I would rather not find those things alone in a dark house where i can't fairly fight back
>Im pretty sure all of those things can see in the dark.
>I'm like a helpless bunny being hunted by demonic nightvision creatures.
>My eyes are working as hard as they can, but i can only see the dark shapes of things
>counters, cabinets, a silhouette standing by the exit to the living room.

>I do a double take and its gone
>Fuck
>I'm not staying here
>I'm trying to see down the hallway and discover the traps and creatures waiting for me down it, but i can't see more than a couple feet, and badly for those at best.
>I don't like the human figure i saw in the shadows by the living room so i'm just going to stay as far away as possible
>I start crawling down the hallway
>The walls are closing in, suffocating darkness even
>I can't tell if there's shadows flitting across my peripheral vision or what, but i know i'm hearing

creaking sounds.
>I'm not moving
>there's still creaking in the distance
>It sounds like the creaking raven and i made earlier tiptoeing down this hallway
>Raven

>She's probably still asleep
>I'm close to the guest room, it's like another door down
>the only problem is that creaking is down the hallway too
>I've got to beat whatever's making the creaking sounds to the guest room, it's my only hope
>I start hurrying down the hallway, i'm keeping my shoulder to the wall and watching the other side with anticipation
>I know its safer, they can only get at me from one side, i just have to watch ahead of me and be-
>*BANG*
>This one came from the kitchen right fucking behind me
>I jump half a foot in the air and turn on my speed
>who cares what's in front of me i'm scurrying along trying to get to the door
>The creaking is coming from the living room now
>and above me
>and behind me
>The entire house is making noise like it's shifting on its hinges

>There's still howling coming intermittently from multiple directions
>I'm in panic mode, fuck everything
>I just get up and barrel for where i think the door is
>that's a wall
>that's another wall
>Doorhandle
>I turn it and get inside and lock it
>my knees just give out and i drop to sitting against the door.
>No fucking regrets
>Banging and wailing now coming from the other rooms in the house outside
>i'm pretty sure i've just escaped with my life by a sliver
>the creaking in the hallway has completely stopped
>whatever it was, it's outside the door waiting for me.
>in the darkness
>waiting

>i crawl across the room, hands blindly out in front of me
>I'm trying to find the bed
>I can't seem to find anything
>It's like the center of the room is empty

>After what feels like miles i find something round tall and hard
>It's the post at the foot of the bed
>I don't even know how i got over here
>this isn't making any sense
>I just inch my way back up the bed until i'm in the middle
>I get on my knees and start feeling around on the bed, i know raven should be right here.
>The bed is empty
>As far as i can reach is nothing, its flat, no pillows, no sleeping girl
>It's also cold, no warmth

>Where the fuck is raven
>Where the fuck is everyone
>I swear to god if she got herself eaten after i saved her ass i'll never forg-
>*BANG*
>The fucking window of the guest room just up and shatters
>HOLY SHIT
>Faster than you can say scooby doo, i'm in the corner of the room farthest away from the window
>I've never been so surprised in my life
>I'm close to have never been more terrified in my life
>I'm pretty sure my hair is now white
>I'm pretty sure my pubic hair is now white is how freaked the fuck out i was.
>There's a flash of light from the shattered window
>I see a silhouette illuminated, sitting up on the empty bed i just checked.

>NAW MAN
>FUCK THIS
>i'm not going to die like this
>i'm going to attack whatever the fuck this thing is that just broke in and is going to eat me
>i've got no weapons but my bare fists
>maybe i can grab a shard of glass or something
>I start crawling towards the bed with intent
>KAFUCKINGBOOM
>a fucking explosion just went off outside
>no light at all, but it sounded like a neighbor just detonated their backyard with TNT
>The entire house is shaking
>The ground is vibrating
>I can hear shards of glass rattling across the room
>I'm all the way back in the corner again
>This isn't going to help, there's a loud dull thump in-front of me, along with what sounds like all of the blankets and pillows on the bed falling down.
>It's fucking coming for me holy shit

>I'm holding out my hands and making a cross with my fingers
>I know this wont probably work, but i'm just hoping someone will take pity on me and make it quick.
>I'm going to make a break for the door maybe
>Its my only chance
>I haven't even got my hands down to flee in terror when the figure on the ground now makes a sound
>"owww"
>It's a girl's voice
>Not a demon
>Not a timberwolf
>It's raven's voice
>"Holyshitravenyouhavenocluehowgladiamthatyou'renotavampirezomibieweretimberwolf"
>I think those are the words i said
>i don't think she understood a single word though
>It's alright because she's not a demon trying to kill me
>Atleast i hope so
>"What... Storybro is that you?" (She uses the childhood nickname she's had for me for ages)
>I'm sorry anons i can't tell you what it is, but its really cute

>I'm ecstatic, i respond with my nickname for her (Also really cute)
>You have absolutely no clue how happy i was to not be devoured by a timberwolf demon at that moment
>I'm fumbling around trying to find her
>Another flash
>The room is lit up
>I can see her for a split second
>She's kneeling at the base of the bed, has a blanket wrapped around her shoulders, hair illuminated and sticking off in every which direction for just a second
>It's enough time to start heading in her direction
>KAFUCKINGBOOM
>Holy fucking shit another one
>The fucking room is quaking like atleast a 3.0 earthquake
>My heart can't even take this
>The windows of the house are all rattling
>There's howling and wailing all around us
>I don't even need to find Raven, she finds me.

>I don't remember moving but it happened, we're curled up in the corner i was hiding in before
>She's got a blanket wrapped around herself and kinda my shoulder
>I've got one arm around her and the other holding myself together with how many scenarios of brutal horrible death i'm imagining from all the warzone going on.
>But it's pitch black and she can't see that

>She just waits for the sounds to end and whispers
>little-scared-girl fear in her voice
>"This thunder is terrifying, it hasn't been this loud since i was little"

>Oh right it's thunder
>[spoiler] It's possible many anons have never experienced a real strong thunderstorm before[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It sounds like actual bombs are going off outside, your entire house shakes, it's terrifying[/spoiler]
>I realize i can hear rain outside
>It probably started somewhere between me being in agonizing fear, and nearly shitting myself over this fucking house
>It's the wind howling in the eaves too, and the creaking is just the house shifting along with it.
>b... but the lights
>this doesn't explain even half the spooky shit
>I'm pretty sure there's still fucking demons in the hallway
>"I'm glad you're not scared, i would be way more scared if you were"
>She squeezes me tighter
>I hope she can't hear how close i am to a heart attack.

>This has been a thing she's done since she was 7 or 8
>I think i was sleeping over at her house for whatever reason, and it started raining and storming outside
>It wasn't that loud, but she did the puppy-dog eyes and told me she was scared, so i held her hand until she went to sleep.
>After that, whenever there was a thunderstorm it would be an excuse for me to come over and comfort her
>It was a good excuse, i don't even think she was that afraid of thunder, she just enjoyed the company.
>I liked doing it, it made me feel older and stronger than i really was.
>Made me feel like a real man of the house, could protect someone
>In reality i think i was doing it just as much for myself as i was for her
>Maybe she was doing it for me too, i don't know.
>Still, we had grown older, it wasn't really a thing we had done anymore.
>The ironic thing was that i was about a thousand times more scared this time than she was.
>Man of the house i was.

>With the window wide open and wind blowing in, things were actually falling off tables and cabinets
>and it was really really cold
>Peppermint soap cold
>The arms i've wrapped around raven are freezing, but i'm concentrating on not showing any weakness

>I've got to pretend i wasn't fleeing in terror down a dark hallway from demon drop dogs before i found her
>not that i'm doing a very good job of that, i'm shaking
>I'm not even that scared anymore
>All the thoughts about being dismembered and eaten by demons kind of went away when raven showed up.
>The human mind plays tricks on you when you're alone
>Shows you things that aren't there, tells you scenarios that aren't happening.
>*BANG*
>These aren't lightning, there's something else outside making this noise
>It's the fucking demons trying to get in again, its whatever broke the window
>This scenario isn't in my head this is real

>Another flash
>Raven preemptively squeezes me, she's got her face pressed into my shoulder
>The window and the area around it is a mess, there's shattered glass everywhere
>Papers and other light objects near the window have been flung to the floor by the wind, some papers are even still airborne.
>I can just make out two tall skinny shadows outside the window
>They quickly move out of sight before the light fades
>There's two loud *BANGS* when they do
>Then the thunder hits
>The house rattles again
>The glass skitters lightly on the floor, tinkling sounds echoing through the room.
>"It hurts, make it stop"
>This wasn't really a plea, or a request it was just a statement
>I guess she wasn't feeling too good still.

>I tell her we should try to move towards a quieter and warmer part of the house
>There's no argument
>A light flickers on and off in the distance out of the window, we can't really see where it was but there's light enough to see the window again
>There's a shadow there, a giant shadow floating in the middle of the room
>WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT
>I'm to my feet and i drag raven with me to the door
>She's still wrapped up in the blanket, i can hear it rustling
>I can hear the rain falling outside and on the roof, the pitter-patter it's making on the hardwood floor beneath the window
>I can hear the wailing and screaming the wind is making in the eves of the house
>We're leaving right now, i'm so done with this silent hill bullshit going on
>I'm just ready for fog to appear at any moment and have us be trapped somewhere.
>I unlock the bedroom door and open it and try to see whats in the hallway
>Its really dark, i think i make out a shape sitting across the hall by the living room

>Lightning flashes behind me again
>Our bodies prevent it from illuminating whatever the shape is
>But the reflected light bounces off its eyes
>Its glowing red eyes
>I hear a growl
>I slam the door again

>"Please tell me you saw and heard that raven"
>There's genuine panic in my voice
>That was a fucking demon dog i know it.
>She's seen nothing
>She has no clue what i'm talking about
>It's some kind of directed demon ghost i know it now
>I'm the only one who can see it
>I think last time the room lit up i saw a book on the floor, i lean down and kind of fumble around for it until i find it.
>It's some hardcover novel, perfect
>I tell raven to get ready
>She's not really sure what i mean, but i guess she grips my hand tighter so we're ready to go
>I throw open the door
>I chuck the book into the living room at the creature
>I don't hear a sound, but i see its a clean hit, the eyes are gone
>I don't even wait, we're into the dark hallway and running as fast as we can

>I'm stumbling over everything in my way, i hit my leg on everything, i'm practically dragging raven as we run
>We hit some door, hard
>I hit it first though, it hurts my shoulder but i can stop raven from hitting it as hard as i did.
>we open it and hide inside
>It smells like old cigars and musty books
>It's a room i haven't gone in before, but i have no clue what it is.
>Still can't see anything at all
>We just jam the door closed and huddle up at the base of it
>I'm shivering, somewhat out of pure terror, and the rest out of cold
>She's not dumb, she notices
>She's sharing the blanket this time
>With a deft movement its wrapped around both of us and we're sitting side by side
>Our shoulders are touching, which is perfect because my shoulder was very cold and hers was very warm
>We're just sitting there silently in whatever room we've entered
>Its much quieter than the guest room
>Even still, every time we hear a bang, or a bout of thunder echo through the neighborhood,
>Raven flinches and squeezes me harder.

>We're there for what feels like hours, even though it was maybe only 10-15 minutes at most.
>It's not a talking moment, we never really talked when there was thunder
>It's a "I'm scared shitless of these demon dogs" moment.
>I'm straining for any sound i can hear in the house that isn't the bangs creaks and slams i keep hearing
>Finally i hear one
>Its loud, its a heavy door slamming shut.
>Its from the front of the house
>There's banging, stomping, and it's all getting closer
>There's talking too, it's muffled and low pitch, like someone possessed by lucifer himself
>Whatever it is, it's stumbling towards us
>And its big, its loud
>Its making huge giant stomping squelching steps down the hallway
>Whatever it is it's real close now
>The door bangs loudly as whatever it is reaches it feet first
>fuckohfuckohfuck
>"Grab the handle" I shout at raven, and we both jump up and hold the door shut as hard as we can.

>"W... are you two in there? Let me in the flashlights are right there on a shelf"
>Its birthday's voice, but its low and muffled.
>What the fuck are those footsteps though
>"What are you doing in there?", her voice is all confusion
>Giant god damn footsteps that squelch and squeak
>It can't be birthday, its a demon timberwolf in disguise that's using Birthday's voice to trick us
>I'm trying to convey this to raven when we're both yanked forward
>Birthday just kinda effortlessly opened the door when we weren't resisting
>We both tumble sprawling forward and end up on the floor
>I can't see anything
>I can hear Squeaks and Squelches as the giant-footstepped timberwolf steps over us and into the room we were in though
>There's rummaging, a bit of crunching and a couple more squeaks before the demon lets out a muffled "AHA!" and i hear a click

>I'm scrunching my eyes closed, its the end i know it.
>Suddenly i can see my eyelids
>Light?
>I open my eyes to see the demon casting some kind of fire-beam spell at me
>It's too late for me to dodge, i just close my eyes again, lie still and wait for the eventual burning inferno

>No damage
>I must have rolled a natural 20
>I open my eyes again
>Its just a flashlight
>She doesn't have a light on herself, but the reflection is enough to give me an idea of what she looks like.
>Her eyes are lit up in a glare, she's got a hand on her hip, and i look down
>Galoshes
>Oh

>She doesn't look very happy
>"What were you doing in the office!"
>I take a look over at raven and realize she's still topless, i'm still topless
>This looks bad
>I'm about to start cashing in my previously earned guilt points to try to get us out of this
>Raven interrupts
>"I was scared of the thunder, i hid, he found me"
>She's got a terrified tone of voice, i know she's faking but it's really good
>She's amazing with her voice when she wants to be, or needs to be.
>Still ouch though, those are some hard hits to take just to get me out of trouble.
>She admitted she was scared of thunder, hiding again, and that i was at no fault for any of it
>That's a lot of hits, she still owes me way more though
>Birthday seems to accept this answer, as there would be no way she would self-depreciate herself more intentionally than just admitting she was in the room half-naked with me.
>Atleast as far as she knew
>Girl logic

>Birthday grants us her blessing and we're given the ability to cast the level 1 "Minor Light Spell"
>We can now see what she's wearing
>Giant green sweater jacket with the collar pulled up around her mouth
>Explains the muffled voice
>Was probably really cold outside with whatever she was doing
>We hear other talking in the kitchen, i guess they had all gone out walking for some stupid reason
>"Come to the kitchen, we brought pizza"
>I lied, amazing reason, i'm sorry i ever doubted you birthday

>We're on our feet in a flash and ready to head to the kitchen
>Pizza man
>Oh, wait...
>I stop, halfway down the hallway and look into the still dark living room
>I hold my arm out and stop birthday and Raven
>They're all looking along with me

>"Careful, there's a Grue in there"
>They have absolutely no clue what i'm talking about
>I sure hope i don't have a clue either
>I turn around and back away from the living room slowly, keeping an eye on it the entire time.
>I'm ready at any moment to shine my flashlight in any direction it's needed, we would only get one chance.
>I don't think the girls knew what was happening, they just let me do it.
>After an agonizingly slow trip backwards in fear, we make it to the kitchen.

>We find Homely, Glasses and Blondie wearing similar getups to birthday
>Frankly they're all wearing way too much clothes, i'm very sad as all my previous progress is seemingly gone.
>But then again i didn't exactly expect them to go get pizza in Bras
>The other girls don't take long to comment on Raven's state of dress though
>"What, clothes not good enough for you?" - Blondie
>"You weren't doing something DISGUSTING while we were gone were you?" - Homely
>I tell them to promptly shut the fuck up, since she had just woken up to the window in the guest bedroom shattering all over her
>Yeah, i make it far more dramatic than it actually was
>That's my job
>I left out the part of me hiding in the corner almost screaming like a little girl though
>to my regret, thoughts of eating pizza are dropped and flashlights are handed out
>I guess i'm too good at my job.
>We group up and head to the haunted guest bedroom

>With a mass of flashlights, the room is rather bright, we can inspect the damage i guess
>The window is shattered pretty bad, glass is all over the floor, under the bed and cupboards too.
>The curtains are out and billowing up in the air
>They're pretty long so they're in the middle of the room.
>The wooden shutters outside are making "Bangs" back and forth as they hit the house and then the window frame
>Looks like the top hinge of one of them snapped off, so it hit the window at an angle.
>There's still occasional thunder and lightning, but its farther off in the distance now
>The biggest problem is the rain flooding in to the room and pooling on the floor in front of the window
>Birthday vanishes out into the hallway and we hear the front door slam before she appears over at the side of the house
>A little bit of string and elbow work later, she's got the shutters tied closed, they aren't totally waterproof but it's better than nothing.
>We throw down some temporary towels and return to the pizza, birthday joining us back in the kitchen

>She's soaking wet

>So are the other girls, but pizza is deemed more important
>I inspect the treasure trove of delicious they've returned with
>Pepperoni
>Pineapple, Ham, Mushrooms
>Green Peppers, Onions, Sausage
>All Xtra Large, God tier pizza selection
>Plus they brought more drinks and snacks
>We're all over it like hungry hungry teenagers
>Seriously, hippos can't even begin to compete
>In less than 15 minutes, Two and a half of those pizzas are gone.
>We didn't even sit down, we must have looked a comical sight in that kitchen
>It's completely dark, just a couple flashlights on the kitchen island illuminating various corners of the room.
>Two of us shirtless, the rest wearing entire soaking wet overcoats and rain boots.
>All chowing down on pizza like monsters
>It was delicious, frankly it was just what we all needed after that day
>specially me, after... well after you know who was sacrificed.

>Sufficiently Pizza'd, we get to the next order of business
>I don't actually know what the next order of business is
>Blondie fixes that problem i was having
>"She's got to put on a shirt or something"
>Her tone was polite, light and nearly singsong as always
>But she was definitely antagonizing raven
>"Oh leave her alone, she's almost as Flat as Storybro"
>This was rude, condescending and arrogant... as always
>When homely says this, Raven shrinks back slightly.
>Maybe everyone else didn't notice but i did.
>What am i saying they're girls of course they noticed.
>The funny part is that i didn't really have any urge to protect her from it.
>She might have just curled up in my arms, but i wasn't feeling any softer for what she'd done earlier.
>our grouping up was convenient for my state of fear, that was all.

>I let homely/blondie poke their fun at raven and i just dove myself into some soda
>When i came back up for air, raven had her arms crossed defensively and wasn't looking up.
>Sucks for her i guess
>I bring up the fact that the other four girls are wearing a liberal amount of soaking wet and probably cold clothes
>About to offer to help when Glasses interjects
>She says they should all take a shower and get warm again and put on some fresh clothes

>I look at the clock, it's only 7:30, it seemed way later
>It's the middle of school session though, so of course the days get pitch dark at 6:00.
>I offer to put the pizza away so they can all go get ready for individual hot showers, and they skitter off taking a flashlight each
>Blondie doesn't take a flashlight though, she just vanishes into the still-dark living room
>"Eeek!"
>Oh no
>She's being eaten by a grue
>God damnit blondie

>I rush into the living room with a flashlight
>I know i'm not going to be able to save her but i have to try
>At first i can't even find her
>Then i realize she's over behind the couch at the other entrance to the room
>She's sitting on her butt on the floor
>She tripped over some book and a teddy bear that were sitting there
>I was relieved, looks like she was safe
>I help her up and turn around to find raven has followed me, like a little lost puppy
>She's even wagging her invisible tail, its adorable.
>Blondie vanishes into the darkness again and i wish her luck in her adventure, realizing I'm going to be alone with Raven for like 20-30 minutes as they all warm up.
>She realizes the same thing.
>She grabs my hand and pulls herself close
>She places it across her right breast and asks "What do you want to do while we wait?"
>Its a tease, a carefully planned suggestion she's probably been scheming for minutes now.
>She wants me to pay attention to her.
>I want none of it.
>I yank my hand away

>I move over to the couch, sit down and throw down the flashlight so it illuminates the bottom half of my body
>its just the way it ends up sitting
>I'm casting a shadow like the reverse of someone trying to tell spooky campfire stories
>Raven doesn't seem to get the hint,
>She sits down next to me, trying to get as much body contact as possible
>She doesn't realize why i don't want to sit next to her, why i don't want to touch her
>I get up and leave her there on the couch, moving to the armchair.
>Only enough room for one
>I can't see her face, no expressions, just darkness
>She gets up and walks over to me again
>She better not
>She does
>She tries to sit down on my lap

>I shove her off
>Not just a light shove either, she drops two feet to the floor
>She's not getting the picture
>I stand up
>Three words
>"We're. Not. Friends"
>I walk over and pick up the only flashlight in the room on the couch
>I'm stone cold serious, my heart is dead on making this clear.
>I follow my previous statement with another
>"You don't deserve me as a friend. Not anymore."
>I switch off the flashlight and walk away, leaving her in complete darkness.
>I just hear silence, silence and my footsteps.

>Then she was eaten by a Grue.

Cachaça
51

Update #12 : April 15th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11346186

>it was a needed sacrifice.
>I just kept telling myself that as i walked away.
>I repeat this over and over in my head, i have to drown out the sounds.
>First comes the screaming, it's always with the screaming.
>Every time i've witnessed a Grue attack there's always screaming.
>But not this time, it was silent, only the sound of my footsteps as i entered the kitchen.
>Next was the sickening squelching...
>I tried to force these sounds and thoughts out of my head as i put the flashlight down on the counter to illuminate the room as i begun to clean up the pizza.
>The jarring bone crunching...
>The creature was hungry, it would have taken me next
>The shattering of hearts
>It had to be done, it had to be said
>There was no other way to overcome the situation i was in, the way i was feeling.
>Hardened, i begin cleaning up the leftover drinking glasses, the clink as i grasp multiples together in one had echoing through the kitchen.
>Now the only sound.

>In the three or four steps from the island to the kitchen sink i manage to step in something cold and wet.
>Setting the cups down, i kneel to inspect the liquid
>I can't see it, but i swipe two fingers and take a whiff
>It's just water
>I probably spilled it earlier when i was in the kitchen
>I clean it up, contemplating the entire time.
>Then return to picking up the plates
>The rain outside is pressing a solid white noise across all my actions, it lets me be alone with my thoughts
>I wasn't feeling very chipper, maybe it was seeing the other girls, maybe it was seeing her be shunned.

>I wasn't really sure what i was feeling.
>But the second she put my hand to her chest, i realized i couldn't stand her.
>The idea that she would hit me.

>That she could try to hurt herself and make it my fault
>I was sick to my stomach.
>The clattering of the ceramic plates accompanying the creaking, groaning and howling of the house.
>I wasn't really as angry as i thought i was though, i wasn't really anything
>I was back to feeling nothing
>In that way that feeling nothing is sometimes the only way you can feel after something happens where you should feel everything.
>The plates clatter as i place them into the sink
>I swallow, trying to force my emotions back down again.
>I grab a sponge and begin to scrub the guilt away

>A Flash of light illuminates the window, and the kitchen
>For a brief second i can see what i'm doing, everything in the room is crystal clear
>Then it's gone
>I continue scrubbing, the sink's running water adding a steady addition to the orchestra of sound in my head.
>The thunder rolls in, any thoughts i have cascade into deafening silence after the house shakes.
>I can't remember what i was trying to convince myself of
>I just end up staring off into the rainy window
>The streams of water running down the window in disorganized chaos, each raindrop changing the playing field.
>I realize i've run out of plates
>I take my time putting them away
>I know i'll run out of excuses to confront myself soon

>I find myself wandering the kitchen aimlessly after i've cleaned up
>I don't want to think, so i try to keep my feet busy and concentrate on the sounds outside.
>My eyes wander to the liquor cabinet
>I could just take a cup or two
>I would go back to giggling like i was the first night
>Everything would be happy again right?
>Before everything was fucked up
>Before nothing made sense in my head
>I walk over and open it
>Tantalizing bottles line the shelves, the depths of each bottle barely reflecting the meager light that shadows the entire room.
>My inner voices are quiet
>There's no inner struggle against it
>I just reach out with my hand
>"Don't"

>I snap around like a child with his hand caught in a cookie jar
>It's homely
>She's got a seriously worried look on her face
>I'm probably fucked
>No seriously its homely she's going to tell everyone
>Well, if i'm fucked i might as well
>I turn around and grab a random bottle off the shelf
>I'm unscrewing the cap when her hand is on mine
>she was fast, across the kitchen in only a moment to stop me.
>I try to get her off but she's not having it
>I turn to face her, all i can see is her eyes
>She's not screaming "LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING"
>She's not making antagonistic remarks
>She just asks a question, her face is sincere
>"Why?"

>I don't think really
>It just kind of comes out automatically
>"We're not friends anymore..."
>It's a quiet voice, one that i never use, one that doesn't suit me
>I might not spend that much time with homely, but she knows.
>The rain continues to pitter against the window
>"mmmm"
>It's not really a sigh, its like she was contemplating an answer but it never came
>It's the kind of sound you make when you know the other person wants a response, but you're not sure what to give.
>I don't have any more, i'm just standing there with my hand on the bottle, the other on the cap
>I'm wishing desperately homely would just go away so i can wallow in the silence i've created.
>She's not going to grant my wish
>Her next question is stronger, more forward, her voice has the slightest tone of modesty in it.
>"How can i help you fix it?"
>I knew what it was going to be before she even finished
>I don't even consider my options, or what she could do; i just answer.
>"It can't be fixed."

>I didn't want to be consoled, or helped, i wanted to be alone.
>I'm not in a mood for fixing things
>I'm in a mood for hurting people
>Hurting myself
>As if subjecting myself to more pain was the only way to make myself feel any better about this situation.
>I placed the bottle back on the counter and backed away from homely.
>She was left standing there, half illuminated by the light of the flashlight.

>I couldn't see her legs, but i could see everything higher.
>Her hair was shining and wet, draped around her shoulders.
>She's obviously finished the shower first.
>I realized she had changed, was wearing a different shirt... a tighter shirt.
>Probably one of birthday's a size too small.
>I wasn't interested, not right now, especially not with homely.
>She wasn't taking the hint about not helping though
>"Where is she"
>It wasn't a question, it was a demand

>I don't do anything but stare at her
>I try to mask my feelings, my thoughts, make my face a living mask of nothing.
>But she somehow understands and looks off towards the living room
>The wall of darkness just beyond the doorway
>I don't feel like anything anymore
>I make sure that's the case
>"Don't bother, she's not worth it"
>I can't feel my own words
>But homely can
>Those words tell her more about the situation than she had figured out already
>Those words tell her that raven probably had no say in the matter
>Even if she's a horrible person, she's still friends with raven and the other girls
>I'm the enemy here, no matter what raven has done.
>"Forgive her"

>She doesn't understand that i can't
>She doesn't understand that i wont
>She doesn't understand that my stomach is doing bellyflops at the thought of what i'd just said, and why i'd said it.
>I don't want to be harassed by someone who's not even involved.
>I pick up my flashlight and start to leave, i'll keep the other girl's company across the house
>She stands in-front of me, her hands on hips and her voice indignant this time
>"Forgive her."
>I don't listen, i just walk around her
>She grabs my hand and holds me back with all of her weight
>"If you do, i'll get one of the other girls to make it up to you."
>Look at homely, showing loyalty to her friends for the first time i've seen in ages.
>By selling out her other friends
>What a fucking surprise
>I yank my hand away and stomp down the hallway
>The floorboards screaming under my heels.

>I arrive at the master bedroom, the door is wide open
>Glasses and Birthday are on the bed, in various states of undress
>There's only a single flashlight on and half-aimed at them from across the bedside table though
>Birthday is completely naked, Towel wrapped snugly around her body and sitting on the edge farthest away from me.
>Her hair is dry, she's probably waiting for the next shower.
>Glasses is wearing her Bra and pants again, hair dry, she's probably last. She's lying down at the foot.
>The shadows make them look much more alluring than usual, shame i'm not in the mood.
>The girls hear my stomping and are eying the door when i enter
>They both look a tad surprised, but not as embarrassed as i would expect them to be.
>The shower is running
>Likely blondie in there right now
>I don't waste time, i nonchalantly walk in as if its nothing and lie down on the bed, reverse of glasses.
>"I couldn't stand the company, i hope you two don't mind."
>It was dripping with anger, i guess i was angry now.

>Glasses has a smirk on her face
>"Homely?"
>She says it with a tell-tale "tell me about it" tone in her voice.
>Someone get the window wipers
>"Raven"
>Its one word out of my mouth, but its enough to ruin the smirk
>Both of the girls don't seem to look worried though, i guess they were expecting it.
>I think birthday even smiles
>I don't like that at all
>I snap at her
>"What the fuck are you smiling at?"
>It's rough, harsh, like i haven't thought out my words before they came out
>I didn't, birthday didn't deserve for me to snap at her like that
>The damage is done though, Birthday's smile vanishes and is replaced with a scowl

>"It's not my fault you're pissed at your GIRLFRIEND"
>She's glaring at me, i want to correct her
>But i don't
>Even still, glasses seems to do it for me
>I get to listen to a mile-long speech about how raven and i were best friends for absolute ages, and that this is a big deal
>This seems to have put birthday in her place, at least temporarily
>Glasses seems to want to continue her speech about how what raven did was wrong
>But i stop her, i tell them i don't want to talk about it, homely already tried.

>They both shut up
>We're just quiet for a while
>I go back to staring at the ceiling, trying not to think.
>The water shuts off in the bathroom

>Blondie steps out
>Well she doesn't really step out, she opens the door, shrieks and slams the door again
>I guess she wasn't expecting me there
>I only hear this because i'm not looking
>But i'm lying across the bed, facing the bathroom when she opens the door again
>There's a soft light from the inside, like a flashlight is left on, i can't see anything but her silhouette and some light skin coloring
>But i can tell she's not wearing a towel
>Blondie seems to reconsider opening the door when she sees me and slams it again
>seconds later we hear a "Make sure he's not looking"

>Glasses is ontop of me
>Any excuse i guess i'm that irresistable
>Her hands are over my eyes, i can't see a thing
>"I've got him, you're safe!"
>Birthday is laughing at the scenario, and i hear the door open and what i can only assume a double-check that i'm covered is being performed.
>It seems to be safe, and i listen to the rustling and feel the weight change as birthday gets off the bed.
>The girls seem to be exchanging the towel, because a moment later the bathroom door closes.
>I try to squirm free, thinking that it's over
>Glasses makes the situation clear with increased pressure on my head and a yank.
>"Hold still, she's dressing"
>There was a bit of a tease in this voice
>I know this voice
>I stop struggling
>Come on glasses be a bro
>Come on, i know you're a bro
>I reach back and squeeze her leg as i think this.
>She gets the hint.
>She opens her fingers a tiny bit.

>I'm grinning like a fool on the inside
>Can always trust glasses
>I get to see peeks and glimpses of blondie drying herself off and dressing.
>A breast, part of her buttcheeks, what seems to be a thigh
>My only regret is that there's absolutely no light, so i can't make out anything that doesn't stick out

>It's alright, my memory and imagination fill in the gaps.
>Just the idea of a girl dressing in-front of me, without knowing i'm watching.
>Specially the shyest girl.
>Lets just say i'm in the mood now
>Eventually it seems she's donned fabrics of various sorts, and glasses closes her fingers again as to not let blondie realize.
>I play along and complain asking if i can see yet.
>The hand is removed
>Blondie is back to her old tanktop/shorts combo.
>But i'm hard and pressing against the bedsheets
>All previous problems forgotten
>Boners have a tendency to do that
>Its hard to ignore them
>I'm now far more interested in the two girls in this room.

>Blondie is just standing there looking at me awkwardly
>I don't think she knows what to do
>I know what i want to do
>"Blondie, come lie with me, i need something to hug"
>She's taken aback when i say this
>Confused even, the look between wanting to run, and wanting to stay and find out what happens.
>She doesn't run, she must be leaning towards see what happens.
>Glasses clarifies the confusion for me.
>"He just fought with raven"
>Its a matter-of-factly statement
>Brings back a pang when she says it though
>I guess i'm back to feeling again
>I force it to go away by pressing my pelvis harder into the bedsheet
>Blondie seems to understand the request and decides she'll oblige
>implying i wouldn't chase her down and tackle her if she tried to leave
>Glasses is still sitting ontop of me though, she rolls off and sits on the edge of the bed
>After a minute or two of repositioning, blondie has her arms wrapped around me, and i've got my arms around her
>We're still lying down though, i'm facing the headboard, she's facing the base.
>She's warm, she smells like the peach shampoo she's used in her hair, her chest is soft
>She's just wearing her shirt, no bra.
>This is everything i wanted out of a hug and more.

>I snuggle up as close to her as i can
>It's really helping my mood, holding a cute girl in my arms
>The rain outside hammering away, it sets the mood perfectly.
>She's breathing softly over my shoulder

>Things don't even seem that bad anymore
>But i want to see her eyes
>I pull her back a little bit
>I'm touching my nose to hers now
>The light's still playing across both of us
>I watch the shadows twist and turn as we shift ever so slightly
>My eyes are drawn downward, her shirt is open at the top
>She notices
>I get a gentle hand on my chin pointing me upwards and a "Hey~ Don't Look~"
>Its in a singsong whisper.

>I tell her she's beautiful
>She smiles
>I tell her she's exactly what i need right now
>She's beaming
>I hear a snort from across the bed
>Glasses
>I ignore her, she's the one who let me peek
>She knew the risks
>I come up with a proposition in my head
>i word it together carefully, i can't make any mistakes
>"When glasses finishes, i need a shower too..."
>Blondie is hanging onto my every word
>"I might need some help turning it on and making it warm~"
>I try to make it clear what i'm implying
>I think she understands, her eyes are sparkling
>The only thing brighter than her eyes is her smile

>I even joke that we can leave the flashlights off
>this is punctuated with a wink, she's squeezing me harder.
>Glasses gives another snort from across the room
>I think she's angry at us, or jealous
>I'm mistaken
>"Alright you two songbirds, i'll take a quick shower and leave you some hot water~"
>Her words aren't jealous at all, she's being amazing right now
>God damn glasses you are the best
>I hear rustling in the corner, i guess glasses is taking off her bra
>The water in the bathroom shuts off at the same time.
>"Don't look at her, only me~"
>Blondie's speaking in whispers now
>I can't help but oblige
>We're touching noses again, i'm staring deeply into her eyes

>They're beautiful, sky blue if i haven't said already.
>The kind of blue you can look up and get dizzy from seeing on a cloudless day.
>I'm trying to look through them, focus on the flashlight reflected in them.
>When her eyes go wide

>Next thing i know we're not hugging
>She shoves me away
>I'm back to staring at the ceiling alone
>Welcome back old friend.
>I see a hand come into focus and with a "THWACK" i get slapped
>It stings, but blondie isn't very strong so it's more of an insult than anything.
>Frankly im more surprised i'm not dead
>She's off the bed now, i'm now sitting up watching her.
>I'm lost, i don't understand what's happened.
>What did i do wrong
>I can only see Blondie's back before she turns around at the door and glares at me
>"I guess you really don't deserve me after all huh?"
>There's nothing but hurt in her voice,
>She stomps off
>What the fuck did i do this time

>I turn around
>Glasses is frozen solid, watching the entire thing
>She's topless, and her pants are halfway down
>I'm distracted by her tits for atleast four seconds before i look farther down.
>She's wearing my boxers
>I completely forgot
>She either completely forgot, or did it just to completely block my attempt to get with blondie.
>Fuck you glasses
>I can't see her face, but we hear footsteps inside the bathroom and her pants are back on in a flash.
>I lie back down on the bed and inform her bluntly that i'm now having a shower with her.
>"Not if i'm your second choice"
>Oh i swear to fucking god glasses
>Now you're jealous i'll fucking kill you
>You fookin set me up n everythin' i'll fookin punch u in da jaw m8
>I'm sitting up and going to leap off the bed at her throat
>Except the bathroom door slams again
>Instead of glasses i find birthday standing there with her hands on her hips
>She's completely naked, no shame.
>"What, you didn't want to shower with me?"

>God damnit woman
>Out of all the naked girls to be infront of me, it has to be the one that's not going to help at all with my boner.
>I just return to lying on my back
>"You're now the only girl in the house who isn't angry at me"
>I state this matter-of-factly
>"I heard"
>She starts rustling around, i assume putting on clothes
>I also take the time to matter-of-factly announce the fact that i have a boner, and was just cockblocked by glasses
>There's laughter from the bathroom
>She heard
>The water turns on a couple seconds later.
>Birthday doesn't offer to help
>I don't know if i was expecting her to, or if i even wanted her to, but she doesn't.
>Instead she offers advice
>"Guess only thing you can do is go forgive raven so you have someone to talk to huh?"
>No, that's definitely not the only thing i can do, god damnit.

>She's trying to do the same thing homely was doing.
>I inform birthday that i'm leaving the room so that i don't say something mean to her and piss her off
>I'm really about to say something mean though, so i'm just leaving before i blurt it out.
>I barely make it to the hallway before i'm mumbling angry things under my breath
>about how much i would like to throw her down and give her some advice.
>I start stomping back down the hallway
>Lightning flashes
>I'm right by the living room, i see the entire area lit up
>There's still a girl sitting, holding her knees and staring at the floor.
>It doesn't last long before the room is dark, it was only a flash
>I could be seeing things after all
>I shove the thoughts out of my head as the thunder rolls through.

>I head down and across the kitchen to birthday's room
>I hear soft talking inside, so i try to open the door.
>Its locked
>I wait for a response
>"If that's not Raven, Birthday or Glasses, go away."
>There's no compassion in her voice, its cold, hard and unwanting.
>It was blondie
>):

>Whatever, guess i've actually fucked everything up for real this time.
>I leave quickly
>I trudge back to the kitchen
>i know i'm dragging my feet the entire way
>To make it worse, the flashlight i'm holding seems to have dimmed to the point its useless, i just turn it off.
>I jab my toe on the corner of something hard
>fuck
>Everything is going wrong
>I end up in the doorway of the kitchen looking into the dark living room
>I can't see anything,
>That doesn't matter, i just stare

>I'm staring there for ages
>I'm just staring off into the darkness
>I must be waiting for lightning, so i can look in without going closer
>Just... make sure
>Just to know
>I wish i could just yell lumos and have the lights flicker on.
>but nothing happens
>I just stand there staring for minutes
>I'm desperately hoping for anything, i just want to know.
>zero luck
>no flashes of light
>No lightning
>No thunder
>I give up and return to the master bedroom
>I smash my shins twice, and trip and fall and hit my elbow against something hard
>Serves me fucking right.

>I shamble back to the bedroom in pieces
>I think i've left two of my toes, a finger and half my shin in the hallway
>That's what it feels like anyway
>I return to find Glasses re-emerging from the bathroom with wet hair, topless and the same pants she had worn in.
>Birthday is fully dressed and just sitting on the bed humming to herself
>How she's in a good mood is beyond me
>When she sees me she asks "Alright what do we do now?"
>I'm not paying attention, i'm watching glasses get dressed in the background
>Birthday realizes this and sneaks up to me via a blind spot
>I get my crotch grabbed and squeezed
>Jump an inch in the air and look down at her
>"Careful now, if i'm the last one not mad at you, you don't want me jealous do you?"

>She's teasing me
>I swear to god woman, i'll hold you down and show you how to make glasses jealous right now.

>I don't say this.
>But she says she's going to get candles and we can all play board games or something.
>She's off and down the hallway
>Leaving me alone with a fully-dressed glasses across the room
>I'm across the room in a blur
>I've got my hand outstretched and before she can realize it i've got a hold of her throat and pinned her to the wall.
>before i can even realize it.
>This sounds violent, but i didn't want to hurt her
>It was about as soft a throat-hold as you can make
>I just wanted her to know that i was serious for once, that i wasn't in a mood for fucking around.
>I tell her this
>She's barely illuminated by the flashlight from here, but i can see she doesn't even flinch.
>She frowns
>"You don't deserve to not be fucked with"

>She doesn't even give me a chance to respond
>She goes to a proverbial town on me, my hand still on her throat.
>No punches, only words, she tells me i'm absolute shit
>that i've just probably said something horribly mean to raven.
>that raven most likely is sitting in the corner of some dark room crying
>that i've been trying to get with other women just to distract myself from the fact that i did this
>Glasses is saying these the entire time with a smug look on her face, even though i have her by the throat, she's not wavering.
>This is pissing me off
>I mean it should be
>I should be angry right?
>but i just don't have the anger, its not there, her words hit where it hurt
>She called every single event and she wasn't even there
>How can she be so right
>But so wrong at the same time.
>I still can't bring myself to forgive raven.

>I ask her the question i know she can't answer
>"How do i forgive the things raven did"
>But i don't ask it like that
>I ask how i forgive a her hitting me after her past.
>About how her hitting me once would have more emotions behind it than any of the other women beating me black and blue.

>About how her nearly drinking herself to death was selfishly aimed at hurting me more than anyone else.
>I ask how i can forgive a girl that tried to kill herself, when she knew i would never, ever, ever let myself down for it.
>I ask all of these things and more, i spill my inner emotions out, the ones i've been hiding from even myself.
>I'm not even holding her anymore, i have both my hands on the wall behind her
>i'm practically screaming before she stops me
>Glasses just smiles
>Her good ol "It's alright, everything will be ok" Smile.
>Then she says the wisest thing anyone's ever said to me
>"You don't"

>"...They'll always be there"
>"But she'll make the good outweigh the bad, she has to"
>I wasn't listening
>I heard, but i wasn't listening
>I've dropped my hands, i'm staring blindly at the floor.
>it's like i can't ever win with glasses
>no matter what i do, no matter how sure i am that she can't beat me
>she wins
>I'm still not going to forgive raven, but i don't have good reasons anymore
>It's just like the fight was sucked out of me
>like i had a fire raging within, and those two words extinguished it.
>It was just a sad little smouldering pile of guilt
>Glasses just ducks around me and starts to leave
>I grab her hand... lightly
>She pauses
>I speak, it sounds like all the energy has been drained out of me.
>"She's in the living room.... "
>I duck down and pick up one of the dry sweaters on the floor
>I hand it to glasses
>No words are needed

>She leaves, and i don't follow her
>I return to the master bed
>I return to staring at the ceiling
>The flashlight is shining across the room
>Where it hits the ceiling it makes a large and oblong circle
>The farthest part just fades away into darkness
>I'm just staring
>It's a while before i hear footsteps
>"Hey..."

>Its homely
>She's here for me.... and the flashlights
>She says the group is setting up a game of poker
>That i don't have to come, but she needs the flashlight in the bathroom and on the table
>I briefly consider sitting here in the darkness
>But i can't stare at the ceiling in darkness, i can't escape my thoughts
>I don't want to be left alone with those

>I follow the person stealing my flashlights to the living room
>Everyone's all grouped up, there's a couple candles spread around and we have enough light to see by.
>I sit down with the group, as far away from you-know-who as i can be.
>I'm sitting next to homely and glasses with our backs to the couch.
>"See, i told you guys i could get him to come"
>She punctuates this by turning off the flashlights and tossing them across the room onto the armchair
>Fucking manipulative bitch
>Nobody responds to her
>I don't think anyone really wanted me here anyway
>The mood in the room is actually shit
>Raven's staring down at the floor and wearing the sweater glasses gave her, she's just being quiet, she knows i hate her.
>Glasses is trying to avoid eye contact with Blondie, who is staring daggers across at both her, and myself.
>Glasses isn't looking at me either.
>Frankly i think there's at least two other wars going on i'm not privy to.
>Even still, birthday just ignores it and deals us all hands.

>I look down at my cards
>Probably the worst poker hand i've been dealt in my life
>I can feel the glares of everyone on me while im looking down at them.
>I just ignore them
>I try to block it all out and concentrate on nothingness
>On the sound of the rain
>Its soothing, empty, white sound i can relax to
>I've forgotten there were angry people in the room, well until i get tapped on the shoulder.
>Birthday has been calling my name this entire time trying to get me to take my turn.
>I throw down some cards, get newer shittier ones and blank off into the sound of rain
>I'm counting the lines on the jack of diamonds before i get tapped on the shoulder again
>It's my turn already
>They've been calling my name again

>"Listen you two, if neither of you are going to even pay attention then why are you playing this"

>Its Birthday
>She's talking about raven too it seems
>I mumble something about being tired and just put down my cards and fold
>so does blondie and raven
>Glasses and Homely lose their respective hands
>I'm not even paying attention
>I'm in a different place thinking about different things
>Birthday announces she wins and can dare someone now.
>I didn't even know we were playing with dares as rules.
>"I Dare Raven and Storybro to become friends again"
>well that's actually the most childish dare i've ever heard in my life
>It doesn't work like that
>I just give her a sad look and tell her that road is closed
>This doesn't go over well
>The entire group of girls is making the saddest faces i can see
>I don't even look at raven.
>Birthday just gives a defeated sigh and calls the other girls for a huddle
>I don't know what they're planning but i don't like it
>Probably involves something i'll hate
>They turn around and declare they have an appropriate dare
>Raven and I have to spend 5 minutes in the bathroom alone because we're ruining the mood.
>Of course i hate it.

>I don't seem to have a choice though
>I'm actually grabbed by Homely and Birthday and dragged off towards the master bedroom again
>This is a shitty dare
>I'm just going to sit in a corner and not talk for 5 minutes
>I don't understand how juvenile these girls really are
>This is like getting angry because your parents divorced and crying until they get back together
>It's a childish delusion that won't work, i don't know why they think it will.
>They're oddly silent the entire time
>They aren't even stepping loudly, as if they're afraid of scaring me.
>Its putting a worse damper on my mood than i was already
>It's like they're marching me to be executed or something
>Knowing them, probably.

>We're at the master bedroom, homely has flashlights and she's shining them into the bathroom
>She's standing solemnly, like she knows something i don't.
>I don't understand why we came all the way over to this side of the house
>I don't understand why we're doing this dare
>I give up, and just walk in

>I don't even look at raven, but i can hear people dragging her and getting kicked.
>Good girl, make em regret being so fucking childish i guess
>After some more scuffling, it seems the door is closed because the bathroom goes pitch black
>Hey wait a second we need a flashlight you faggots

>I scream this
>I think i include the word faggots
>They aren't going to give us one
>"Time starts as soon as you go turn on the shower storybro, so we know you're alive in there"
>what the fuck is up with these rules and things
>I'm getting more and more fed up with these girl's shit
>I can't see anything at all
>I have to navigate across like seven things between the shower and me
>I manage to hit the counter, the bathtub and the shower before stubbing my toe on the shower stall
>I'm cursing up a storm
>I get in the shower, which is slippery, and make my way finally over to the handle and turn it on
>which i'm standing right under the nozzle of
>OF COURSE
>So now i'm fucking soaking wet, and this stupid god damn dare can start as i turn off the shower
>But i hear scraping
>What the fuck.

>Oh no oh fuck no
>They better not be
>I'm trying to get out of the shower
>I hit my knee on something, i bang my foot on something else outside the stall
>I slide atleast three feet past the toilet on something wet
>I hit my wrist on the counter
>I trip over someone's legs and i finally make it to the door
>It won't open
>You're not serious
>I try with all my weight, i can't open it
>No no what the fuck
>this is cheating
>I'm banging and yelling at them
>There's no laughter
>They're dead serious
>They've moved the fucking cabinet in front of the door
>That's why they had me turn on the shower, so i couldn't stop them.

>I don't understand
>This door fucking opens inward what did they do with a cabinet
>I can turn the handle , but the door doesn't even budge an inch.
>They've tied it or something
>I'm banging furiously and trying with all my weight
>I'm cold
>The bathroom is still steamy, so moisture is all over everything
>I'm half soaking wet
>There's puddles all over the floor
>I'm pretty sure there's a wet towel somewhere too
>And i'm locked in here with the one girl in the house i don't want to be locked in a room with
>I'm not keeping this in
>I'm yelling this

>I'm banging on the door, over and over
>They hear me
>I know they hear me
>I call them all kinds of nasty names
>My fists are hurting
>I tell them i'd rather be locked in with anyone else
>Someone who won't try to kill themselves and expect me to save them
>Someone who won't get drunk and hit me as some twisted cry for help
>I tell them that i hate all of them
>I tell them that they've ruined any chances of us ever being friends again
>I tell them that i'm leaving this sleepover as soon as they let me out
>My fists are burning
>My lungs are burning
>I'm out of breath, i can't feel my arms
>I stop
>All i can hear is my own breathing in the bathroom

>I don't think they were out there
>they would have said something right
>this part of the house is rather far away from the others, if they had left to the living room they wouldn't have heard any of it.
>well, maybe muffled yells, but none of the content
>I sink to my knees
>I'm still breathing heavily
>I can't see anything, there's no windows in this bathroom
>It's just pitch black, absolute pitch black.
>I just stare, for all i know there could be miles in front of me, or a door just inches ahead
>It's all a joke right
>Its a big joke

>They'll come back in 5 minutes
>Right?

>I'm cold
>Goosebumps
>Shivering even
>My teeth are at that point where they're almost clattering together, but aren't yet making a sound.
>I can't hear anyone else in the bathroom with me
>I can't hear breathing besides my own
>I know raven is here somewhere in the darkness
>I'm too annoyed being cold and wet to care though
>I start searching the bathroom for towels to wrap myself in
>The lower cabinets have nothing, i cross the entire bathroom checking every shelf and drawer i can find

>I find a single wet towel on the floor beneath the shower stall.
>I still haven't found raven yet.
>I remember the girls were trading off towels
>And i remember the last one being outside
>I've given up my search
>I settle myself against the door, wrapped my arms around trying to stay warmer than i was feeling
>It doesn't help, the bathroom is too moist to be warm in the clothes, or lack thereof i'm in.
>I'm just going to close my eyes and wait for this to be over
>Almost the second i do though, i hear a voice
>"I wish you hadn't found me"

>It's raven, she's in here somewhere with me
>She's just said the worst possible thing
>She's just said the worst possible thing she could ever say
>She remembers it all
>I might have been able to forgive her if she hadn't, if she had pretended it all didn't happen.
>But she remembers it all
>And even better
>She wishes i never found her
>Let's just make sure i'm hearing this correctly.
>Maybe she doesn't even realize why i'm so angry at her.
>"If i hadn't found you, you would have died."
>No emotion, or a mixture of no emotion and sadness. I don't know what i managed to make it sound like.
>It's silent for a short while
>She must be just realizing what happened, why i'm mad at her, why she fucked up, it must all

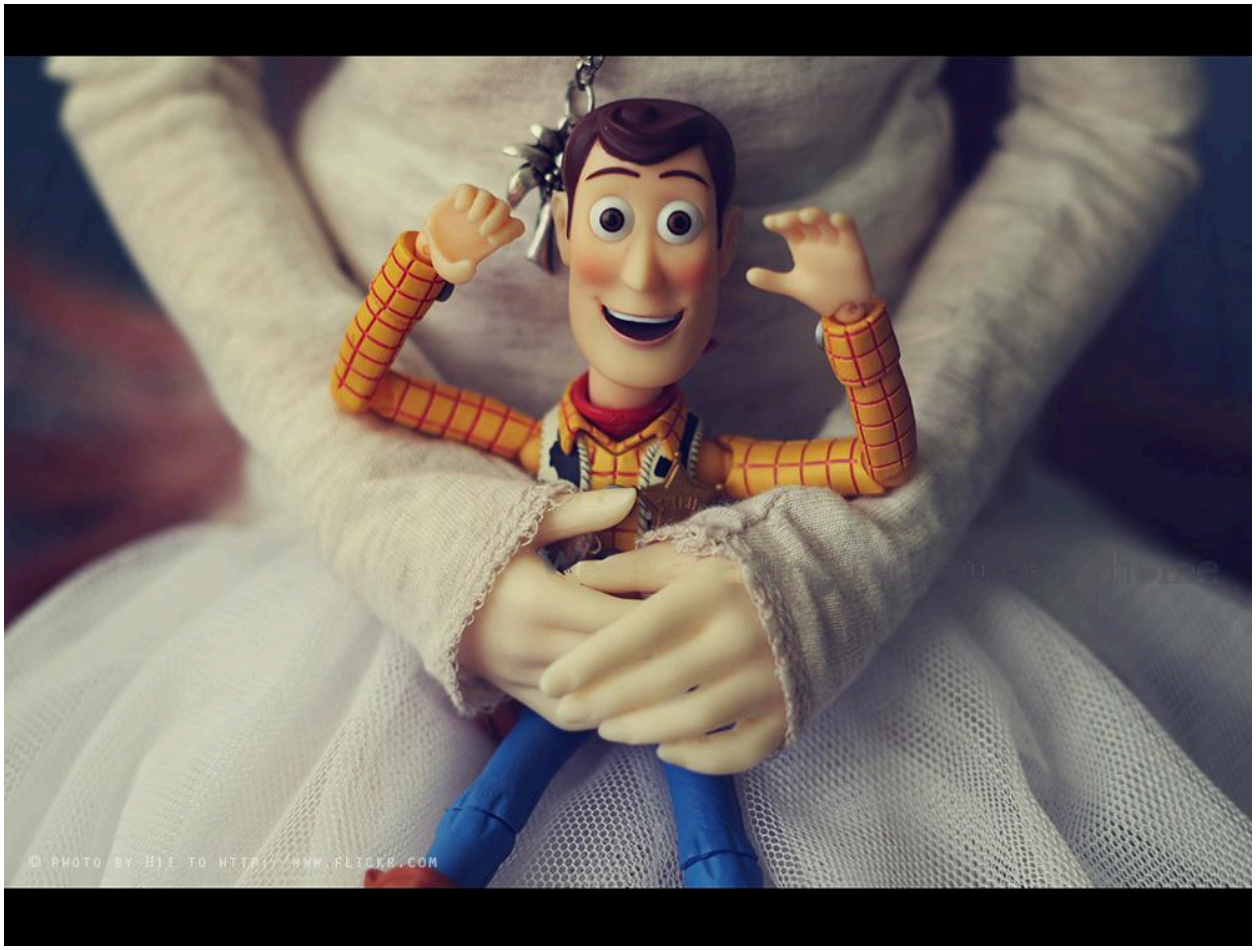
be making sense right now and it didn't before.
>Instead, what i get is a Cold, Calculated, Answer.
>"I know"

>"YOU KNOW"
>I'm angry
>Not just angry; I'm feeling outraged,
> infuriated,
> resentful...
> betrayed.
> all of them at the same time.
>She must realize what that would mean
>She's brilliant, i kept telling you she's brilliant
>She knows exactly why i was so hurt, why every time i thought of her now my stomach twists and i want to hurl.
>"If i hadn't found you, i would have blamed myself."
>It's not much of a sentence
>I break into a cracking pitch change at the end, but i've got to continue it.
>"It would have eaten me, i would have.... i would have killed myself"
>I break into a sob before i even say it, but it's still there
>The reason i can't talk to her
>The reason i can't stand her
>Is because i knew that if she had really died, if we had really found her under that bed later, covered in vomit with lifeless eyes.
>It would have been my fault
>All and entirely my fault, even if she did it all on her own it didn't matter.
>I would have blamed myself, ripped my consciousness to shreds. Maybe not that day, or even that week.
>But i would take my own life, that would be it.

>That's not an exaggeration.
>If she had died, there would be no story to tell.
>Have you ever contemplated suicide anons?
>[spoiler]Not just thought about it, i mean taken yourself to the very point at which you make the decision on whether to live or die[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Held the knife, the bottle of pills, the ring of rope.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's a confusing concept to many, the idea of being so sad that you want to end your own life to make it better, it's something people can't fathom,[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's so alien that there's a thousand and one people who will tell you all kinds of ways to make it better, there's reaction images and jokes about it, suicide is considered an "Easy" way out.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]That's not true, it's not easy at all, it's probably the hardest thing you'll ever contemplate doing in your life, the careful measurement of what you'll gain and what you may

lose in the future.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]They don't really understand, they've never been to the edge and held their own life in the palm of their hands[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Just know that its not a choice, its a feeling, you can't pick it, it's just there. You can't stop a feeling anons, no matter how hard you try.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I wish i could tell you why, i really do. But the events would let you pinpoint my location down to a mile, and i just can't risk that.[/spoiler]
>But just know i'd been that close before. Seconds away even.
>And there's one reason i'm still around to tell you this story
>And she's here in the bathroom with me.

>So now you understand why i can't look at her
>Why my stomach turns every time.
>Now you'll understand what her next words made me feel.
>Even if she didn't say them as much as release them in a strangled cry.
>"I know."



>It was confirmed
>The bitch was trying to kill me
>It's like Blondie all over again
>I knew she couldn't be trusted
>Ill fucking find her and kill her first, that's what i'm going to do
>gonna reenact the last scene of evangelion up in here
>I stand up, check the counter
>She's not sitting on it
>I guess i'll search the entire floor
>I'm crawling on my hands and knees again and going through the bathroom trying to guess

where she's hiding.
>Not under the toilet
>Not beside the cabinet
>I check the entire shower, she's not in here
>I even call out "Marco" a couple times and she doesn't respond.

>I'm seriously going to choke this bitch out though
>And not the sexy kind
>Or that half sexy kind half really kinky kind
>All i want to do is choke her and then slit my wrists and bleed out or something
>Serve the fucking bitches right when they open the door
>My only emotion left is "Fuck this gay earth"
>I don't think i can explain how emotionally broken i was.
>I'm just sitting there silently remembering how freezing cold this room is
>I hear something
>It's teeth chattering
>She's shivering, giving away her safe location
>I follow it
>I bump into something large and ceramic in the corner
>Oh right the bathtub
>I climb over the edge and start trying to grab into it
>The damn thing is bigger than i think and i end up just tumbling headfirst into it
>This is like a mansion-sized bathtub, it's actually huge like the shower.

>I fumble around and manage to right myself by grabbing onto a handle
>Its smooth and silver, and when i try to use it to pull myself up it gives way a little bit.
>It's the tap, there's water flowing somewhere in the bathtub but i don't know where, i can't feel it yet.
>Cold or hot, i don't care because i can't find the handle again, but i've found a leg
>It's definitely hers, i grab her knee forcibly and claw my way up the bathtub
>I claw up her skirt, the base of her sweatshirt, i'm half crawling half using her as some kind of ladder.
>As i get higher she's giving off sounds like i'm hurting her
>I sure hope i am.
>The water has found our legs, it's freezing cold, i don't care.
>I have one thought on my mind, and its that i'm actually going to kill her
>I'm going to end this nightmare of a reality that i've woken up into, and i'm going to go back to the happy times before this fucking sleepover.
>As soon as i kill her, that's it, that's the end of this entire ordeal.
>These words are echoing around in my head and they make so much sense
>My thoughts have never made so much sense in my life.

>I'm above her entire body now
>I can hear her breathing
>It's not soft, its heavy, fearful breathing
>I know she can hear mine, it's frantic
>I can smell her hair, peppermint.
>Our last happy memories together i guess.
>I don't know if she knows what i'm going to do yet
>But my hands scrabble across her chest and to her neck
>I wrap them both around it, it's slender, smooth and hot
>I can feel her juglar pulsing against my hand
>I can feel every breath she's taking through my fingers.
>She knows now.
>But i tell her again anyway
>"I'm going to kill you."

>She lets out a couple sentences before i get sick of her talking
>"No, please!"
>Its frantic , i press against her throat harder
>"Stop, i'll do anything!"
>begging
>"I have som-
>pleading
>That's when i get sick of her words and squeeze

>Have you ever killed someone anon?
>Tried?
>I don't expect any of you have. Maybe a select few.
>[spoiler]It's not what you would think its like, it's not scary, it's not terrifying, it's not sickening to watch yourself do it[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's exciting.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You have enough adrenaline, endorphins and other chemicals flowing through your body that you've never felt before[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You see humans were originally a species that chased down creatures in the wild and killed them with their bare hands. Its an instinct, a reward mechanic that exists solely from our ancestors[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It feeds you chemicals, it feeds you an emotion you've never felt before, it's an untapped source of enjoyment, of pleasure, that exists in all people[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Imagine a sensation like love, or fear, or sadness, or the pleasure of having sex with someone else. Killing is similar, it fits right in with all the rest.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]And it's wrong, in every sense of the word, to almost every culture on the planet. To take a human life with your bare hands, to try even[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But here's the kicker. You like it. You enjoy it. It feels good. Like a river is raging

through your veins, like your body temperature has risen a full three degrees in seconds. It feels.... powerful.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I hope you never feel it someday. I really hope. Lonely anons.[/spoiler]

>Thats what i feel
>Powerful
>I have her life in my hands
>Her hands go straight to mine, she's grabbing my wrists, clawing me with her nails as i feel her throat convulse under my hands.
>The scratches feel good.
>She's trying to kick me, splashes of water flooding back and forth in the growing pool below us
>She can't reach
>I hold her there for hours, minutes maybe even seconds.
>Eventually i let off on the pressure
>However long it was, she chokes and gasps
>I feel the air flow past me, i feel the spittle hit me in the face as she tries to alleviate the pain from having her neck pressed in.
>Her hands are still trying to force mine away, she's not strong enough, just not enough leverage and the wrong angle to stop me.

>I feel the most curious sensation where i'm straddling her
>My legs are cold, the water rising and slowly sending chills throughout my flesh
>My sweatpants are soaked through
>But my crotch...
>Well there's no non-sick way to say this
>I was rock hard
>All her squirming
>All her trying to break free
>The kicking
>The Adrenaline
>My hands holding her life up and at any time i can extinguish it
>Whatever the mixture of feelings was, it was arousing to me on some primal level.
>The sickening implications of that in my mind just twisted me even more out of shape than i already was
>I just froze there, holding her down against the cool ceramic of the bathtub by her throat
>not enough pressure to choke, but too much to escape.
>That's when i realize the ceramic was colder than it should have been
>My knuckles were in the freezing water and it was slowly rising.

>I had no intentions of moving
>It was lapping at the sides of her neck, i could feel it caressing me
>If i just held her here eventually the water would do the job for me, i'd just have to be patient

and wait
>It couldn't be more than a couple minutes at most.
>I leaned in close
>took a long inhalation of her scent again.
>It was soft, and fragrant like an old childhood memory. Still peppermint, but the old smell, the smell she always had on her in just the faintest way. The smell i always remembered every time i hugged her.
>It was there too.
>She's not speaking anymore
>Nor is she scrabbling with her fingers, i think she's drawn blood around my wrists
>I can feel a liquid seeping down, and i can almost hear the drip... drip... drip of something hitting her sweater.
>But the water is too loud, and it's much higher now, lapping at her ears i would guess
>She wouldn't be able to hear me soon.
>So i asked her a question
>"Give me one reason to let you live."

>I doubt you've asked anyone that question
>But you would expect begging
>Pleading
>Prayers
>Bargaining
>I expected a whole slew of answers
>But not the one i got
>Silence
>She said nothing
>Not a single word
>Not a single sound
>I couldn't take it
>Why wasn't she talking
>The water was up to her ears now
>I know she heard me
>She's not struggling
>She's not limp, her hands are still firmly grasping my wrists
>I'm still holding her against the bottom of the tub, she can't move her head, she knows the water is rising.
>"WHY WON'T YOU SAY ANYTHING"

>I'm screaming
>I'm straining all my muscles
>I can't see her face
>how badly i want to see her face
>See the fear in her eyes

>but she won't even plead, she won't even beg
>She won't even let me know how much she wants to live
>its just silence
>"THEY'RE THE LAST WORDS YOU'LL EVER SAY"
>"THE LAST WORDS YOU'LL EVER TELL ME"
>"SAY SOMETHING"
>I'm frantic
>the water is up to her chin and seeping in the edges of her mouth
>she's not silent anymore, she's giving spits and gasps
>coughs as the water enters her throat
>each time she coughs i feel her throat spasm
>That's it, the waters there, its flooding into and filling her mouth

>Then, she coughs out three garbled words
>"I"
>"Love"
>"You"
>It's loud enough for me to hear
>She's not scrabbling at my wrists, or drawing blood anymore
>She's not kicking and screaming
>She just tenses up
>Her hands are around my arms and for each word she gives a squeeze.
>On the last, she holds it.
>YOU STUPID GIRL
>YOU IDIOTIC STUPID FUCKING GIRL
>YOU HAD TO SAY THOSE WORDS
>FOR ANYTHING ELSE I MIGHT HAVE STOPPED
>I MIGHT HAVE ENDED IT AND LEFT
>BUT NO
>YOU STUPID GIRL
>I CAN'T LET YOU LIVE NOW
>I take my hands and squeeze, as hard as i've ever squeezed before
>I know i'm going to crack something, her larynx, her jugular, i'm going to kill her before the water can.

>I'm stressing my muscles to the limit as i feel her face fully submerge.

>Then that's it
>My muscles tense up and give out
>I lose grip, i'm no longer even holding myself up, my arms cramp up and stop working
>it's like a muscle spasm, i just lose control of the situation and find myself on my side halfway submerged in the water
>I'm glad
>i would have killed her
>I don't bother moving
>One eye and ear is below, one above.
>I hear coughing
>The sound of water falling off of wet clothes into a pool
>sputtering

>retching
>shivering
>I'm dimly aware she's vomiting.

>I hear a hand grasping around in the water
>it finds my face
>it finds my hair
>i'm yanked upwards
>i feel her breath
>It's sour
>i feel her forehead against mine
>and then she's kissing me
>she tastes like bile
>Arcid
>Acidic
>Bitter
>Disgusting
>It tastes like partially digested pizza
>i'm gagging
>There's chunks of food left over in her mouth and her teeth
>Her tongue won't let me not taste them
>I pull away from her and empty my stomach into the tub as well.
>it burns all the way up and all the way out until the retching stops.

>it wasn't romantic
>she was sharing the suffering
>She's still coughing
>Trying to clear her throat
>I know what being strangled feels like
>Your throat feels like somethings in it, even though there's nothing there anymore.
>It feels itchy, painful
>I hear her cough again, and the sound of water dripping off her clothes
>I assume she's pulled herself out of the tub because i hear a clunk on the tile
>I'm shivering still
>The water is absolutely as cold as it could be from the tap
>I grab the edge of the tub and try to pull myself out
>My arms are heavy
>Weak
>I manage to force my chest over the edge
>I roll my lower body over and fall the 2 feet to the ground
>I don't land on raven, but i nearly do, i'm lying right beside her.
>She must have rolled over

>I've got one question on my mind
>"Say it again"
>I still have the taste of bile in my mouth, both mine and hers
>The bathroom smells like vomit
>We're shivering on the floor, i can hear my teeth and her teeth chattering away like skeletons
>But i want to hear her say it again
>She's silent
>"Say it again"
>I repeat myself louder
>She's silent
>But then she manages "I love you"
>its soft, it's delicate, it feels like it has meaning
>But its not what i want
>Its not what i want her to say.

>"Put your hands on my throat"
>I'm trying to be as confident as i possibly can, i'm still having stomach convulsions
>"W... what"
>She's not understanding
>"CHOKE ME"
>I bellow it, i need her hands around my neck
>I grab at her arms, and force one to my throat, the other follows
>I make sure they've got a firm grip
>"Now choke me, feel the power you have over me"
>She gives a couple light squeezes, weak really, no effect.
>I bellow through her squeezes "HARDE-
>Her fingers tense and squeeze tightly around my throat, i can't breathe
>There's an intense pressure, it hurts desperately bad.
>I'm lying on my arms so i can't fight back either, it's perfect.

>She holds on until i start seeing stars
>Its beautiful, seeing stars in a pitch black room.
>They spin, they twist, they're the only thing you see.
>She holds on and lets go, stops for whatever reason
>It's alright, i wouldn't have minded dying, but i had that question still
>I tell her that she's got me right where i need to be
>She has all the power in the situation
>"I'm going to ask you a question"
>"If your answer is no, strangle me until i'm unconscious and tie me up"
>I'm dead serious with these words
>"if you lie, ill kill you when i find out"
>She's not saying anything, but i feel her hands squeeze on my neck
>She's scared i know she is, but she has all the cards, i've given them all to her.

>"I need to know if it was the truth, or you were just scared and willing to tell me anything"
>"Do you love me."

>Her voice is soft
>But its not words
>She coughs
>Clearing her throat, or it still feels pressured, i don't know
>Her breath is soft too, like a sleeping child
>She coughs again
>but she speaks this time
>"you're so stupid"
>She squeezes her hands together
>Tighter
>Tighter
>I can't breathe,
>I'm seeing stars again
>Beautiful stars
>But i hear her slide closer
>She whispers in my ear
>"You've never noticed..."
>My lungs are burning
>"But i've always loved you."
>Then the stars went out.

Update #13 : April 16th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11358202#p11358202

>When the stars went out i went out
>I'm all out of faith
>But as to if i was really unconscious, or simply lost in my head is another question.
>Because of the darkness, i really in truth had no clue how long i was out or if i was out at all
>But the next sound i heard was the near mechanical slurping, wooing and moaning that all bathtubs seem to make as the water worms its way out and into the pipes.
>This is how i feel
>It strikes me as odd that those sounds are nearly indescribable in my head, that the water leaving the bathtub has no realistic comparison.
>But it was the sound i heard
>As i woke up.
>I'm cold and i'm ashamed
>lying naked on the floor.

>I lie there listening
>That's all i want to do
>That's all i deserve
>There's a dripping, water from the faucet, wet clothes on the ground.
>There's a rustling of wet cloth
>All encompassed by the wooing and slurping of the water out of the bathtub.
>There's a creak, a lever being pulled, the water starts pouring in again.
>Raven's working the bathtub, to what end your guess is good as mine
>I hear running water on ceramic, the sound a bathtub makes when the drain is open and it's not filling.
>Splashing, as if she's kicking her dangling legs in the water below the dock she's sitting on.
>The sound of sloshing water at a river, the sound of a drain being closed.
>A loud, but inorganic click, as if she's flipped the switch
>The smells in the bathroom slowly change along with the pitch and melody of the water.
>The bile goes away, the air becomes heavier and warmer
>Steam

>The smells become smoother, artificial
>The room fills with the aroma of some synthetic fruit, or artificial taste that never matched the flavor it's named after.
>It smells lovely, but absolutely unrelatable to anything natural.
>The water is cascading down in a roaring waterfall, the tub must be partially full
>Eventually i hear the water peter off and stop

>The only thing left is the sloshing, as if it were waves cascading on a swimming pool, or a rocky beach.
>There's a voice
>Its not my voice
>"You're cold aren't you?"

>I'm freezing
>I don't say anything
>I don't move
>A hand finds mine
>It squeezes
>"Its hot water this time..."
>I realized that long before it was said
>I could smell it, smell the steam and heat permeating through the room
>The scent of water that you'll never notice unless you can't see it.
>it smelled nice, it smelled warm
>i like warm
>I manage to get one of my arms under me and lift myself up slightly
>It doesn't work very well because there's wet clothes in my way,
>Its a pile of clothes, a rough and coarse fabric, a soft and silky one
>I ignore using the ground, grip an edge of the tub and pull myself into a sitting position
>The smell is far stronger here
>I can hear a soft crackling, popping.

>I find a hand resting on the side of the tub
>I can only assume she's sitting, waiting for me.
>I'm having trouble getting up, my arms and legs aren't cooperating with one another.
>It's a mixture of slippery and wet
>A mixture of the foreboding stiffness that accompanies your limbs when you sleep in a cold place
>A mixture of the lack of strength in my tired arms
>A mixture of the pain in my lower back that had been silently throbbing all day
>A mixture of the sharpening pain in my lungs and throat
>When people say everything hurts, they mean it's a whole host of things.
>But not everything
>But in the course of this story you've watched. You know exactly what i mean.
>Everything on me, every little thing, did indeed hurt.
>This went double for every aspect of my psyche, every emotional crevice i had was filled with regret, doubt, self-loathing.
>And here i was, draped over the side of a bathtub's rim, fragrant water encompassing its depths, with the friend i've tried to kill splashing her legs like nothing's happened.

>It's not a feeling i can pretend i can recreate for you, it's not a feeling i can begin to convey.
>I was simply content to stare into the darkness, knowing water, warmth, an end, was before me. But not in sight.
>Content in the way that i felt i deserved it, deserved the purgatory of staying here forever, like this, regretting my life up until this point, regretting everything i'd ever done these last few days.
>I was content to stare at nothing
>But she was not
>She placed one hand on my back, and drew lines down my spine, reaching the waistband of these forsaken women's sweatpants.
>and with an iron grip
>She lifted me just enough to lose my grip, slide headfirst into the water.
>It was a surprise, a shock
>I didn't see it coming
>The water was hot on my face, it burned
>It felt like i was boiling alive.

>I'm quite sure i screamed underwater, let out air and squirmed
>The result was that i slipped deeper and deeper until i was fully in the bathtub
> my torso and legs long having left the rim.
>With a twist i'm upright and my head is above the surface
>It's hot, my face is hot
>Burning like exposed skin on a summer's day.
>But the water is not uncomfortable, simply unbearable in that way hot water on your face so often is.
>there's bubbles in the water and i have to spit out a bit of soapy something as i come up.
>But ultimately i seem unharmed, and warm for the first time in ages.
>I let out a groan and recline against the slanted back of the tub
>My muscles are groaning with me, but in a good way
>It's soothing, calming
>I hear a plop, and the water level rises a couple inches.
>It's probably a kraken, i'm expecting tentacles any moment, and we all know what happens after that.
>Eventually, even though i was trying to stay as still as possible, a tentacle finds my ankle.

>It worms its way up my leg and to my stomach
>Its not a tentacle even though it's slippery long and smooth
>It's a hand and an arm, the soap and hot water making it slide effortlessly over my skin.
>It wraps itself around the back of me, the splashing accompanying it remind me there's a human attached, a very close one at that.
>Who only gets closer as she pulls herself into a hug
>But it's a misshapen hug, she's at an angle, she's kinda off to the side, she ends up sideways hugging my chest, her head against my ribcage, her chest against my stomach
>But its a hug, a dark, warm, wet, slippery hug

>And she's naked.
>Atleast the parts of her touching me are, even though i'm sloshing around with my pants on still.
>it's still a hug, and it means more than some empty sexual context, but what it meant i didn't know at the time.
>Until she spoke
>"I'm glad you didn't"

>I knew what she meant
>I knew she wanted some kind of answer, some kind of approval like "Oh i wouldn't have" or "I was always going to stop"
>Something clarifying, something warm, soft, fuzzy
>Something to promise her it wasn't me in that cold water, that since she couldn't see me it was someone else with those hands
>I wasn't going to give her that
>She deserved the truth
>"I wasn't going to stop"
>It was cold, calculated, empty of emotion ,but true.
>As i said it, i felt one of my own heartstrings snap in two, the pang of guilt accompanying it.
>She didn't stop the hug
>I didn't understand
>She should be angry at me, not talking to me
>Instead she squeezes and clambers further up my chest, resting her smooth body against mine and her head on my shoulder
>The warm water rocking softly with her movement.
>Its a whisper in my ear
>"Until i told you i loved you."

>Its not much of a thought process before i respond
>Near instant really
>"I squeezed harder"
>Another heartstring snapped, the pain double of the first.
>"And it hurt, i saw fireworks go off behind my eyes... but you stopped... you stopped"
>Her whisper is quiet, trusting, caring
>Like i've done her a favor, like i've saved her life
>She doesn't understand
>She doesn't get it
>i tell her the secret
>the grand truth as to why i wasn't a murderer
>"my arms gave out"
>That was it
>That was why she was alive
>I wanted to kill her, but i couldn't

>it was because i was a weakling, a pathetic human
>These words are said as well, along with many others.
>Her response is a long time coming
>It's just silence, with the lightly lapping water at the walls of the basin.
>The crinkling and crackling of the foam.
>"Then we're even?"

>No, fuck no
>If there was a point system in place previously it's so far gone i can't even begin to imagine where we're at
>Like we've actually taken the points, converted them into those stupid prizes you get at the arcades, and then lost them in a gutter somewhere after playing with them once.
>Then the gutter is actually engulfed in a volcano along with the rest of the city.
>Frankly in my own personal scoring system i had fucked up so badly, that i had gone back through the good portions of town, ruined those, and gone back to shitsvile three times over.
>But i can't convey that well enough in my mind
>and her voice was hopeful
>Whatever thought process i had that was killing me on the inside, she probably had the same about what happened earlier.
>Whatever we were feeling on the inside, my best guess is that we were equal, on some scale of measuring emotions that hasn't been invented yet.
>So i just give the next best answer
>"Yeah"

>It's back to silent hugging now
>I've got my arms around her, they're slippery, i don't really have any hold on her skin
>But i can pull her tighter and that's all that matters
>She does the same
>It's just silence and rocking waves now
>As we float in the comforting darkness
>I assume this is what being in your mother's womb must be like
>Floating in a sea of liquid, complete darkness, warmth, safety
>The only difference is i'm not alone.
>It's like that for a long while, long enough that the water cooled down to lukewarm, long enough that i'm sure our fingers were starting to wrinkle.
>But i feel her grip loosen and the water droplets collapse into an entrancing symphony as she sits up and they roll off.
>She's off across the tub, the water's splashing again so i know she's moving or doing something
>The water turns on
>The drain opens
>I realize she's performing the age-old girl secret of making the bath water warm again.

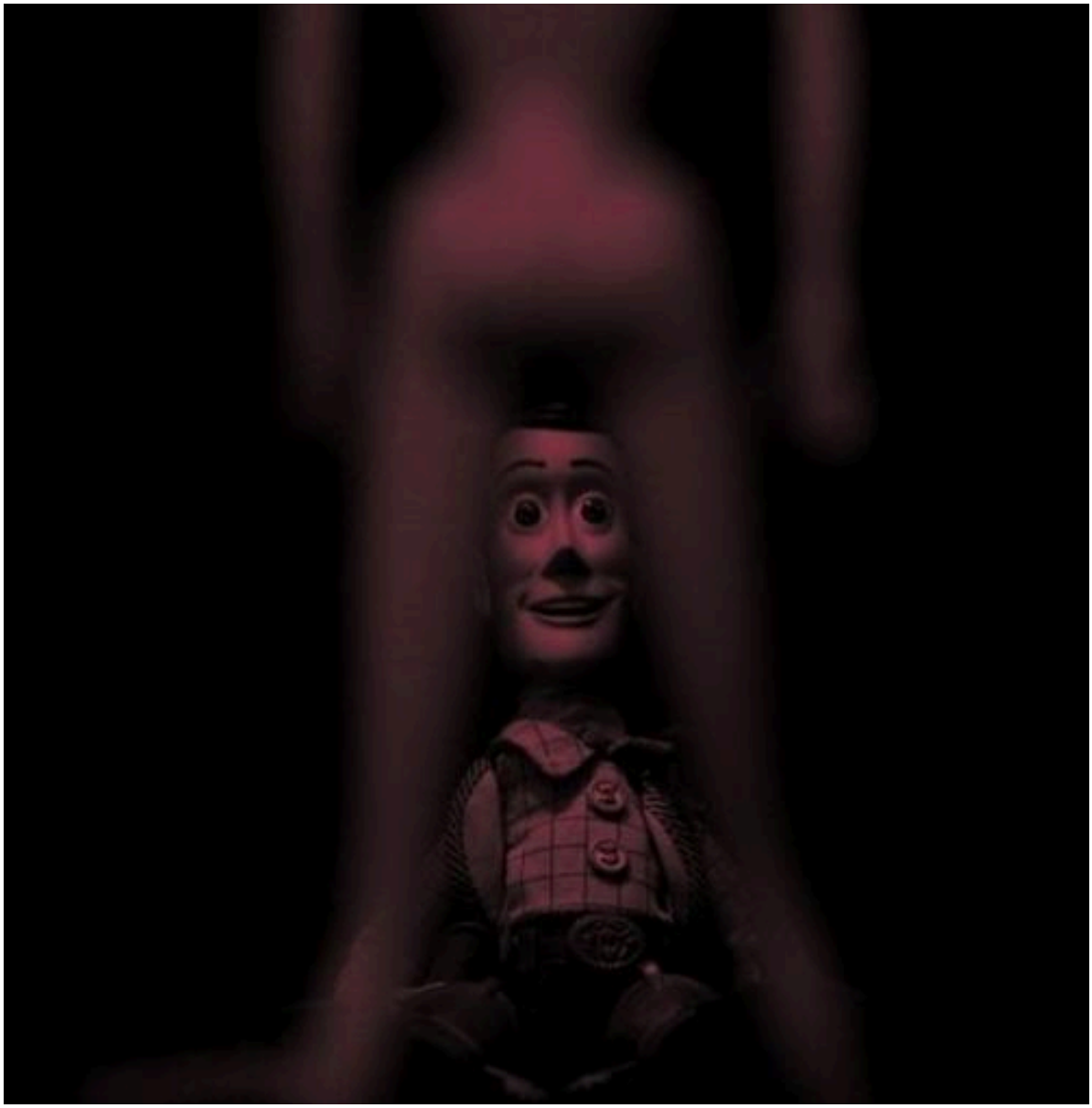
>And she gives a yank at the leg of the sweatpants i'm wearing and they slide halfway down
>Hot again, my mistake

>Now taking off wet clothing is really not that easy in a bathtub
>It's actually really hard depending on the clothing
>Well these sweatpants were all tangled around my legs, and they were a girl's so the ankles didn't exactly fit me loosely.
>There was kicking, screaming, hair pulling, some blood drawing, and more kicking and screaming involved
>It took quite a bit of effort, but eventually i was naked, she was naked, and the water was hot again
>This is fully realized at the moment my clothing was hoisted out of the tub and plopped with a sickening splat onto the floor below
>The bathroom was probably flooded with all the water we kept putting on the floor, but we didn't care.
>We returned to hugging, it was different now
>The foam had dissipated and was no longer crackling and cackling away as the bubble's popped
>There was more contact, she had a single leg between mine, and the result was my leg between hers.
>Even without movement, even without even the slightest rub, slide or nudge, we were both breathing heavily into one another's shoulders.

>It's not as sexual a situation as you would imagine
>It was, i mean i was erect, she was sighing softly and rubbing against my upper thigh
>The water was splashing and reverberating in waves every time we moved
>The only thing we had to locate one another was breathing
>It was an exceptionally intimate, some would say romantic moment.
>But more than that, it was comforting, safe, warm.
>Happy
>I was content to lie like that forever, there was no urgency, no sense of need to change the pace.
>But as usually was the case, Raven took initiative.

>With a soft movement she straddled me, i could feel her legs on either side of mine, one of her hands on my chest.
>Her hips lifted out of the water, the symphony of droplets once again.
>My hands on her hips, following them into the cool air.
>Her other hand below, holding my stiffness as she lowered herself against it
>No guesswork here, she knew exactly where it needed to go as i felt the tip nestle past her outer lips.
>A pause in that moment, her straddling above me, complete darkness, nothing but the

splashing of water around us.
>Then she took it all, one plunge



.

>It was different to Glasses
>It didn't take 10 minutes to just enter her, the water, the soap, everything made it slide in far easier.
>She was tighter, much, much tighter, the pressure was like squeezing your manhood a little too firmly when fapping.
>Tight enough to make you think about how tight it is.
>The tightness itself was incredible.
>This made sense, she was a smaller girl, she had a smaller body, a smaller frame.

>But what didn't make sense is that she was deeper.
>She took every inch, right to the base
>I still felt the pressure of pressing against what i assumed must have been her cervix, but it wasn't in the way, it wasn't like a roadblock, it was a change at the end of the tunnel.
>When she dropped her hips, she didn't cry, she didn't give a shout
>I couldn't see if she was crying, had her eyes open or closed
>All i can hear are her hard, long breaths in the darkness.

>The first words she says break my heart
>"I'm sorry we couldn't both be the first"
>I can hear it in her voice, she's crying
>She's just given me hers and i was already used goods.
>Maybe because of the pain, because she's just forced herself down on me.
>Maybe because of the pain of the words she was saying.
>Maybe because sharing firsts should be something romantic
>I'm not stressed at all
>I'm not worried
>I just curl my head up against hers and whisper
>"It's alright. You mean far more"
>She just squeezed herself tightly into me, wrapped her arms around me and stayed there.
>I didn't need to move
>Which is odd because you usually can't stop your hips from moving on their own when you're having sex, just fyi
>I was happy where i was, as close to Raven as i was.
>Even the water had stopped sloshing with our lack of movement, it was silent beside our breathing.
>Eventually her arms loosen, her breathing drops from being hard and harsh, to soft and quiet
>I realize she's fallen asleep
>It's sweet, its not even sex, its just closeness.
>I wrap my arms so that she won't fall off and i lean back and close my eyes.
>I'm completely at bliss as i doze off.

>And then they were eaten by a grue

Update #14 : April 17th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11370390#p11370390

>Her soft breath
>That's what i woke up to, that's the first thing i heard.
>It was like a translucent siren was softly whispering to me
>caressing my chest with it's teasing whispers
>soft and steady warmth playing across my skin.
>Next was the soft caress of her arms, the weight of her shoulder against mine
>The warmth of so much upper chest skin contact
>The feel of her chest pricking me with twin half-size thimbles..
>Unhappily, next was the tepid water i was lying in
>The temperature of a bath long-since cold, but with two warm bodies keeping it just barely from freezing
>however comfortable the position was
>The full upper body skin contact
>The encompassing mental warmth of knowing that i was at this moment, holding someone who truly loved me.
>However much i wished i could stay in that moment forever...

>My legs were stiff, my lower back cold and sore.
>I had to move.

>I had no intention of disturbing the slumbering bird in my arms however.
>I took careful movements, slow and relaxed movements. Only enough to create the smallest of waves, the lightest of splashes.
>It was only when i slid across the bathtub
>Raven still holding onto me in her slumber
>My butcheeks never leaving the base yet sliding along just fine.
>The low mournful squeal of them moving across the wet ceramic..
>It was only when i began to move again through the pitch darkness, that raven slid into a different position against me.
>And i realized that i was still inside her
>The pressure and warmth was so natural it felt as if everything was simply in its right place. Meant to be.
>But the slightest position change sent a jolt through my lower body
>The same kind of jolt you feel when you've fapped a little too quickly and you pull your hand away right at the edge.
>The simple removal of your hand almost enough to set you off, your will struggling fruitlessly against it.
>But the difference was that i wasn't even close to climax myself, i wasn't even fully hard.
>That's just the way the pressure felt, the way her insides rubbed against me as i slid.
>I took care to hold her still against my chest with one arm for the rest of the trip, i didn't want to get distracted.

>Eventually on my long journey across the vast ocean i reached my goal
>The faucet, the drain.
>Fumbling around, i found the levers, pulleys, switches and weight-triggered contraptions that controlled the complicated system that was a bathtub
>one i'd never used before, now in pitch blackness.
>By replacing a golden statue with a bag of sand and wedging a large stick against a moving wall
>Not to mention using my whip to pull a hidden lever
>I managed to get some hot water flowing and the drain open.
>The loud whine of the drain once again filling the room, the roaring rush of the water filling in the gaps.
>The steam returning to my nostrils
>This was a loud process, bathtubs are not silent creatures and they yell, scream and stomp their feet when they're poked and prodded into producing artificial lakes.

>But the girl in my arms did not stir, she did not squirm awake with a jolt like i expected, or scream and jump away from me before realizing where she was.
>She could either be deep asleep, or pretending to some unknown end.

>Without being able to see her face, i had only her breath and her movement to tell, and neither of the last two changed.
>She didn't move the entire time the bath filled again, the entire time the water temperature changed from cold, to warm, to nearly too hot to stand.
>With that completed i turned off the taps, closed the drain and slid to place my back against one of the vertical walls of the tub.
>In doing so she shifted again
>I let my arm slip free, her body pulled forward and i felt every nerve tingle as i slipped my manhood just half an inch out of where it had been before.

>The tingling was accompanied by a temperature change
>I had been encased in warm at the base, and now it was hot.
>I'll be honest
>I missed the sensation of encompassing pressure.
>The second it was gone i felt it, the temperature change, the lack of squeezing, even the tickle of her wet loins against the sensitive base.
>I thought very much that i wanted my penis fully back in the happy place it had been before
>But i worried about waking raven
>Fuck it, what could it hurt.
>So i thrust, just half an inch, but i put myself back where i wanted to be.
>It felt wonderful, the head pressing against her cervix, the shaft massaged with friction lightly the entire way up.
>It was too enjoyable of a sensation ,but i felt as if i was going to forget it
>I needed to engrave it again in my memory
>So i pulled out, just a little more than half an inch this time
>And i thrust again, concentrating only on the sensations
>This was a trap

>I continued my ministrations
>I couldn't help myself
>I don't think any male would be able to
>an inch out
>an inch back in
>an inch and a third out
>an inch and a third back in
>Each fourth or fifth thrust pulling the tiniest bit more out, only to return.
>She seemed to be asleep the entire time
>Until two, at two inches she wrapped her arms fully around me and squeezed
>That's the first point i realized she was awake
>No other movements, no other sounds
>Just her soft breathing slightly faster and a hug.
>I took it as a sign i was being approved, consent,
>But i continued the slow pace i had set out on

>It wasn't too hard to keep going, but i had reached the physical limit of only moving my body.
>That is to say, every time i pulled out, i was abruptly stopped by the bathtub before i could go any farther.
>I realized that if i was going to continue my strokes she would need to lift her hips
>Or i could do it for her

>I decided the second option was the most likely, she seemed unwilling to move on her own
>Embarrassed, enjoying the sensations, or simply still feigning sleep.
>It didn't strike me that i could be hurting her before i had lifted her hips up halfway and slid them down again
>Before she gave a sharp inhale on the upstroke, and a long exhale on the down.
>Uh oh
>I asked, softly and barely a whisper
>"Does it hurt..?"
>I don't get any words in return
>Just an "mmm mmm"
>That humming sound so close to "Nuh uh" but without any tongue movement at all.
>I even felt the wet tips of her hair slide across my chest as she shook her head.
>The image in my head was adorable, i hope it is in yours too.
>Fears of bodily harm alleviated, i continued
>This time lifting her hips instead of mine
>Each upstroke enticing a gasp, each down eliciting a voiceless sigh

>She never stopped squeezing me tightly the entire time.
>Her wet skin sliding against mine, her lower legs always pressing against mine, her upper only when she was sitting fully into my lap.
>She never said a word, let out a moan, or a sound of enjoyment
>I was worried, i felt like these were important, these were what should mean i was doing the right thing.
>Glasses had let out plenty, but i wasn't hearing a single peep now.
>I had no clues or hints to her mood, only the quiet splashing and her soft breathing cycles.
>Frankly, as erotic and amazing the experience was
>Having sex in a pitch black bathroom, in the bathtub no less with my best friend
>It was still only my second real "Time" and i was desperately scared the lack of noises meant i was doing it wrong.
>I mean that's how it works right? The noises are good?
>Women in anime were always noisy, the sprawling lines of text in manga said so as well, and sex on TV was always loud.
>I was a teenage male, all i had to go off of was media
>So as much as i was enjoying it, i felt internally that i was doing it wrong.
>Until she squeezed.

>It wasn't like all the other squeezes, you see for those she used her hands or her thighs
>But this squeeze was with her hands, and with her thighs... partially
>But it was also with her breath, she pressed herself against me and stopped her breath too.
>Her entire body seemed to tense up.
>The rest was inside of her, a convulsing tightness that fluttered and alternated
>The sensation was unbelievable, it was as if multiple little hands were grabbing and squeezing me in different places, all at once
>It lasted only a couple seconds before she relaxed
>The tension across her entire body that had just been created moments before just melted away
>But still not a single sound
>I was confused, back to thinking i had broken her or something when i remembered she did the same thing the first night
>All of it except for the fluttering, i hadn't felt that
>That.
>was.
>her.
>climax.
>...
>Awesome.

>Glasses did nothing of the sort, or she flat out lied about getting off
>I was halfway torn between feeling hurt about a girl i wasn't even with, and reveling in the sensations of the girl i had in my arms.
>I couldn't decide if Glasses had put on an act, or if Raven was simply different.
>Sometimes i think if women knew that we were comparing them to other women during sex, i know we would never get any action again.
>I don't think that actually, i know that.
>[spoiler]don't tell them please[/spoiler]
>I wasn't sure what to make of this experience, but that wasn't any sort of reason to stop.
>I continued at the pace i had set, but my progress was inconsistent.
>Lifting a girl's hips up and down time and time again, it's not much different from lifting weights
>Sometimes you pull them a tad higher, sometimes a tad lower
>My arms burned
>My back hurt
>I was breathing rhythmically, unintentionally timing my breaths with each lift.
>I was getting closer and closer to orgasm myself, but i couldn't do it.
>I had to stop

>I dropped her lightly, her pelvis grinding fully into mine
>my arms flopped to my sides, i couldn't even hold her hips anymore
>They burned like hell, my shoulders were even sore.
>[spoiler]It's such an interesting thought, that before i lost my virginity i didn't even realize sex

was a physical exercise[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]i didn't realize how taxing it was to lift a girl 40+ times, just to thrust your hips against hers.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]even if you get chemicals that make you feel less of a burn, give you more strength and make you enjoy it wholeheartedly. It's still a workout[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] and we've been over this, i didn't even lift[/spoiler]
>I started contemplating solutions, she still wasn't doing anything but holding me.
>really, it kinda sucks when the girl doesn't move at all.
>I could always go back to doing the 1-inch punches i had started with
>I'm not bruce lee, but my hips didn't know that
>I still can't bring myself to move though, i'm still catching my breath
>She must have been curious because
>"Did you...finish?"
>Inquisitive, almost sad.
>Breaks her vow of silence

>I let out the same "mmm mmm" she had used before
>I didn't want to let on that i was tired, and i felt like talking might give it away.
>"You can... it's alright you know"
>Oh drat, these are the kinds of things i need to think of before my penis is inside of women
>The thought hadn't even crossed my mind
>There were quite a few "No its not alright"s and "No i can't"s that passed through my head
>I tried to be the chivalrous knight in this situation
>which is always a bad idea, but you know.
>"It's alright, we can stop"

>It was a dumb idea, but i had made her climax once
>I figured she was good, would be satisfied
>that made sense in my teenage brain
>But you see that's not how it works anons
>[spoiler]For a female, sex is a different beast than it is for a male, the different genders tend to focus on completely separate things[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] where for a male the high points of sex are the climax, or the enjoyment of providing pleasure to the woman, everything else comes second.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]For women, climaxes are great, they'll ride each one out like a heroin high[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But those cheating bastards get to have more than one, and even worse still, as a result the sex isn't about a single climax, it's spread out across the entire experience[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The feeling of a man holding you in his arms, the feeling of that same man thrusting inside you[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] and yes, each orgasm, and the final knowledge that you've satisfied him, as well as the psychological aspects of feeling important, loved and needed by that male[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] even if it's just for those moments[/spoiler]
>She wasn't.

>"No it's alright"
>My response is blunt, she's got to understand
>"No, its not"
>That seems to get the point across
>Now she knows what i'm thinking, why i'm ready to stop here
>Getting her pregnant is not on my list of things to do today.
>"It is...I just didn't tell you"
>W... what
>If your best friend every says these words to you while you're having sex with her
>[spoiler] or him, i don't judge[/spoiler]
>Run

>"Remember how about a month or two ago, i said my stomach was hurting"
>Remember, fuck she bitched at me for like a week about that
>Not even like normal bitching, turbo bitching, had to be nice to her the entire week.
>[spoiler]She wasn't on her period that week though, i had those planned out as "Avoid" or "Bribe with food" days in my mind.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You'll do that one day too anons, when you have a close female friend[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You'll forget to do it once, and never again will those dates leave your mind[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] and don't imagine you won't get a female friend, you will eventually, its like a curse you can't escape[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] and if you're wondering, right now was right around those days of the month, i wasn't sure how the cycle worked exactly but you can tell now why i was so willing to just stop[/spoiler]
>She continues her story
>"Well it ends up they were just cramps, but the doctor did a full check-up to figure that out"
>"He prescribed me some meds..."

>"They weren't too bad... but..."
>She's crying
>I can hear it in her voice
>I'm not liking this story anymore
>I actually want to stop the story and continue with my life without hearing it
>you know when you can tell it's just not going to end well and you should bail now?
>Well i didn't bail, stupid me.
>"He said something about scar tissue, about it being twisted"
>She broke down into silence at this point, i didn't need to hear more.
>I didn't understand why she didn't tell me, i was her best friend for fuck's sake
>She had told me everything about her life
>I didn't understand if it was too personal, or if she was just too hurt
>I didn't understand how she had hidden it from me, or why.
>there's only one question to ask in a situation like that.
>"Why didn't you tell me?"

>I'm not trying to be harsh, its soft, meaningful.

>Its an absurd contrast to my harsh uncaring personality earlier.
>I briefly consider the idea that i may be bipolar, or suffering from some insane mental disease
>Considering i'm flitting off into imagination land so often, i wouldn't put it past myself.
>The answer i get from her though is anything but insane
>Its really quite typical
>Cliche even
>"I thought you wouldn't like me if you found out"
>Those aren't happy words, and they aren't composed of happy sounds, and they aren't coming out of a happy throat.

>Of course, out of all the things it could be though
>It's THAT one.
>She's thinking that i somehow would think of her as a lesser person if she told me
>I should have realized
>she was hiding her chest size stuffing or wearing padded bras around me
>She had been my best friend for years and what she had said was completely true, she had been in love with me, trying to attract me and appeal to me for years now.
>and she felt that somehow, somewhere, it wasn't worth telling her best friend about what had obviously been hurting her for months
>Because it would make him less likely to "like" her.
>Less likely mate-material.
>That thought... more than anything else hurt.

>Whatever it was, it was not "Alright"
>It was not all fine, or ok
>There were connections in my mind, and that should be in your mind about why this had happened
>[spoiler]There are places you hit people when you want to make the scars and bruises visible, and places you hit when you don't want them to show[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Cowards will hit those weaker than them in the stomach, kidneys, liver[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's where you hit someone to hurt them without others knowing, where you hit someone who has to go to school the next day[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's also the most painful[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] remember i compared being hit in the kidneys and liver to full spinal pain? To being kicked in the balls?[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The entire area is a mess of nerves, bundles of sensitive organs, even more so for women[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Anons that have been in a fight know, each hit is the worst thing you've ever felt, until the next one comes.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It didn't go over so well with a developing uterus.[/spoiler]
>I knew that if i ever met the man, he wouldn't walk away.

>She's not liking my silence
>My murderous contemplation of ways to kill her father
>She takes it as any insecure teenager would, as confirmation of her worst fears
>She had a backup plan it seemed
>Words that she had repeated over and over in her head to make herself feel better
>Words she cried out, a mixture of forced happiness and sobbing
>"He said it can get better when i'm older, that there's surgery and medicine i can take"
>It sounds like she's desperate, like its some shot in the dark
>But i guess everyone sounds like that when a doctor gives you hope like that.
>"He said it's not too bad, that i can have children even if -
>I stop her with a kiss

>I don't need to hear more
>She may think that pleading and trying to tell me that it's all good-and-dandy is what she should be doing to make me like her more.
>But its not
>I don't even like kids
>I'm not planning on having kids anytime soon
>It's not a talk, not a conversation i need in my life right then.
>Frankly as much as i was angry and hurt about this revelation, it was to my benefit
>As much as i hated to admit it
>it was convenient
>Yes, i was a gigantic dick
>But you're in my head, no complaining.

>The kiss, as expected, tasted awful
>Not vomit again in the tub awful, but pretty bad
>We broke apart pretty quick
>There weren't any words involved, but i could hear her lean down and swish some water in her mouth then spit it out.
>I did the same
>We probably both tasted awful
>She was weird though, long after i had cleansed the flavor out of my mouth, she was still leaning over and gargling and spitting.
>I hear her slurping at the water every time, it's pretty funny to listen to.
>It really is like the sound you would make saying "Pew" while inhaling
>she seems to slurp, and then i feel her weight shift as she comes up, seemingly without spitting.
>Next thing i know her lips are on mine
>Next next thing i know, there's water in my mouth
>Then my lungs

>Yeah i'm sure her idea of romantically sharing water with me in some kind of dirty-mouthwash-kiss was great
>Im sure it worked out amazingly in her head
>But in reality i had no clue it was coming and just inhaled like an idiot
>There was a lot of burning
>little bit of choking
>Lot of coughing and sputtering
>I'm pretty sure it was some payback for me trying to drown her
>She started laughing pretty quick
>Lovely laughter, ringing across the entire bathroom
>My favorite sound when i was younger.
>I would have been angry, i mean in any other situation i would have been annoyed at least
>But i was still inside this woman
>And she was laughing
>She had her hands on my shoulders
>Nothing to stop her lower torso from moving and wiggling as she giggled
>and the muscle contractions of her giggling and flexing her stomach
>It was fucking amazing

>I'm pretty sure i had a second wind there
>Placed my hands around her waist and plunged as deep as i could go from wherever it was at the time she was laughing.
>She shut up quick, the laughter turned off like a faucet in a jewish household
>I wasn't worried anymore, i had realized before that she was enjoying it
>Even if she wasn't very vocal, complete opposite really
>Every time i pressed up against her cervix her hands squeezed my shoulders tighter.
>Complete with the gasp and sigh cycle from before.
>It was wonderful, i knew i was having an effect on her now
>But my second wind didn't last very long
>20 hard, full, thrusts and i was out of strength
>I couldn't do anything but leave my hands where they were and ask for help in the most manly way possible
>"Your turn!"

>I kinda sat there completely still
>I was hoping she would get the idea and help out
>You know, realize i was dead tired because i was doing all the work
>As good as this felt, it was some damn one-sided sex.
>We sat there for a good minute before i got fed up with the lack of movement on her end
>"I want you to finish us off..."
>I tried to make it sound like a request, not a demand
>it was a demand
>she seemed to give a start at that

>lifted up about an inch and dropped down again
>I think she surprised herself because she let out the first actual vocal sound she'd done since i had entered her.
>It was a high pitched something, surprised-sound
>But it was a sound, progress!

>She continued, much slower than i would have liked
>Smooth and painfully slow she rose on her knees until i had only an inch or two inside her
>Then just as slowly she seemed to lower herself down again
>It was different, the friction was slow and building, she was using the hands on my shoulder as not only support, but leverage to rise up.
>And she was making sounds
>Little quiet "Hmmms" and "Ahhs" every once in a while
>It was different, it was lovely
>But it was still too slow
>I tried to make this clear with a "Faster" but she didn't change the pace.
>It wasn't until i added a "Please" that she settled down all the way and ground her hips into mine.

>She had me begging
>I was a lost cause
>But even still, the plea worked and she was moving much faster now
>I was building to my own climax nicely, i even could roam my hands across her body.
>An action i realized i had been neglecting entirely to do
>As i explored her curves, her breasts and her behind, i quickly found she was far more verbal with touches than she was with just sex.
>Her buttocks would make her sigh contently if i traced my fingers along them, her sides would make her giggle the slightest bit.
>For a while i even contemplated tickling her until i could achieve my own climax, a mean... but tempting solution in my mind.
>But her breasts, they made her give the strongest response of all
>Every time i rubbed them, every time i caressed them, she gave the smallest moan.
>She had very sensitive breasts i remembered
>I remembered there was an even more sensitive bit while i brought my hands up to her nipples
>well not really brought my hands to, it was more of a feeling-around thing because it was dark.
>Still i'm not even sure i found her nipples, because she climaxed while i was roaming around
>Maybe i brushed them accidentally, but she went off like a bomb.

>Most times when you read a story, they'll tell you the two lovers came at the same time.
>Reached that beautiful climax together
>Well that's a load of shit, that never happens with first-time sex with someone.
>One person is always left out, or one goes first and the other follows
>They just say its at the same time to make it romantic

>Raven was a bit different
>She was magical
>In the way that when she came that second time, i didn't have a choice
>That squeezing, that pressure, that muscle convulsions she had performed so beautifully on me the first time?
>Three times stronger this time.
>Yup
>When i say we came together, it's because i didn't have a choice.

>The climax itself was wonderful
>The words to explain it would be impossible, but i'll get as close as i can.
>It was like a kerr vacuum, no sensations, no time.
>She was back to hugging me, i'm sure i had even experienced a bit of torque-free precession as unlikely as that sounds.
>At the very least, we had moved a quaternion, how far was beyond me.
>But all i knew was that my tipler cylinder was meeting hers.
>Frankly if it wasn't for the chronology protection conjecture
>And the fact that it would break the novikov self-consistency principle.
>I would have gladly gone back multiple times and done it again.
>Whatever it was, we had passed a cauchy horizon, no going back now.

>When we stopped moving
>When the water stopped splashing
>There was a sense of completion that hadn't been there before
>Maybe it was the darkness heightening the atmosphere
>The laboured breathing of both of us in the pitch black.
>Maybe it was the fingers digging so tightly into my back that it hurt
>Maybe it was my hands doing nearly the same to her.
>Maybe it was the fact that i had just deposited a huge load of sperm into my best friend.
>Probably that last one.
>But it was still all of the things above it too, don't get me wrong.
>But on my male-mind, the only real thought was that it was the second girl in two days i'd marked completely as my own.
>No matter how temporary that may prove to be.

>I was still hard, i know she was still willing
>But i'm tired, and she's tired
>I think sex needs to stop for the sake of being exhausted
>I bring my hands back to her sides and manage a bit of a weak tickle
>She giggles
>I remember what that feels like.
>I think i might actually act-out my plan of getting her to laugh-me-off.
>It's really not a bad plan

>I start tickling
>I don't get very far before the magic words come in
>"Stop, i have to pee"

>God damnit, i don't want to move
>I don't want to have her move
>I'd like to stay inside of her for a little while more
>My penis is happy in there
>I weigh the options
>Move
>Don't move
>I go through an awfully contorted round of thought
>It goes from me having swum in pools with her before, to her most likely having relieved herself in some of those pools (everyone does it)
>Not to mention her girl-parts currently being underwater
>Yeah, fuck it
>I tell her to go ahead and pee
>this goes over about as well as you would expect

>First there's embarrassment
>Little bit of anger
>Get called a pervert
>Some of that pleading stuff to let her get up
>I've got my hands on her waist and i make it very clear she's not leaving.
>Then denial as to be expected, the good ol "I don't have to pee anymore" trick.
>I start ticking again
>"I lied please stop"
>I stop, this is fun.
>She's pleading again
>I don't have to really argue about it, i tell her it's pitch black i won't see, there's water between us so i won't even feel it.
>I also offer to tickle/press it out of her if she tries to leave me there.
>She's resistant to the idea
>I make up some excuse about wanting to feel what its like when her bladder is contracting.
>She seems oddly compliant with this idea
>It's like i bring up sex-things and she's all in it for me..
>I put this out of my mind as she says "Fine" and starts to tense up

>I didn't feel it at all
>There was a temperature change in the water between and directly around us
>It gets warmer, hot directly above my crotch
>That was it
>The most interesting part was that i could feel the muscles inside her expelling the liquid, i

could almost feel her stomach/navel cavity change shape as the urine left her bladder.
>I think while we were having sex i was pressing against it.
>Interesting, not particularly arousing, but still cool nonetheless.
>It's been a very educational experience
>Well until she points out the water is now full of piss
>Right i guess we should probably drain it and start fresh or something
>I don't want to move though
>Master plan time.
>I don't even move my upper body, just shift over a bit and throw my foot over in the air towards the faucet
>I manage to find the drain-bit and pull it up with my toes
>Works like a charm, the water starts draining

>But now i'm lying down on my back in the water with her above me.
>The water is slowly draining, i think i'm actually pretty comfy where i am
>The air in the bathroom is pretty warm since all of the steam, so it's not too cold as the water lowers.
>I'm not really too sleepy, just tried, i don't know about her
>But i wrap her up in as many of my legs as i can and pull her close as we lie there in the slowly draining water.
>Eventually the water is gone, we're lying naked together
>I contemplate going to sleep, it would be nice
>I almost think she's gone to sleep again
>But i'm interrupted by a scraping sound
>i only try thinking about what it could be for half a second
>The door.

Update #15 : April 18th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11381321

>The cabinet that had been blocking the door was being moved
>Ohnoohshitohnoohshit
>If you had forgotten, i was lying naked in a pitch black bathroom, in the bathtub, with my penis very much still inside of my childhood friend
>and 3/4 of the girls that could be outside that door would probably kill me if they found out.
>Our clothes were somewhere on the dark floor, in soaking puddles of water and probably chunks of vomit
>We had just emptied the tub, so there was no way to wash them without alerting the girls.
>There were no towels in the bathroom, nothing to cover ourselves with.
>There was no light, so finding an escape route would be impossible.
>I really doubt you forgot though

>I was fucked in every literal, figurative and some neo-nonclassical instances of speech.
>Well i would have been completely fucked, if i hadn't been holding in my arms one of the most brilliant girls i'd ever met.

>We hear the grunts and stomps of the girls outside.
>In my panicked mind it sounded like an army of angry rhinoceroses
>But if they had known that they would have killed me harder.
>rearranging and undoing whatever voodoo magic they had used to seal the door closed.
>Tribal chants, rain dances, ritual sacrifice; you know.
>Raven and I have absolutely no clue what we're supposed to do, so of course we do the smartest thing.
>Nothing
>We just lie there hugging one another frozen in fear.
>Best plan
>But the grinding and scraping abruptly stops
>"Hey, are you two friends again?"

>Straight to the point as always Birthday.
>I'm not sure what i'm supposed to say
>Do i say yeah we're friends again
>Are we friends again?
>I did try to kill her, we probably aren't friends again
>But i mean we did have sex
>we probably aren't friends again.
>It was really good though
>Yeah we're probably not friends.
>I don't get a chance to announce my conclusive findings however
>Raven has come to the same conclusion
>"No, we can't be friends anymore"

>Ohh...
>Ouch, that really hurt
>You're kind of a dick raven
>My remaining heartstrings just all kind of snap at the same time
>Was probably twice as painful as if i had just said it myself.
>Actually really hurt
>Bout to show this bitch what i think about not being fri-
>Wait a minute that card
>Let me go over the tapes
>Slow mo
>"Noooooo, weeeeeeee ccaaaannnn'"ttttt beeeeeeee FRIENDS annnyyyymmmmooreeee"
>Friends
>Liberty Bell

>Can't be Friends
>Oh that makes perfect sense actually
>She's implying we're something more now.

>That's kinda cute raven
>"Sorry" for calling you a bitch in my head.
>Yeah i actually said sorry out of the blue.
>It was quiet, only she heard it, but the rest of the thought just didn't come across
>I do that sometimes, rarely, but sometimes.
>i always imagine people that say sorry constantly are doing the same thing
>Entire conversations, entire wins and losses that they feel bad for and all you get is the "sorry".
>I'm sure she looked at me funny
>Actually i think she rolled a natural 20, because her glare of "Cause awkward discomfort" hit, even though i couldn't see her.
>It's ok she deserved the sorry
>She takes it kind of funny though, because she wraps her arms around and hugs me tighter.
>The girls outside the door are letting out various noises
>There's a bunch of sighs, a couple "I told you so-s" and birthday who seems to just be really angry for some reason
>"Fine! We'll lock you in there longer"
>It's birthday, she sounds exasperated and furious
>like her master plan had failed
>Phew, we're safe
>More dark bathroom sexytimes confirmed
>"That's Mean Birthday!"
>"We should let them out!"
>It's blondie
>Dooming us all.

>The other girls seem to agree with blondie
>"Yeah they've been in there long enough"
>Homely please stop, don't say anymore
>"This was a stupid idea anyway"
>Glasses no you don't understand
>"Fine!"
>Birthday no don't agree, fight them please
>"We'll let them out..."
>No, please Loki, Thor, Zeus, Apollo, Aquaman! Save me!
>The scraping resumes outside, it had to be them moving the cabinet all the way away from the door.
>I didn't have the option of not-moving anymore, i had to get up and act
>So i start to pull away from Raven, climb out of the bathtub
>Except she won't let me

>She won't let go
>She's hugging me as tightly as she can
>Even managed to get her legs behind my hips.
>She whispers in my ear, quiet, soft, confident
>"Let them see"
>Brilliant i tell you
>At getting me killed.

>Yep thats it anons, this is the part where the girls opened the door and i was murdered
>Just a brutal thing, blood all over the bathtub, the walls
>Most of my gentleman bits ended up in the toilet and were flushed away
>Not a pretty sight
>But that's a lie
>That's what would have happened if i hadn't been holding one of the most brilliant girls i'd ever met in my arms.
>Because she was holding one of the unluckiest males at surviving female encounters unscathed she'd ever met in her arms.
>And he had a plan.
>A terrible, unlikely-to-go-well-plan
>"Wait" He yelled
>"We Need Clothes" He screamed

>The girls flitted around like angry shrimp outside the door
>"What do you mean clothes..." The birthday girl growled
>"Ooh, What were you two doing!" The homely one squealed in excitement
>"Be quiet" He yelled
>"This is your fault" He cried
>"You threw us into a bathroom; cold and wet!"
>His words echoed through that very place.
>"Raven still sick; Pizza didn't go down well!"
>He tried to sound confident, he tried to make them understand his lie
>The girl he was with didn't like it one bit, she started to complain
>Before he clasped his hand over her mouth
>held her close
>She would have to let go to squirm away
>to talk
>Trapped in a vice of her own creation, the girl stayed silent

>He continued his elaborate ruse
>"She threw up, it didn't go well"
>His voice was somber, his feelings clear
>His plan had worked
>The girls felt bad

>Guilt for trapping a sick friend,
>Guilt for the darkness
>Guilt for the most imaginative awful situations that had transpired
>The guilt card, remember it's the most effective at winning any situation involving women anons.
>My impossible task completed, i now had an explanation for why we were naked, wet and our clothes were on the floor
>I didn't have to explain what had happened, they would do that for me in their heads with guilt.
>But that penis part
>That's gonna get me
>I'm pretty sure no matter how convincing i am i can't get the girls to believe it "Slipped in"
>The girls outside are discussing what to do about this whole clothes situation
>Buying us time
>"Raven pls let go"
>"No"
>I'm doomed
>Blondie outside has established that we've both seen her naked, so she'll go get the clothes and bring them to us
>Double Doomed

>I have time, i can bargain with Raven
>Plead and beg for my life
>"What do you want!"
>Im frantic but quiet, i don't want the girls outside to hear
>"You"
>One word, a whisper
>Triple Doomed.
>I try to tell her i don't negotiate with terrorists
>That i can't give her what she wants right now
>That she's got to release the hostage and we'll talk.
>She's not having any of it
>She's unmoving, firm.
>Her terms are clear
>The snipers don't have a clear shot
>She might kill the hostage if i try to help it escape.

>I've got no plans
>No ways out of this
>Might as well go out in a burst of glory i guess
>I inform the hostage he's on his own, we're pulling out.
>Then i start pumping into her again
>A much as she'll allow with how tightly she's holding me.
>As little as it is, after a couple thrusts she completely relaxes her grip and stance

>I see i might have an opening
>I pull out farther and farther each time
>Its a trick silly girl, you can't comprehend my master planning
>Even if it was just being horny (sometimes that's a plan i guess)
>I get to pull out more and more each time
>I know my time is running out, blondie could be back any minute
>The progress is slow, but each time i pull out i press into her harder, faster.
>I know she's got to drop her guard sometime
>The moment arrives, i reach the threshold, the tip is all that's left to pull out.
>All i have to do is move my hips backward just a bit...
>Ahh fuck it
>I plunge all the way back to the hilt
>This is a loud gasp from the girl sitting on my lap
>I'm almost worried the girls outside heard it
>I'm not quite sure how they don't hear the wet squelching sounds
>[spoiler]No slapping, i was smarter than that, had to be slow at the very base[/spoiler]
>So i go back to shamelessly fucking Raven's brains out.

>It's desperate
>We both know we have no time left
>We can hear footsteps in the distance
>Getting closer each thrust
>The girls making smalltalk outside
>They weren't saying anything important, but the fact that they were so close was electrifying.
>Terrifying
>Hot as fuck
>Raven's still completely silent aside from breathing, a boon in this situation if there ever was one.
>But it was all too soon before we heard the footsteps settle outside.
>Our frantic pace still too slow to reach the climax i desperately wanted
>The doorhandle began to turn
>The jiggling clicking ringing in our ears
>I pulled out completely
>Pushed her softly down beside me, both lying on our backs in darkness
>Blondie didn't take long to close the door behind her and find us with the flashlight
>We had been seconds away from discovery
>And from getting off.
>I have a blank sheet of paper right here
>It's got a list of all the things i wouldn't give to have just had 20 more seconds before blondie showed up.
>But we were lying on our backs, safe now.
>As frustrating as that was.
>There was still a problem though

>I had a raging boner and blondie had just shined her flashlight directly on it.
>Quadruple Doomed

>Except for that brilliant girl part
>You see maybe raven was teasing me before about letting them find us together
>Maybe all she wanted was to roll away at the last second like we had done
>Riding the edge of excitement
>Or maybe i had changed her mind
>Whatever it was, she played the part perfectly
>Raven squealed seconds after the flashlight hit my crotch
>"Eew you're hard!"
>"Disgusting!"
>She punctuated this by jumping up and moving away from me in the bathtub
>Her acting was priceless, perfect
>The laughter outside assured me the women had heard
>It also helped the boner start to die a shameful sad death
>Blondie hadn't moved, but i could imagine she had wide-eyes behind the beam of that flashlight.
>She seemed properly defused by raven's acting
>No anger at seeing me hard for another female
>[spoiler]You see anons, by Raven pretending she didn't know i had a hard-on, the situation changed from erotic, to just me being a typical male pervert[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]No jealousy against raven at all[/spoiler]
>Miraculous success, all limbs intact
>She hands us a pile of clothing each and we begin dressing.
>She's staring at me the entire time.
>I don't feel like a piece of meat.

>We seem to have clothes on again
>Jeans, Red Girls boxers and a Green T-Shirt
>The T-shirt was actually pretty small, might have been a really old one of birthdays before she had a chest.
>really accentuated my lack of manly muscle pretty well.
>Blondie and her elaborate fashion skills has given Raven a matching outfit... again
>Jean skirt, Green tank-top
>But it seems birthday is running out of clothes because she gets some worn looking white panties to go with it.
>I guess 5 people constantly needing to change for stupid reasons does that to a girl's assortment of clothing.
>That or she just didn't have any pairs of red panties
>I silently hoped it was the first one.

>We're able to inspect the damage done to the bathroom with the flashlight blondie brought in
>There's actually a lake on the floor
>Our clothes are indeed soaking wet and have what look to be disgusting chunks of partially digested pizza on them
>There's blood all over one of the rims of the bathtub
>I turn the flashlight away quickly and focus it on the mess on the floor
>I indicate that we should clean it up to blondie, trying to distract her from what i've seen.
>Blood
>Fuck
>Panic
>I look at raven thinking i hurt her somewhere and didn't realize

>Trying to piece together if it was her cherry i broke and somehow got blood up there
>Didn't make sense, we were in the water.
>The flashlight's light glances across her arms for a moment
>Her fingernails are blood red, she's got brown and dark dark red splatterings across the backs of her hands.
>she had held them on my back or shoulders the entire time
>they weren't in the water
>I'm worried i had deep scratches on my back and didn't realize it, maybe i leaned against the rim of the tub.
>That must be it.
>I take her aside and force her to wash her hands, wash away the blood.
>I'm trying to get her to check my back for me without blondie realizing.
>If i was bleeding that much it might bleed through the shirt and that would be really bad.
>Besides showing the girls some crazy shit went down
>it would ruin birthday's shirt.
>[spoiler]Blood is awful to get out of clothes anons[/spoiler]
>We're picking up the clothes and throwing them in the tub
>Blondie calls for towels from outside and the girls scurry off.
>I manage to get the hints across to raven
>I hand her the flashlight and she checks my back
>"Nothing"
>What the hell?

>I return to cleaning up the clothes on the ground and trying to fix this dark-bathroom-disaster
>Then the light from the flashlight shines on my left hand wrist.
>Blood
>Everywhere
>It looked like my wrists had gone through a barbed wire fence
>Fuck fuck fuck what happened
>What did i do
>I rush over to the sink and start cleaning away the dried blood

>I could just see the skin through the faint light of the flashlight
>deep, long scratches up and down my forearms
>Tears, cuts, some of them still bleeding
>I might have been dripping all over the floor for all i knew
>Fuck these look terrible
>They didn't hurt actually, i mean stung a little when i put water on them, and they were obviously bleeding
>But they didn't hurt too bad
>I was alright, i would live
>But there was no way in hell i was hiding this from everyone.
>I feel a head lean over my shoulder as i'm trying to clean my arms off
>A gasp
>Thats not one of the gasps i'd been listening to for the last hour.

>Its blondie
>I'm fucked
>I'm trying to turn around and get a hand over her mouth
>I'm way too slow for that
>There's screaming
>Everyone barges into the bathroom
>Flashlights everywhere
>Can't hide anything
>There's blood on the floor, on the rim of the bathtub
>There's the ever present question of "What happened?"
>A question i can't answer
>I can't tell them what went on in here, not even slightly
>I'm attacked with questions, i don't have a choice but to make something up
>I have no answers i can give
>"It was r...raven s..sh..e-
>The girl in question interrupts me, all flashlights instantly focused on her face
>"We fought.... eventually he understood my point of view."
>She swallows hard as she says this

>This goes down surprisingly well
>There's quite a bit of screaming from birthday, i couldn't really hear what was being said over the volume.
>Lot of anger though
>Lots of threats of violence
>Homely is screaming too, right in raven's ear
>She's shriveled up into a corner taking it all without saying a word.
>Glasses is telling Birthday how stupid she was for locking us up together
>Blondie is trying to pull me away, off to the kitchen to bandage me up or something.
>She does play the healer after all.

>I'm whisked away by Glasses and Blondie
>They get me halfway across the room via medevac
>I stop them
>I frantically whisper to glasses "They don't understand, don't let them hurt her"
>I didn't know what birthday was capable of, but i wasn't liking the sound of whatever was crashing and being thrown in the bathroom
>Blondie still whisks me away, leaving a pair of slightly-confused glasses hovering and shining
>The vanishing beam of the flashlight diminishing as we leave the room.

>Whatever sounds were going on in the bathroom, as soon as we reached the hallway they quieted down.
>I hoped this meant glasses was doing what i asked her to, and not that the section of the house was really that soundproof.
>All i could hear was our footsteps on the cold hardwood floors
>And the barrages of questions that i refused to answer.
>Blondie was trying, each one more inquisitive
>"What happened!?"
>"Did she hurt you anywhere else?"
>"Are you feeling alright, dizzy or anything?"
>"Did you atleast get her back?"
>The last one made me laugh a bit
>Oh man if only she knew
>I handed Blondie the "Yes" she wanted.
>She seems to be satisfied with this answer as we reach the kitchen.

>There's a candle lit by the sink, and a big flashlight Blondie grabs and turns on
>Much better light to inspect the damage
>[spoiler]Now anons, you might think "Oh they can't be that bad"[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I think you misunderstand, humans that fear for their lives do not go down without a fight. Our bodies pump adrenaline until we're going to burst when our lives or the lives of a loved one are in danger, and this gives us strength far beyond what we are normally capable[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Dying men can bend steel, Mothers can lift entire cars to save a trapped child[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The dying in this case was Raven, a teenage girl with short, but rather sharp fingernails[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Her scratching, scrabbling at the wrists and arms of me, the person holding her down, was powerful enough to rip through my flesh and leave deep cuts to the muscle[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]If she had any longer fingernails, i have no doubt i would have a severed artery.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]In this case they weren't life threatening, but i deserved it, and i would probably have a scar or two to remember that "moment" by.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Oh and it didn't hurt at all because i hadn't been able to see it. As soon as we got a good look i was doing mental "OWWWWs" realizing how deep some were[/spoiler]

>Blondie seemed pretty worried about them
>Making a big deal out of nothing i tried to assure her, but she wouldn't take that as an answer
>She left, rummaged around in a drawer and came back with a first aid kit
>It always amazes me how some women seem to always know where everything is in houses that don't belong to them.
>Woulda taken me days to find that kit.
>I'm not really with her in thought though, i'm staring out the kitchen window
>It's still kinda raining, very softly outside
>I can just see the drops splattering against the window pane
>Like blood
>Fuck, i was feeling pretty shit after seeing my wrists
>I definitely deserved what happened to them, what the fuck was wrong with me for acting the way i did.
>Plans to grovel at raven's feet later are soon formed
>I'll have to buy her cho-
>My thoughts are interrupted as i see a flash of silver in blondie's hand
>She's unscrewed the cap on a bottle from the kit
>She's holding my arms in the sink
>Its alcohol
>BLONDIE NO

>its too late
>I rip my arms away too late
>She's already covered them in a liberal amount of the burning stinging liquid
>A liquid that you're absolutely should never ever ever pour into deep wounds.
>I'm on the ground screaming
>Actual screaming
>Fucking screaming.
>Fucking alcohol is for fucking small cuts, even then you fucking rarely need it
>But not fucking mauled by a tiger entire fucking wrists are fucking bloody cuts
>This was just fucking cruel
>This was agonizing fucking burning pain
>I'm screaming obscenities at her, at the kitchen, insulting various appliances
>She knows she's fucked the fuck up
>She's quickly on the ground fucking trying to dry my wrists off with a fucking towel as i'm letting out "Fucking oohs and Fucking Ahhs"s of fucking suffering.
>It's really not fucking helping
>It really fucking hurts
>Fuck

>Around blondie, never relax.
>Every time i let my guard down she hurts me in some horrible new way.

>It's impressive actually
>I've got to stop trusting her
>But as soon as the pain had faded to the same tolerable levels of every other wound i had sustained this sleepover
>I opened my eyes
>Big mistake
>She was kneeling over me, trying to make sure i was ok
>Her face had a real look of concern, a practiced guise for an assassin of her caliber
>Her eyes were wide, her face frowning and worried.
>But it worked
>My heart melted
>"I'm so sorry, i keep hurting you!"
>Her voice is a songbirds saddened cry
>She clasps my hands in her own, the warmth against my fingers matching roughly the burning heat of my wrists.

>"Every time i try to help, or you try to help me you get hurt"
>She's got a distinct frowny face on
>):
>That one, right there
>It's making me sad just looking at it
>I can't help but forgive her
>I mean not really forgive her, i say a couple choice words
>"You owe me... so much"
>I was really not painless during these words, probably grimace them out.
>Those words
>She better fucking believe it
>She seems to already know though
>"I know, i'm so sorry, i even slapped you earlier and you didn't deserve it!"
>What
>Why didn't i deserve it now
>She sounded sincere as fuck
>"Glasses told me she stole your boxers while you were showering as a prank"
>Glasses is such a bro.

>"I feel bad, you were saying such nice things"
>I'll be honest anons
>You might remember
>But i don't remember any of the nice things i was saying
>When they call it whispering sweet nothings, that's because they are nothings.
>I was too preoccupied with everything hurting
>I think the alcohol had shocked the rest of the rest of my body into hurting again
>Had some endorphins left keeping me happy, yeah those were gone.

>God fucking damnit fucking blondie fuck.
>I get back up and rush over to the sink to wash my cuts again
>This time keeping blondie at arm length
>She's not allowed, worst healer ever.
>She's still trying to get close and help again though
>"Please don't push me away"
>.... that sounded cliche blondie, what are you trying to sa-

>"You're so nice to me and then i just keep hurting you"
>Songbirds crying
>She needed to stop that
>It was making me sad
>):
>I'm not falling for her charms though
>I know better now
>well i thought i knew better
>"Come on, i can make it up to you!"
>Her voice was chipper, she seemed to be trying to cheer herself and me up.
>I'm thinking about it.
>I grab her wrists and hold them together above her head
>It's cute, like i have a little marionette
>If i wanted i could twist her and turn her any direction i wanted

>But i didn't twist and turn her, i just pulled her arms up until she was on tiptoes
>I knew what i wanted
>I glared her in the eyes
>Hard, cold stare, as serious as i could be
>"Stop hurting me first"
>There, i said it
>I think she was expecting something completely different
>Her frown vanished
>Her eyes drooped slightly
>I couldn't see her eyes as well as i wanted
>But the sky blue turned a cloudy grey.

>I dropped her arms and decided it was time to walk away
>Return back to the mess in the bathroom, help clean it maybe
>I trusted glasses to have solved the situation amicably, but i wanted to make sure.
>Not to mention every moment i spent near blondie was endangering my life
>I kinda left her there
>I doubt she was crying or anything
>i doubt she was taking it badly at all.
>Blondie had a habit of taking things like that and making them better, in her head, in reality,

whatever she did.
>She was most likely working out ways in her head to inform her employers that she couldn't complete the job
>Tell them she was alright with not getting paid, i just wasn't worth it.
>She was a strong girl, i wasn't worried
>But i kinda wanted nothing to do with her
>Stay as far away from her and maybe, just maybe i might survive
>But little did i know.

>I returned to the bedroom
>I had grabbed a roll of those Gauze bandage wraps and was rolling them absent mindedly over the cuts as i walked
>I kinda had em wrapped enough to hold my arms together, so i figured i was good, cut the roll with my teeth, made a crappy knot on each wrist and pocketed the rest.
>I imagined that i probably looked like some edgy shirtless anime protagonist
>I didn't
>But i sure felt beat-the-fuck up like one after a serious battle.
>I walked in to find Raven having what seemed to be a time-out on the bed
>Arms crossed, pout on her face
>Looked like a very unhappy girl
>I make the mistake of trying to sit next to her on the bed
>"GET AWAY FROM ME STORYBRO" - My full name here, rare
>This is angry unhappy girl yelling
>Eep, s... sorry raven
>She's either in an awful mood, or still trying to convince everyone we're on bad terms
>I pray for my life that it's the second one.
>Her outburst is matched by homely telling me to "Stay far away from raven" and that she's in trouble.
>Its like they're implying she's getting punished or something
>Birthday confirms this is the case.
>Alright, ill get the hot wax and oil i guess.

>They're just sure how they want to punish her yet
>Cleaning the bathroom while they decide
>I join them, might as well
>I end up with a washcloth rubbing away the blood i'd left all over the place
>I feel a little better scrubbing it away, made it feel like i was erasing what happened here.
>They're coming up with all kinds of silly and inane punishments.
>Making her make us food and be everyone's butler for the rest of the night
>Make her be a footrest for everyone next time we play vidya.
>Making her "Service" us all once
>This last one was birthday's idea
>I was kind of worried as to what that meant.

>I offered to come up with and deal the punishment for raven myself.
>Why not right, i could pretend i was evil and harsh and i wouldn't do anything mean at all.
>I turn around and give her glaring-face a wink as i try to make this move.
>"You can't... you were her friend"
>This is Homely
>I try to establish how inanely girl-logicy this is
>You know that entire part about how i'm somehow going to be nicer to her because the crime was against me.
>Why i tried, i honestly don't know.
>I mean she was right, that was my plan
>But her reason
>The typical "You just don't understand the situation" response.
>I swear
>Fuck women, seriously

>The bathroom cleaning goes rather quickly with 4 people, the clothes are wheeled out by homely after a quick rinse and the blood is mostly gone.
>All the wet towels to follow the clothing to the laundry room
>After we're done, it's back to being more or less the same level of clean it had started.
>Job well done, i try to plop back on the bed near raven
>She just scooches away
>Still acting i hope
>The other girls see her actions and take it as some kind of sign that i was "Open"
>Glasses is the victor of the race and ends up in my lap, straddling me as i lay down on the bed
>Homely and Birthday don't take this too well, with pouts and everything
>Glasses gives no shits, all i know is that i'm being snuggled from above for a full five or six minutes before it's decided what we're going to do next. Birthday makes the announcement
>Back to poker
>Alright
>Dare-only poker
>I can handle that
>Raven's not allowed to play
>Fuck that shit
>"No seriously just fuck that shit"
>Those are the words that came out of my mouth
>I also called birthday a bitch, shit friend and accused her of trying to start shit between everyone
>This made her shut up quick with her "rules"
>Either everyone plays or we don't play, thems the rules i threw down.
>Nobody has any argument
>Aight bitches we playin poker

>So fucking done with birthday's rules
>That's all i'm thinking as we trudge along as a group out of the bedroom
>Raven manages to sneak up beside me and give my arm a little squeeze
>I take this as a "I'm not mad at you and thanks for getting me into poker" kinda message.
>But knowing raven it could have been anything.
>"Listen there's polar bears chasing us we should hurry up"
>"I think glasses is wearing white underwear, so pure"
>"I hate you"
>I pretend her squeeze meant the thing i wanted it to mean though.
>The rest of the gaggle of girls is relatively quiet
>I guess me yelling at birthday kinda dampened moods
>It didn't matter in my head, i really wasn't going to deal with more of this cutting people out of the fun female drama that kept going down.
>competition is all right and good, but when you start cutting at your friends to win? That sucks man.

>We arrive at the living room and blondie is already there lounging on the couch
>Probably assumed we would show up eventually
>She was right
>There's the old setup of two-candles, a couple flashlights and the room is bright enough to play cards by
>Can even see a clock on the wall, 9:15, they had locked us in that bathroom for like 2 hours.
>Dicks.
>We set up in a rather large circle, sitting knee-to-knee cross legged.
>Least i do, blondie does and glasses does. Homely isn't wearing pants still and birthday/raven are wearing skirts.
>Can't have them appearing non-ladylike can we
>Even though i had seen most the feminine charms of every girl in the circle, they were all modest as mice.
>Cute
>Lets fix that.

>I throw down the rules
>Poker, No fancy card-value bullshit, normal rules, winning hand gets a single dare against a single person.
>You can choose to not perform a dare, but the next dare you win is forfeit to cancel it.
>If you're already in debt, you can either choose to do the old dare, or the new one. But whichever one you don't choose is now in your debt pile.
>Can't give the same dare to someone holding onto it already.
>Simple, gives people an out from doing things they really don't want to do (always a buzz kill when someone gets dared something too far and quits the game) but makes sure they can't cop out of everything.
>Plus i'm really fucking good at poker when i'm paying attention.

>I hand the deck to glasses, she cuts, shuffles it kinda funny and deals.
>I get a royal flush
>that's not even being good at poker
>It's like some heaven sent sign that my luck is going to change,
>Oh man this is gonna be great.

>"Blondie, shirt, off"
>I don't even hesitate, they've all got clothes back on and i had them so nicely-half undressed too from before.
>Frankly if i can get topless i would be happy.
>"I'll hold onto it"
>What
>Come on blondie i know you have a bra on
>That's not even a bad dare.
>We were all so happy without shirts on earlier
>I... i was happy
>She doesn't seem to want to change her mind
>Man blondie you suck.
>Alright... whatever
>Next hand is dealt
>I win this one too, amazing cards
>I can't challenge blondie again so i just move down the line
>"Alright, birthday, Shirt, off"
>"I'll hold"
>w... seriously?
>This is some bullshit

>Two hands later and i'm just confused
>Firstly i'm winning by miles every time, amazing cards
>I don't even have to hit, that's absurd by poker standards.
>Secondly nobody seems to be hitting besides raven, they're just giving up the hands they have.
>Next up, Glasses and Homely also refused to take off their respective shirts.
>Homely i understand, i mean i'm pretty sure that's straight to tits free, but Glasses?
>I've got an odd feeling something is horribly wrong here.
>Next hand is dealt
>I win again
>I was even watching glasses' hands this time, she didn't feed me anything special.
>Atleast it looked like she didn't
>It comes to mind that the girls had just rigged the deck and were biding time until it got properly shuffled.
>I wasn't ok with this
>I was pretty sure glasses was responsible, or they hadn't planned on having Raven here in the

first place and the entire order was fucked.
>I ask to see the cards for a second
>"No, you might cheat!" - Homely
>Glasses has her "This wasn't my idea for once" face on.
>Yeah the deck is rigged

Update #16 : April 19th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11394239/#11394239

>Now rigged poker isn't actually very easy to set up
>For a hand or two sure, but not five hands.
>You have to know how many players you're going to have, and they all have to know how many cards are in-between hands and make sure everyone takes exactly that many cards.
>This was something they had all been planning while i was in the bathroom with raven.
>Comical really, that this is what they were doing while we were trying to kill one another.
>From what i could assume the main plan belonged to Birthday.

>She was most likely supposed to be dealing the cards, until i shamed her and handed the deck to Glasses.
>Little-miss-clever was feeding me the rigged hands instead of whoever was supposed to get them.
>Awesome
>But birthday had tried to exclude Raven from the game.

>Which meant they were probably planning to exclude her anyway because we weren't getting along.
>Not awesome.
>This is probably why everyone was barely taking any cards either, Glasses was dealing the hit-pile to raven to fill in the last player.
>Glasses was also emptying the hit-pile herself every turn raven didn't, to keep the hands going to me.
>The other girls were just letting it happen.
>I actually don't know why they didn't stop it, scared of getting caught i guess
>This was a joint-ops tactical plan that had gone very very wrong for them.
>I glare around the circle, they think i'm contemplating who to dare.
>"HOMELY, BLONDIE, BIRTHDAY, GLASSES"
>I pronounce each name as a shout, each of them jump when i start yelling.

>I git em to stand up
>there be a reckoning a brewin , they could feel it in their bones.
>Thems ladies git off their feet like ol heller at dinner time.
>lil shaky, but they get there.
>Now listen up lassies
>I tell em there be cheatin' involved here
>dontcha know
>each of em looked sadder than a man lost his bottle if you know what i mean
>eyes to the floor lower than a beggin fool
>The blonde one denied it like a kid caught chasen the neighbor's chickens into the trees
>The just-turned 15 lass got angrier than that howlin storm took down that tree up on potter's hill last fall.
>The last two were silent, like a pair caught rompin in the hay bales top the stables.
>Till the one with glasses broke the silence and distanced herself from the deed.
>Twas a sight to behold for sure
>Four sorry ass lasses ready about do anythin' to get in my good graces again.
>I admit mad as i may seem, they sure were a kind view for these poor eyes.

>Now i've really got no clue what i was planning to do here
>I wasn't actually angry they tried to rig the deck.
>I imagined they wanted to take advantage of me somehow.
>As much as i should have known better, my teenage mind kept jumping to the most dirty

conclusions to getting forced to complete dares, so i imagined it wouldn't have been too bad.
>I was curious, but that reality had not come to pass
>No; what i was angry about was the fact that they had seemingly planned to exclude raven out of the game.
>This was really starting to be the point where the girls were acting really scummy towards one another
>I don't know if it was competition or what, but it was noticeable.
>Raven was standing behind me as well, surprised and confused at my yelling
>So i unload the crushing news
>She drops her confusion on the floor
>She's furious
>She'd just taken a ton of flack from birthday and homely
>And they were just planning on backstabbing her anyway
>I'm telling you man, this was getting gritty
>Raven didn't even let me met-out punishment, she just took it right up
>"I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS"
>Guilt, the most painful of punishments
>"You tried to EXCLUDE ME, your FRIEND, from the poker game because you're JEALOUS?"
>She punctuated jealous by grabbing onto my arm
>I don't think that helped anything
>As much as she sounded angry, i felt like it was more of her gloriously good acting.
>She had a plan
>Blondie tries to interrupt "We were going to get you after a couple of han-

>"THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT RIGHT!"
>The other girls are staring at the floor shamefully
>Raven laying the WWE smackdown on them.
>She continues mashing them into the floor with some flying leap slams.
>Gets em nice and softened up for the finisher
>She obviously had some kind of plan she wanted to enact
>Something devious
>She goes on to tell them that if the cheat hadn't been discovered, they would have won at least 5-6 unfair dares against each of us unchallenged
>Oh, i see this train of logic
>"So... we both get 4 dares, one against each of you. That we can use whenever we want tonight"
>I love it
>Yeyesyesyesyes
>I can envision in my head all the things i'd love to dare the girls to do
>I don't even have to do it when other girls are around so it can be ANYTHING, muahahaha.
>My inner pervert is gloating if you couldn't tell

>The girls don't like this at all
>There's some serious backtalk going on
>But the uprising is quickly quelled by Queen raven and her iron fist of guilt
>This is followed by mumbled apologies from Blondie, Homely and Glasses, and silent indignance from Birthday.
>I figured this was as good as it was going to get, i was completely ready to sit down and reshuffle the deck and continue poker.
>But raven wasn't finished yet
>Bless her vengeful heart.
>"If you all want to prove you're sorry, you should take the dares that were already given to you."
>Ohmanraven
>She seems to be completely on my team tonight
>But i don't understand why she's doing it
>Raven is not a jealousy-free female
>I think she's got a bigger plan
>Cautiously optimistic towards the future...

>I look towards the girls
>They all seem to be contemplating if they want to make amends by removing articles of clothing
>It strikes me as a sleazy guilt-induced way to undress them
>But i mean i was a teenage male.
>Birthday never said sorry to raven, but it looks like she's feeling the guiltiest because she wraps her arms around her waist and discards her shirt first.
>Her gold Bra was actually kinda metallic, duly reflecting the candle light.
>Blondie goes next, her Blue bra visible to my prying eyes once more.
>Then Glasses and Homely just shake heads and sit down.
>Spoilsports
>I snatch the deck up from Glasses' lap and thoroughly shuffle the cards
>Then hand the deck to Raven, she splits it and starts to deal.
>"Wait, you still didn't use your dare yet"
>Its homely
>"Yeah i was saving them for later" - Respond real quick with this
>God homely you're so stupid
> why would i use 4 random dares right now. gotta plan for the future man.
>"No.. you won the last hand, you have one more dare"
>Oh that's right
>Even if it was a cheated hand i still had a dare left
>T...thanks homely

>I think for a second about what i want to use it on
>As is the case with Dares, I think about all the super perverted stuff first

>Then you tone it back into the really perverted
>Further back into just perverted
>And then all the way back to lewd-but-they-might-be-ok-with-it
>I settle on what i want and turn to face raven
>"Raven, i dare you to take off your shirt"
>There we go, the entire room should be even now
>"I hold it"
>WHAT
>Everyone breaks out into laughter at this
>Its seemingly funny now
>In retrospect i probably had a hilarious face on
>I was not expecting raven to refuse
>She's beaten me again
>I just sink back into my seated position and she resumes to deal with a smirk on her face.

>The first couple of rounds are actually quite boring
>Blondie dares Birthday into telling us the truth about the boy she had visited over the summer.
>It was a cute story, but nothing that interesting
>Homely wins a round and negates her carried dare but doesn't get to do anything herself.
>Raven wins a round and does the same.
>The next interesting winner is birthday
>She's got a scowl on her face so it's pretty obvious she's angry about something, but it changes to an evil, evil smile when she wins.
>That kind of smile the big-bad mastermind has on when he's explaining his evil plan to his henchmen
>Right before he kills one to prove how serious he is.
>She turns to Glasses
>Ohh, shit she's angry that glasses didn't deal her cards.
>"I dare you to make out with homely for 30 seconds."

>Hahahaha
>Birthday that's cold
>Homely gives a complete look of disgust at birthday and then glasses.
>It screams "Why the fuck me?"
>I guess homely was just cannon fodder in this case
>but she was in direct competition with birthday earlier in the sleepover
>Take down two rivals in one dare
>Glasses is amazing though
>isn't batting an eye
>She goes from a flat smile to a beaming grin
>Then she just drops her arms to her waist and lifts her shirt up and over her head and she joins the other two shirtless females.
>Oh yeah, she was still holding onto that.

>Clever girl.

>Homely has the teeny-tiniest bit of disappointment on her face
>Or i'm imagining she does
>Obviously my suppressed desires to see various women at the sleepover with one another.
>We all have those right?
>The next couple of hands are uneventful again
>Glasses burns off her held-dare with a win.
>Blondie Dares my shirt off
>And i'm not a dick so i don't hold it.
>Goodbye green t-shirt
>Raven is the next winner again, her first dare
>She turns to me
>"I dare you to pick and hug ONLY three girls in this room"
>Oh fuck she added an Only
>no escape
>I don't understand her evil plans one bit

>I announce my decision making process
>my brilliant deduction of female value
>"I'm gonna hug the girls who aren't wearing shirts"
>Instant sad face from Raven, the fire and smile in her eyes has vanished.
>She probably thought it was some clever way of ranking the top 3 girls in the room.
>But she wasn't in the top three because she wasn't shirtless, which i'm sure brought back insecurity issues.
>I can't contemplate it too long though before someone speaks up
>"Well actually it's pretty hot in here i'm going to just take th-
>Homely is stopped in her tracks by the glaring lasers of every other girl in the room
>She kinda sadly drops her arms to her side dejectedly
>Serves her right.
>Blondie gets a leaping cuddle-hug from me first
>Complete with a little bit of back grope/tickling and plenty of my chest against hers.
>She's cute and fun to hug, it's a shame i have to pull knives out of my back every time i try.
>Next up is Glasses

>She's soft and romantic as i throw my arms around her
>She's also much warmer skin-wise than blondie, like a searing forestfire of skin.
>She even giggles as i bring my hands around her lower spine
>She's the romantic cuddly one i'm thinking as i pull away.
>Lastly is Birthday, its more of a flying leap for her
>She ends up on the ground and i end up hugging and giggling above her
>She's not just letting me hug her though, she's got her hands all over me
>Even a cup or two of my crotch in the tickle fight that ensues from our roaming hands.

>I eventually pull back with twice as many boners as i started with
>Birthday... she's definitely the most "Hands on" in many ways.

>Dare completed
>We resume playing
>The next winner is Blondie
>She pretends to contemplate a dare for about 20 seconds
>Then she just blurts out towards me
>"I Dare you to kiss the girl in the room you like the most"
>Everyone's silent
>what the fuck blondie
>Homely already dared me to do this earlier today
>You didn't even say "ONLY" like raven did to make sure i couldn't worm out of it.
>You're not even trying... unless
>Oh
>"You just want me to kiss you again huh?"
>She goes bright red when i say these words

>She's been caught
>She even tries to go tsundere and save face
>"Why would i ever want to kiss YOU?"
>I'm not buying it
>But the tsundere was cute
>She was also beyond awful at it, come on that wasn't even an excuse
>I think might have actually pulled it as a direct quote from some anime.
>"Just change your dare to ask me to kiss you"
>I don't mix words, if she wants a kiss she wants a kiss
>All the eyes in the room are on Blondie
>She mumbles something
>She's not sitting close to me so i can't hear
>But homely makes a scene out of it with
>"WHAT'S THAT? " and a "REPEAT IT LOUDER!"
>Typical homely really
>Blondie gets the hint though and blurts out
>"I want you to kiss me like you love me."

>Whoah
>L word dropped
>Whole room is silent now
>You don't drop the L word anons
>Not in a situation like this
>It's suicide
>The girls are too surprised to even be jealous

>Homely wasn't as-surprised though
>She was making a scene because she heard full well what blondie had said the first time.
>She just wanted to start the teasing first
>"Woww, you lovveee him?"
>She's trying to incite a make-fun-of-blondie situation.
>If you've ever been in that kind of situation anons
>There is no escape
>If a single other girl had started teasing blondie she would have been trapped in an endless loop of shame
>It would all be over for the poor girl
>But they didn't, they were quiet
>Long enough for her to stammer back
>"N...no, i just wanted to know what it feels like..."
>She's practically melted into a red puddle in the floor with how profusely she's blushing
>"He's the only person i've ever kissed before..."

>Awww blondie
>you didn't tell me that
>I didn't know that the first time you tried to kill me was your first kiss as well.
>That's almost romantic in two ways
>I think we have a real connection here.
>There are sweet "Aweeess" across the room.
>Blondie melting even girl's hearts now.
>So cutee
>I don't have any choice, or any objections really
>I start to move forward before i find a hand on my own stopping me
>Its raven
>I look back at her face and she gives me a "You don't want to do that face"
>W... no raven
>Don't do this to me
>You're going to break blondie's heart
>Raven tells the group "One second" and drags me off
>I don't have a choice but to follow

>I get dragged to the small bathroom
>The door is closed and locked
>Raven turns towards me and my look of "What the fuck"
>Seriously raven you better have a damn good reason for bringing me here
>"You taste awful"
>W... what
>She hands me a toothbrush
>Oh...
>OH

>Right
>I grab the same toothpaste and toothbrush i had used with blondie earlier and begin brushing.
>Took a good minute, made sure everything was clean and fresh
>Did two or three rinses with water, to take the edge off the taste of the toothpaste too.
>"All good"
>I say with a grin
>"Thank for the save rave-
>"Not yet"
>Raven pulls me close and kisses me
>It's not a long kiss
>Just enough for her to get a tongue in my mouth and a good taste
>She pulls away, leaving me hanging there with my mouth open
>"Cinnamon, perfect it's her favorite flavor"
>"Go give her a kiss to remember"
>She says this as she's shoving me out the door.

>I'm re-entering the room with a giant problem though
>I don't know how to kiss someone like i love them
>frankly as far as i could tell, i'm not really sure i had loved anyone yet
>Or i didn't know how to tell i had loved someone
>Even though raven had told me she loved me, i didn't really know how to say the same words back
>[spoiler]You don't really know what love is until you've really experienced heartbreak[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Then you know what you've lost.[/spoiler]
>That wasn't me yet though
>All i knew about love was from media, Television, anime, video games.
>Frankly it looked like pretty sappy romantic stuff, sweep the girl off her feet, tenderly hold her heart in your hands, ect.
>I could do sappy
>I guess i had just kissed her like a teenage boy before.
>I figure i could give her a mature kiss, that can't be that hard right.
>I keep saying that...

>I've got everyone's eyes on me
>I think raven is getting some glares too for stealing me away temporarily
>No questions though
>Phew
>I figure if i'm going to be on display, i might as well put on a show
>This means i strut my stuff right to the middle of the poker circle.
>I'm sure i didn't look nearly as cool as i pretended i looked.
>Now for the part that didn't work before when i had blondie alone in the bathroom
>I extend my hand, palm outstretched towards the sitting Blonde girl at my feet.
>Please take it this time please take it this time please take it this time.

>She places her hand softly in mine
>Instead of me hauling her to her feet however, she simply unfolds her legs and stands along with me.
>That's good because hauling her to her feet wouldn't be very lovey-dovey
>I lead her back three steps to the middle of the circle again
>She follows, hand still in hand.
>She looks absolutely stunning in the candlelight
>A smile, small but a smile nonetheless accompanies her face as she gazes into my eyes.
>Her eyes are shining softly, as if they're lit from within with a sense of hope.
>I'm still holding her right hand in mine, so i grasp out with my left and grasp her left too.
>With a little bit of force i lift her hands up and twist my wrists around so that my palms face hers
>We're standing as if we're mirrored reflections of one another, palms flat and placed against the other's like a solid wall.
>Until i bend my fingers into the gaps between hers
>We're now holding both hands.

>I have the silly idea that i might be able to pull her closer to me by just pulling on her hands
>That doesn't work
>It would if she was stiffened up and holding the tension in her arms
>But she's not, i've got full wrist control.
>I pull and only her arms follow
>I guess that's good if she was mugging me for crack or something.
>So the result of me trying to get her close enough to kiss is really just going to be me pulling my arms back as far as i can until she runs out of arms
>Which wouldn't work at all.
>It would look awkward as fuck
>So i do the smart thing
>I step closer
>I lean forward
>And then i pull out my gun

>Our lips make contact
>Little bit of a shock actually
>Might be wearing socks on a rug kind of shock
>But if you remember we're both barefoot
>Our arms are still outstretched but holding hands, palms facing one another
>She's got her eyes closed
>I don't even try to force her lips open at first
>I concentrate on our hands, i lower and pull them in on either side until we've got them between us , still facing the same directions they started.
>Appropriate romantic hand-holding posture accomplished
>Stage 2 rockets deploy

>Activate tongue
>Uh oh
>She actually hasn't opened her lips
>I think she got kinda lost in the moment
>That or she didn't realize real lovers kiss with mouths open
>They really don't in... any media
>Ever
>[spoiler] why not): [/spoiler]
>That's all she knew though, so that's all she's going to give unless i somehow get her to realize otherwise
>Gotta fix that without alerting any of the other girls
>I think i have a plan
>I pull away from the kiss.

>She can see all of my face now, as i can see all of hers
>I squeeze her hands as i'm holding them.
>She copies me
>I beam a bright huge face-covering smile at her
>She copies me
>I stick my tongue out at her
>She copies me
>Good ol playful blondie, always predictable
>I'm kissing her again before she can pull it back
>I manage to touch her tongue with mine as its trapped between our lips.
>She gets the hint.
>We play tongue games here, outside the teeth.
>It's different than a teenager frenching
>It's reserved, secretive tongue play.
>The kind you could do in public and nobody would really notice
>The kind you do with your mouth almost closed.
>We continue like that for an endless minute before i decide it's finally enough and pull away
>I hadn't even realized until then how closely she was pressing up against me, or how she was arching her heels to kiss me harder.
>Cute is an understatement

>I come back to the world of reality when i realize there's a group of hooting applauding girls surrounding us.
>Oh right i was being watched
>And judged
>Probably scored
>Russian judge probably giving me 10s, everyone else 3s and 4s.
>It was an embarrassing break-away from a kiss i'll tell you that

>All the girls weren't making fun of us though, absolute support all the way.
>Something like that isn't a make-fun-of moment
>Every girl around that circle was imagining themselves in the same place
>Its the hearthrob romantic moment that every girl wants
>Even though it really wasn't that impressive.
>The kiss itself was lovely, and blondie had a mixture of the color beet red, and happiness plastered all over her face.
>I wish i had a camera
>Perfect blackmail material

>The poker game is still what we were playing though
>No matter how great that kiss was, i couldn't just pick up blondie and carry her away.
>I look at the clock
>10:05
>Not bad, time might be elapsing
>We might make it through this blackout in one piece
>I keep saying that...
>Raven deals the next hand
>I get awesome cards
>Pretty sure my poker face is awful
>Can't stop smiling after kissing blondie
>Doesn't matter
>I win
>Fucking finally
>I look around the room trying to decide who i'm going to met my punishment on
>Someone who hasn't been having any fun yet
>Glasses

Sammich break, 15-20 minutes anons.

>Alright i turn to face her
>"Glasses, i dare you to..."
>I sneak up close to her and whisper in her ear
>It's more fun if the other girls don't know what i'm daring her to do
>She gets a really surprised look on her face
>Then she gives me the "I'm not doing that face"
>Then i give her the "Come on it would be great" face
>This goes back and forth a bit until i use my face to point out that it would be pretty hot.
>Her face agrees
>So it's settled then
>I return to my seat

>Glasses sets her eyes on raven

>Raven see's the way glasses is looking at her
>Like bedroom eyes, but from a hungry bear.
>I get the "Oh god what did you do" face from raven.
>I give her the "Just wait" face
>Glasses drops to her hands and knees and starts a very slow crawl towards us.
>Really really slow
>Like turtle speed
>Too slow because raven panics and tries to escape.
>I'm not having it though, i grab her leg and she kinda flops over on her back instead of escaping.
>I don't plan on letting go either
>Glasses takes her sweet time, but eventually she's over in the vicinity of the squirming girl i'm holding onto the leg of
>I really doubt raven is scared, but she knows....
>She knows...
>Glasses stops the slow-crawl schtick and actually kicks herself into a proper speed
>In a couple well placed hand movements she's now holding herself above raven's legs and has her head about around her stomach level.
>Then she growls
>It's cute, it's not a real growl its a fake tiger "Rawr" but it's adorable.
>Raven just stops struggling and lets out a sigh of relief.
>she thinks that was what was coming to her.
>I didn't even tell glasses to do that bit.

>Glasses knows what she's gotta do though though, in a flash she's got raven's arms pinned down and i've got both her legs.
>Got her trapped.
>Glasses gives another "Rawr"
>I swear those make it like 20x better than it was in my head.
>She opens her mouth again but this time it's not a rawr
>She kinda shifts backwards and leans towards raven's stomach
>Raven can't get away
>She's trying but she can't
>Glasses grabs the hem of raven's shirt in her teeth
>Starts pulling it upwards
>I have an absolutely perfect view from where i'm holding her legs
>I watch as she slowly but surely works the hem of the shirt higher and higher
>It gets to about halfway up the top of the stomach before she loses grip of it in her teeth.

>Instead of going back to it, she goes to where she started
>places her tongue right where the hem of the shirt initially was..

>and takes a long lick up past the bellybutton to where the hem was now
>I definitely didn't tell her to do that.
>Raven is giggling and laughing
>Ever licked someone's stomach anon?
>It doesn't need a spoiler: they laugh.
>[spoiler]or they say eww, that happens sometimes): [/spoiler]
>But even with the laughter we have her pinned down
>She can't do anything as Glasses works the shirt higher and higher, to the bottom curve of her breasts
>Then she stops

>Changes position
>Places her teeth on the left side of the shirt and pulls only that part of the hem up
>Raven's left breast is the first one to be uncovered
>The hem is raised just enough to sit above the beginning curve before Glasses repositions again
>Right side now
>The process repeats
>Raven has completely stopped squirming and complaining now
>I barely noticed
>I was busy enjoying a bottom-up view of one girl undressing the other with her teeth
>Outstanding front row seats
>Glasses has both breasts exposed now
>I'm hoping she'll lick or suck one of them
>Hoping
>Hoping...
>She doesn't
>Damn
>Instead she continues raising the hem of the shirt until its scrunched up against raven's chin
>Now's the hard part
>I don't really know how this is going to go down, but it can't go down well
>Actually i was wrong
>Glasses just lets go of her arms and says "Raise your hands" in a whisper
>Quiet enough that i doubt anyone else in the room could hear it but me.
>Raven just silently complies, her hands above her head
>She seems to be enjoying it
>Or scheming

>Glasses doesn't realize the trap she's fallen into
>But she nips the hem and lifts it over raven's chin and across her face until its all the way over her head
>Thier lips were inches away from one another.
>The entire time i was thinking "Now Kiss"

>If i had psychic mind control powers, that would be the moment they manifested in my childhood.
>But it just wouldn't happen
>Plus the shirt was bunched up all on her arms and Glasses had to sort that out with more teething and pulling.
>Which took quite a bit of time
>There was the usual assortment of sexy-skin contact during this.
>Glasses' bra against raven's stomach and chest.
>A tummy touch or two...
>It wasn't until she had the entire shirt fully over the head that raven's plan became clear
>She was just biding her time
>Waiting
>Until Glasses had the shirt up past her elbows
>And raven leaned upwards and forwards at the exposed stomach before her.
>RASPBERRY

>The girls fell into a giggling and laughing pile
>I had long released raven's legs so they kinda twirled and attacked one another with a couple fits of tickles.
>Nothing is as fun as watching two attractive girls tickle wrestle one another
>But like all good things, it had to come to an end.
>Eventually raven got up and glasses followed her.
>They're smiling
>I'm smiling
>They look down
>I realize they're both staring at the jeans i'm wearing
>The jeans that are doing nothing to hide the two individual boner's i'm sprouting
>Like suns on tatooine, both shining brightly against the denim sky.

I'm going to assume 4chan isnt going to be down for long and ill write a tad more, but i can't promise ill start posting again.

>The girls don't seem to be angry or embarrassed though
>They just smile wider and devolve into giggling again
>Boners are usually Ok if the girls know they were being really sexy.
>The dare has been completed, raven is once again topless along with me.
>Her green T-Shirt on the floor along with mine.
>Couple problems though
>One, i had just proven the dares could be secret
>Two, i just set the precedent to allow one girl to undress another, or me, or them
>Three, blondie had technically shown you could dare someone else to do something to you.
>These were game changers in waggle room

>You could pretty much ask anyone do anything and it would happen if you were clever enough
>That's dangerous
>Raven deals another hand
>I get awful cards
>Homely wins

>That dangerous thing i was talking about?
>That's Homely
>Every time she gets a dare, i lose
>She had me in her sights this time
>I could feel it
>She gets ready to speak
>"Birthday, i dare you to make out with Glasses for a full minute"
>w... what
>Oh its revenge for trying to fuck with her earlier
>Sweet sweet revenge
>I guess i'm not involved
>Birthday just says she'll hold it.
>I guess she's not involved either
>Cards are dealt again
>Homely wins
>Oh shit

>"Birthday...
>"I dare you to go back to your room and go to sleep for the rest of the evening"
>Homely's words are dripping with vengeance
>Fuck
>Thats harsh
>Make out with glasses (the current mortal enemy of birthday), or go to bed.
>I stop them both though
>I point out that we didn't have any kind of limits on dares in place, and that making a dare that lasts more than a minute or two is kinda cruel
>Blondie adds her own opinion into the mix, that we should have a dare committee or something.
>If you think a dare is really too over the top you can ask everyone and they'll overturn it if the majority thinks it goes too far.
>You always hope you don't have to police games of truth or dare, but someone will intentionally abuse it every time if you dont.
>Homely crossed the line and we revoke the dare and tell her to retry something else
>She's not phased at all though
>She's a natural at screwing people into doing things it seems.
>"Alright, I dare Birthday to Kiss Blondie for 2 minutes"

>lol
>fucking relentless

>First of all she was trying to punish blondie too now because she revoked the first dare
>I find that funny
>Blondie doesn't find this funny however
>There's another objection
>"That's the same dare, or too close to the last one"
>Blondie is kinda right, you can't really allow that or else the holding pile is pointless
>Otherwise you can just dare them to do the same thing twice with different phrasing
>Dare #2 denied from Homely
>She's still got backups it seems
>This one gives her a huge grin
>I already don't like it
>"I Dare birthday to give Storybro her panties"
>I lied, i love it
>Birthday's wearing a skirt
>Step that game up to the max.

>Birthday initially looks worried
>That's definitely a dare meant to try to scare her into kissing glasses.
>But then she warms up to the idea
>Seriously she turns that frown upside down.
>"Sure thing! Storybro come here"
>Oh man
>What
>Is kissing Glasses really that bad
>I guess so
>I liked kissing glasses though
>I'm going to have to re-evaluate my kissing metrics
>Score em on a curve, remove points when other women don't want to kiss them.
>I get up, walk over to birthday's seat across the circle and kneel down again
>Instead of her getting up or moving, she's still sitting with her knees folded underneath her.
>Unless you want me to black magic those panties off you, you better move your ass.
>Instead she beckons for me to get closer
>Fine, what do you want.
>She whispers in my ear
>"They're still in the laundry room, white basket"

>Ohh man i know the pair, alright fine
>I get up and walk away from the circle to the confusion of everyone
>I get to the laundry room
>Tad bit of rummaging through wet clothes, towels and various other garments we've discarded

over the 2 days.
>I find the panties i took off her earlier, still as unclean as i left them, albeit dried.
>I scrunch em into a ball in my fist and return to the group of girls
>I'm met with looks of confusion
>I just hold my fist high in the air, bring one hand to it and magically procure panties.
>Fuckin magic tricks man
>Nobody was that impressed with the magic trick
>But they were impressed with the panties
>Homely wasn't, she was irked
>"I meant the ones you were wearing!"
>Birthday just nods
>"Yeah i was wearing those earlier"
>Hahahaha
>These girls are boundless entertainment i keep thinking to myself before sitting down and preparing for another round.
>Folding up the underwear and pocketing it.

>Wait a second
>What did she mean "STILL"
>WHAT DID SHE MEAN "WAS"

Thanks anons, im going to bed. More monday at 8:00 PST Maybe random updates earlier if i feel like it.
Easter sunday, got important people to spend it with, sorry m8s

Update #17 : April 21st

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11420429#p11420757

>I realize with a start that Birthday might not actually be wearing panties right now
>With a skirt on
>Like, this entire time
>She probably even went outside like that.
>Got a pizza without panties on
>Thats lewd~
>I make notes in my head and plan to check as soon as i get a chance.
>It's not a mystery i can afford to leave unsolved
>But hands are dealt again and i quickly push it to the back of my mind
>Which isn't true
>For the next couple rounds my head just isn't in the game.
>Every time birthday's legs shift, or move even the tiniest bit, they have my full attention.
>Hoping for a peek
>Cards are dealt
>Birthday Wins and asks if she can just keep her holding pile and get a dare instead.
>The Blondie committee agrees
>Birthday in full revenge mode turns to Homely
>"I dare you to tell everyone your most perverted fantasy~"
>Hot

>She's practically singing that dare, in that way mean girls so often do.
>It's obviously intended as humiliating payback for attempting to get at her so many times already.
>Homely has other plans though
>"I'll keep that one for later"
>Glint of victory in her eyes
>Glint of Disappointment in mine.
>Hearing women discuss perverted fantasies, that's not only hot-as-fuck
>But it's interesting too, almost a learning experience
>I kept that dare in mind, i might want to use it myself later
>Next round is Raven's win
>She hasn't been too lucky with the cards, so its only her second chance to get revenge

>Her Emerald eyes scanning the crowd to determine who looks the guiltiest
>Knowing Raven it's gotta be good, since her last one failed.
>Birthday has the most guilty look on her face it seems because her name is soon called out
>"I Dare you to kiss someone in the room... that you haven't kissed yet"
>She's trapped
>Her holding-pile is kissing glasses for a full minute (in case you forgot)
>And she can't kiss me because everyone KNOWS she's kissed me.
>Birthday shoots a couple pleading glances at Blondie hoping for her to overturn it.
>"Sorry... it's technically a completely different dare"
>The sincerity in Blondie's voice is completely missing

>She could have totally overturned that but she doesn't want to.

>Birthday's getting triple teamed
>Trapped
>She's gotta kiss some girl in the room.
>This would be the part of any harem anime where they reveal there's some kind of secret lesbian relationship going on
>Birthday and another girl secretly lovers during moonlight, their relationship a secret from everybody.
>Thus she could kiss that girl and she wouldn't bat an eye, right?
>Wrong
>This isn't an Anime
>This is real life, 2005
>That whole "Being Bisexual because it's cool" thing didn't actually happen till the 2007s
>This was a room full of straight sexually repressed females, just as the goddess Hera intended on her list of punishments for my sins.
>Which meant birthday was going to have to kiss a girl she didn't want to kiss and that in all likelihood wouldn't want to be kissed.
>[spoiler]In today's feminist-run society, this would be considered Double Rape with intent to commit misogynistic activities and I would be sentenced to 6 years in jail for being there[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Where both participants are unwilling and are simply being forced by the patriarchy's disgusting and corrupted morals to perform lewd acts upon one another[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]And even if it was a girl daring them to do it, she was a prophet of the patriarchy and has had her opinions and judgements corrupted by having a male best friend.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]As such, i was the only real rapist in the room and would be due for castration and estrogen booster shots[/spoiler]
>This just makes it hotter though.

>Birthday is sitting there biting her upper lip trying to decide what she should do about this situation.
>I would expect her to be worried but she just seems contemplative.
>Looks like she even gets a smile as she looks around the room
>Her eyes settle on Raven
>Uh oh
>Birthday is halfway across the room on her hands and knees
>I start laughing
>I already know what sorry fate Raven has condoned herself to
>Birthday connects a kiss right as the victim begins to squeal and try to escape
>The kisser on her hands and knees, mouth pressed firmly against Raven's lips
>Whose entire body was still sitting upright, but the moment lips made contact with her own she tensed up almost like a cat hissing at an enemy.
>Raven's hands were up and trying to stop the attack but she couldn't push it away

>All she could do was let out muffled sounds of dislike through the kiss until it broke away
>It didn't last very long, only a couple seconds really
>I was laughing the entire time

>Birthday had cleverly turned the dare against her
>Raven breaks away from the kiss in disgust
>Her arm whipped up to try to rub away any traces of the kiss of her lips
>Visibly shrinking back and making disgusted noises
>That was not the dare she wanted, or the dare she needed.
>But it was the one she deserved
>I'm not the only one laughing at the kiss i realize as i look around
>Homely is on the floor in cackling witch-like laughter
>Can almost imagine her saying "I'll get you my pretty, and your little dog too!"
>I swear, pitch perfect
>Glasses had her lovely resonating laugh going, always a lovely sound
>The only one that was confusing was Blondie, who i hadn't been able to see until birthday moved
>She was directly across from raven and she was just staring wide-eyed with her mouth open.
>I guess she just didn't expect birthday to turn that dare around so smoothly.
>[spoiler]Or birthday was her lesbian crush and she was heartbroken, a man can dream right[/spoiler]

>Birthday pulls back and returns to her seat
>Raven's busy making spitting sounds
>Blondie seems to have caught me staring at her and just blushes and looks away
>I realize i must have triggered her cute-safeguards as she's looking embarrassedly at the floor.
>Cuteness reactor overload in 5 minutes i hope not.
>Raven is finally done making a big scene about her dare backfiring
>Even though she was giving me a pouty face still, i just pointed at the cards
>She reshuffles the deck and deals again
>Glasses wins
>She's still got a pretty awful holding dare though (kiss homely) so she drops that.
>Raven wins again
>She turns to me
>"I dare you to let me sit in your lap!"
>Excited voice
>Kitty-cat-puppy-dog-don't-hold-this-please eyes
>... come on raven i woulda let you anyway if you had just asked

>But i know that her sitting on my lap is just going to make poker extremely difficult
>She'll see all my cards, win every time against me
>As cute as it sounds
>As much as i want to let her do it

>It's a trap
>So i hold it.
>Her eyes set deeper into her face as i say this
>They catch the light and flash that evil-emerald green
>I've ruined her plans, oh no
>She doesn't give me any faces though, just the eyes and a lack of smile
>Kinda scary actually
>She returns to dealing cards
>I scoot three inches away in fear when i think she's not looking.

>Hands go out
>I feel like i've got a great set of cards so i'm ready to win
>I don't win
>Homely wins again
>Fuck
>I just say it right off the bat
>"I swear if you try to screw with birthday again..."
>She's not batting an eyelid
>I don't understand how homely is so calm in these kinds of situations
>Instead she turns towards me
>"Alright, i dare you to take off my shirt for me."

>Yeah ok whatever
>I would complain but she's wearing a near transparent tight-ass shirt anyway
>Her having her tits free would just be the same thing
>But skin colored
>And like twice as bouncy
>and soft...
>With nipples
>Alright well it wouldn't be the same thing
>But i'm not putting up a fight
>I just move my way across the room and sit in front of her.
>No romance
>She just lifts her arms, i grab the hem and raise it up and over
>There's that one awesome moment
>You know the one where the bottom of the shirt is just barely holding the tits back
>And then they kinda just flop out and free to the world
>That's like the best part of women taking off shirts
>That one moment
>Then that moment ends
>Then you realize it's homely and i really didn't want to stare
>I mean i wanted to stare

>But homely
>You know that feel

>I return to my seat with my internal conflict raging
>Stare
>Not Stare
>That is the question
>I end up staring
>Not for very long before Raven has taken notice
>I get an actual slap on the wrist
>It kinda stung, but just really enough to make me look at her
>and the words she spoke next
>"I use up one of my dares... Homely put your shirt back on"
>Awee....
>Homely's voice perks me out of my instantaneous depression
>"Alright, i'll hold onto that and tell everyone my fantasy"
>Based homely
>Coming through

>Except blondie seems to not-like the fact that i was staring either
>Nor do any of the other girls
>Her, Glasses and Birthday decide that our "Extra Dares" can not be refused
>I think they're doing it just to fuck with homely
>That's so going to backfire on them all later though
>Temporary gain at the cost of long-term loss i guess.
>i know better than to say a word, they won't know what's hit them.
>Homely glares angrily at all of them after she finishes putting her shirt back on.
>I'm pretty sure she's going to attack someone
>This is not going to end well
>Birthday is returning the angriest glare back
>I can see the beam of light bouncing between each of their eyes
>Actual sparks flying across the room
>I try to defuse the cold war before nukes are fired
>"Hey guys, let's take a snack break"
>All lasers focused on me now
>...
>What have i done!
>But after half a second the eyes kind of soften up
>It seems to have worked, we get up and mosey off to the kitchen

>I don't seem to make it all the way to the kitchen however
>I'm grabbed by the hand and directed away towards the other side of the house
>I end up outside the small bathroom with Raven and a flashlight

>Her face betrays no emotions, but i know i've fucked up something
>I'm waiting patiently for her to speak what's on her mind, but she's not talking
>She seems to be searching my face for something
>Actually worried searching
>Fuck, what DID i do?
>She fills me in
>"You were supposed to pick me..."
>Nothing but a hum of sadness in those words
>"You keep picking everyone else..."
>I don't have a proper response, i realize i've gotten myself into possible breakdown territory
>She's obviously jealous over a mixture of the other girls getting to do things with me, and me denying her plea-for-lap-sitting.
>My lack of response seems to hit her harder than actual words
>But i've really got no clear cut way of making her feel better
>I really don't know what to say
>And i really think this isn't about me not letting her sit on my lap at all
>I know her better than that,
>I get dragged off to the guest room and she locks the door

>Its still windy in here, blowing through the shutters
>Freezing cold
>Pitch black
>I'm quite aware there's probably still glass on the floor in the corner
>We're just standing there silently against the door in the darkness.
>I can hear our breathing again, soft... relaxed from both of us
>I wish i could see her eyes and know what she's thinking
>Raven seems to have had a question she wanted to ask in here though
>Her voice inquisitively painful
>"We're together now right?"

>Fuck
>That's not a question i was really sure about myself
>We didn't even talk about it or anything
>Hadn't even had a chance
>But she had talked about it with me
>In her head
>and that head-me was telling her we were an item now.
>where as my in-head me was screaming "Oh no oh fuck oh no"
>It's not that i was scared of having raven be with me in a relationship or anything
>It's just that i didn't know
>We had gone from friends to enemies to "More" in a span of 24 hours.
>I'm not sure if i should say this or not

>What reaction i would get
>She doesn't give me a chance

>She's got her hand down the front of my pants
>She's not touching me anywhere else though, as if there's no real romance involved
>I wasn't hard, Semi-really from previous events but i mean who wouldn't be
>Her hands are all the way on my dick and she's even stroking it softly
>She asks again
>But its not a question
>"We're Together Now Right?"
>Every word is punctuated by a hard stroke and a squeeze
>That does the trick, i'm diamonds again
>But i still haven't said a word in return
>She's got one of my hands with her other as she strokes
>I feel it moved under her skirt, across her thighs.
>She's not wearing panties anymore
>She's pressing my fingers against her
>"Choose me..."
>It's a breathless whisper
>I don't need another hint

>I take two fingers and try to slip them inside her
>She's not wet enough for how tight it is, so i need to wiggle and waggle them a bit
>I'm reminded of trying to get two fingers into the neck of a balloon
>Raven was not enjoying it
>She started whimpering and pressed her chest against mine
>Her breasts pressing into me, two hard points of contact, colder than my own skin.
>I'm trying to be gentle but i'm worried i'm hurting her
>I'm worried my fingers aren't even in the right place
>It doesn't take long for my suspicions to give away as i get her wet enough for them to slip right in.
>It's still tight, but i can move my hand up and down and try to make her enjoy this somewhat compared to the discomfort i had obviously caused her
>She didn't even seem to like this, 30 seconds later she pulls my hand away
>I'm worried i'm doing something horribly wrong
>She just alleviates my fears by pulling me over to the bed and pulling down my pants.
>A couple shuffles more and my hands are on her hips
>Then she's leaning forward
>Hands on the bedspread
>I realize she wants me to take her from behind

>I can't see anything so it's really just a ton of fumbling
>Back to no maps or guides again

>I can't find where my dick's supposed to go
>Really just absolutely lost
>I'm considering pulling over and asking for directions, but it seems i've prodded her a little too hard too many times in the wrong places
>I find her hand between her legs and i'm guided into a safe landing
>All the way down to the base.
>It's extremely tight like before
>Hot
>There's quite a bit more friction than when we were in the tub
>I assumed that was because there was less lubrication, or however those mechanics worked out
>All i knew was that it was amazing
>I took a couple tentative strokes and found no complaining
>Alrighty then
>I grabbed her hips and thrust like i had never thrust before

>It was dirty
>It was sweaty
>I couldn't hear a sound she made over the wind in the bedroom, the soft rain outside
>I could only see faintly, an outline of what she looked like
>Face pressed into the sheets
>Both of us panting like dogs
>I didn't last nearly as long as i had before
>Maybe a couple minutes at most
>I gave a couple last forced thrusts hoping she would orgasm like she did before
>No dice
>I just kind of lurched forward, forced my hips into hers
>I leave spurt after spurt inside her
>long, forceful spasms.
>It was amazing, i enjoyed every second of it
>But as i pulled out and lay down beside her, i heard her breath
>It was smooth, calm, even
>Where as mine was ragged, fast and harsh

>She's awake
>She's moving slightly
>Her hand finds its way to mine
>like It was trying to tell me all was fine
>But nothing about that was right
>I don't think she enjoyed it at all
>Any of it
>Frankly i don't even think she wanted to have sex with me
>But that makes no sense since she started it all on her own

>I enjoyed it, i had been in valhalla for however long i was inside of her.
>But it felt forced
>Like she was doing it only for me
>I don't know why anyone would do this
>Her of all people
>It almost makes me sick to my stomach with the thought
>But i don't ask
>I get pulled to my feet by the hand she's holding, i hear shuffling as what's probably her panties are re-applied
>I do the same.
>She turns on the flashlight
>She's smiling
>Its a real smile
>I smile back
>I don't know if it's fake or not

>We leave the bedroom holding hands
>We enter the kitchen holding hands
>All the girls turn and stare
>Raven doesn't care
>I do, but i hide it
>I don't have to hide it too well, because i find something in the kitchen that changes my mood right away
>The girls have a bottle of Rum out on the island right in the middle
>I drop raven's hand
>My hands go to my hips
>I yell
>"What the FUCK is that."
>I'm not just angry.

>The girls take up dignified stances against me
>"Rum, what does it look like? You said we were having a drinks break"
>Its homely
>I also said snacks break, fuck her
>Blondie speaks up
>"We talked... while you and raven were MAKING OUT"
>Her voice is half-crying half screaming
>I actually think she's going to leap across the kitchen at me and strangle me
>Knowing blondie i'm in for much worse
>The worst part is this makes me realize... i hadn't kissed raven at all.
>Not once
>This doesn't make it hard to tell blondie the truth
>"You were the last girl i kissed Blondie..."

>She hears the sincerity in my voice and softens her tone, muscles on her face no longer scowling.
>Her fears are alleviated slightly
>But mine arent

>Birthday tries to explain
>"We figured that we would just have a little, all together, and make sure nobody has too much"
>She's honest, she's scared of what raven did earlier
>"We were even going to mix it... then its just really light"
>I realize they have various fruit juices out behind them
>I can't blame birthday
>I can't blame homely
>The didn't let the earlier shit go down
>I can't stop them at all really
>If they want to drink again i can't do anything but make sure they really don't drink very much
>I give up and look over to raven
>She's not going to drink right?
>Right?

>"I'm not going to have any guys"
>Phew
>She was sincere, i bet she probably still felt a little sick
>I wouldn't have let her
>If there was one girl in the room i could control it was Raven, since even before we were "More".
>I announce the same, i don't really want anything either
>That brings a sigh from the huddle of women across the kitchen
>Blondie seems to feel guilty and agrees to not drink as well.
>I feel bad for her since she seemed to want to drink
>But i guess she's just trying to not feel bad about what happened earlier.
>Homely, Glasses and Birthday don't give a fuck and continue mixing drinks.

>I end up with a virgin orange juice something, Raven and Blondie seem to have accomplished similar cups of fruit brew.
>There's really not much that goes on in the kitchen
>We just all end up drinking cups of things while the three gals with rum try to get themselves tipsy
>Eventually glasses starts giggling and clinging onto my arm
>Then homely starts clinging onto my other arm
>Then birthday is behind me hugging me
>I think they accidentally passed tipsy
>I fucking failed my job of not letting them drink too much
>Of fucking course

>I can't really blame myself because i don't know how body weight and everything factor in that well...
>And i didn't really measure out how much they put in each cup
>Frankly i had like no control over them at all
>But i blamed myself anyway.

>Blondie and raven aren't tearing me apart yet
>But i know they will be if i let this go on too much longer
>I can feel the angry stares starting
>I trudge free of the limpets attaching slowly to all of my exposed limbs and suggest we go back to the poker room.
>This seems to be an accepted plan
>The three girls are giggling and adding a chorus of sound to the short walk
>Blondie looks like she's sad for missing out
>Raven doesn't look like anything really
>It's not long before we're all situated in another happy circle
>This time we're all much closer together
>the order ends up
>Me > Raven > Homely > Birthday > Blondie > Glasses > Me
>Glasses is actually holding onto one of my arms
>Which is mirrored about instantly by Raven
>And elicits jealous stares from around the circle.

>I try to get the game started again
>Everyone's kind of not really gamey though, atleast the three tipsy girls aren't.
>They're mostly whispering jokes and giggling
>It seems they've kind of over whatever angry tension they had between one another
>Which is good
>Hands go out
>Birthday wins
>She removes her holding dare (Make out with glasses)
>Hands go out again
>Blondie Wins
>She's glaring daggers at me for some reason
>I don't get why
>>"I Dare..."
>She turns around to look at me
>"I Dare Glasses to switch spots with me"
>Awe... but glasses is like pressing her boobs up against my arm though
>Alright fine
>Glasses gets up in a huff
>Changing of the guards occurs
>Glasses has her arms crossed glaring at blondie

>Blondie is now doing the exact same thing to my arm that Glasses was doing
>AKA molesting it
>But not really because blondie is kind of cutely hugging my arm agaInst her instead of hugging her against my arm
>I can't explain it, but its really cute ok

>Raven deals more cards
>I'm honestly amazed i'm even still able to play with two girls hugging my arms, but i manage
>Raven wins the hand anyway though
>Its not like i was winning before i had girls on my arms.
>Raven turns to me with an obvious dare on her mind
>It's probably got to do with the lack of talking i did in the guest bedroom.
>"Pick one girl in this room that you Hate, and tell them that"
>Hahh...
>Fuck.
>No.
>I'm not playing this game
>I just pat my lap a couple times
>You win raven
>She gets the idea and scooches over and sits in it
>Raven's a pretty good lap-sitter, she kinda curls up into my arm and manages to not block my view of the game at all.
>She's sat on my lap for years though, comes with practice really.
>I'm not even going to play anymore of these "Pick one" games
>too dangerous

>I have to keep my cards in a pile to the side now, just look at em once and try and remember which are which
>It's not helping my game honestly
>I'm pretty sure blondie can see my cards too when i peek at them
>It's not like i was winning anyway
>Glasses throws down a straight flush
>She's got some good luck
>She doesn't even hesitate with the dare though
>"I dare blondie to switch places with me!"
>lol
>Blondie responds real-quick
>"I hold"
>Instant pouty-face from Glasses
>lol

>Next hand is dealt out
>Birthday wins
>She starts out looking at the circle, but then she just stops and stares at me.
>She seems to be staring at my toes
>Well, my toes or raven's
>Our feet are kinda curled up in the same place
>We're kinda wigglin' and wagglin' our toes.
>I'm not sure if that's a good thing or not
>I realize i'm probably exposed
>I try to pull my feet in closer but it's too late
>"Storybro... i dare you to let us paint your toenails"
>NOOOOOOOOO

>She's found my mortal weakness
>I was regretting the eventual start of girly things
>I'd avoided most of it.
>Except for the girly clothes, those were unavoidable
>Also i have to let them do it because my holding dare is awful.
>I just have to accept it
>Roll with it
>Let it be part of me
>It's really not too bad, and it's honestly silly
>I don't mind a fun dare, as long as i can pick the color
>I guess toenail painting is a big thing because INSTANTLY birthday, homely and blondie(?) were off with intent to find the toenail... paint?
>Back in seconds though
>They've got an entire selection of various bottles and things.
>Oh man

>This would be the part where i detail what everyone's cute feets and toes looked like.
>Only one problem
>If you haven't noticed, i really like faces, facial expressions and eyes.
>Those are my favorite bits. The bits i remember most vividly
>I don't really have any interest in feet
>So even though the women all decided at this point in time to sprawl legs out and touch toes as they started the girly endeavour that is toenail painting.
>I can't remember arches, or toe sizes, sizes, heels, or any of that fun stuff.
>[spoiler]I'm sorry lonely feet-loving anons[/spoiler]
>What i can remember is two girls, the one i spent the most time with, and the one with the cutest feet.
>AKA, raven and Blondie
>Blondie painted her toenails, sky blue, always a shade of blue of some sort.

>Some days darker, some days lighter, some days a nearly transparent coat she had thinned with a clear varnish.

>That's what i remember the most because i always mentioned it to her
>Passing conversations like "Haha navy blue today i see?" or "A bit of sky fell on your toes, you might want to wipe that off!"
>I don't think it ever had much meaning behind it, i just had always learned to start conversations with women on trivial complementary aspects of their current appearance.
>[spoiler]That's essentially how you talk to women if you were wondering anons, just don't sperg it.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]if you're not good at leading her "Oh yeah i just felt like a blue today..." into your "Oh hey now! I haven't done anything to make you sad now have i?" don't bother complimenting appearances because you'll fuck up and make it more awkward[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] She also liked her feet, so complimenting a girl on a thing she likes and puts great care into is always a plus[/spoiler]
>Blondie had small cute little feet, with long slender toes and i guess she paid a great amount of attention to them.
>Always wearing sandals or open top shoes but whenever i saw the bottoms of them they were never too dirty or rough.
>I liked her feet, they were good feet and good excuse to start conversations with her.

>Raven herself, she didn't paint her toenails.
>Maybe once in a blue moon, but really it wasn't her forte
>She was really more of a tomboy, took after me in the feet care area (i didn't think about my feet more than once a month)
>We liked to both wear socks all the time, our houses had these giant cold marble and stone floors that were freezing all year round. Saved us from getting em roughed up i guess.
>Honestly her feet took quite a bit of neglect, i hadn't ever seen her use lotion or clip the nails properly
>Sure her mother tried sometimes when she was younger but it was a lost cause.
>They weren't smooth either, they were bony and when she flexed you could see the tendons.
>Those lovely muscles that make feet work
>Those curving and crisscrossing blue veins and vessels across the top surface, her skin was pale enough to see right through
>Hell, she even used to bite her toenails sometimes, guilty pleasure i guess.
>She wasn't meant to be a foot-model later in life, but her feet spoke a different story. They were functional, they were used. Raven would climb trees with me barefoot, splash with me in the mud or sand at the beach.
>I liked raven's feet
>They were beautiful, functional, used and neglected feet. Stark contrast i know.

>I don't really remember any of the other girl's feet or toes
>But i remember they had them wiggling and kicking infront of me along with my own

>Everyone back to giggling and cheering at various color mixes they were inventing for my soon-to-be-girly toes
>Oh wait
>While i was telling you about Raven/Blondie's toes it ends up they painted mine
>Bright pink
>Really it wasn't that interesting i was lost in thought or staring at someone's chest the entire time.
>I had no real say in the matter anyway
>Doomed to a girly color from the start because it was a dare.

>The important thing to note is that it didn't seem like we were going back to poker
>I think the tipsy girls weren't interested anymore, Glasses was falling asleep with what looked to be neon-green unscrewed in her hand
>(Which was quickly rescued by blondie as so it didn't spill)
>Birthday and homely were giggling all over one another
>Whatever they were talking about it was probably hilarious
>Alcohol solving all previous conflicts
>I was left with Blondie sitting next to me wiggling her toes (sky blue if i didn't already say) and holding onto my wrist for whatever reason
>And raven who was curled up in my lap with my arm pulled across her bare chest
>[spoiler]Yes i do realize that i've probably got my hands right on or around her breasts, but no i don't act on it[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I wasn't really sure if i wanted to, and there were other women around[/spoiler]

>I was pretty comfy, plenty of time to think about what had happened that day.
>Just lost in thought as blondie and raven discuss something to do with quantum thermal mechanics and the result of thorium-uranium fractionation.
>It was enlightening really
>Well that was until Birthday starts shouting about how "Hawking Radiation" was never proven to exist.
>She seems to be claiming quasiparticles are some kind of pseudo-unproven science meanwhile homely is trying to claim quantum superposition is a perfectly legitimate avenue of testing for them.
>As i'm sure you would understand, this didn't go well at all
>Eventually they get into a shouting match over the speed of light and i think homely brings up cherenkov radiation and shit just hits the fan.

I think that's where i stop for tonight
More on a day that Rhymes with Tuesday at 8:00 cawifonia tiem
Wednesday seems most likely

Update #18 : April 23rd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11440683

>As any wikipedia scientist would know
>That argument was never going to end very well
>But this one ended far far worse than well
>Within moments the girls were upon one another in a flurry of various dirty underhand attacks.
>Punches
>Hair Pulling
>Biting (Homely, figures right?)
>Slapping
>Kicking
>Name Calling
>Full-blown catfight
>Considering how scantily clad the women were, i could have happily sat back with a drink and enjoyed the show.

>Homely's panties were fairly visible every time she went on the offensive
>Her long legs and butt peeking out from under the overshirt every time she lunged at her current mortal-enemy.
>They weren't flabby, they moved in that taut but firm kind of way muscly bits do when you're exerting yourself.
>Not to mention the copious amount of jiggling and bouncing her breasts were doing in that thin T-shrit without a bra.
>And that was just homely.

>Birthday wasn't really winning the fight
>Homely's Bitch-Fu seemed to be a bit too hard to counter, too many low-handed tactics.
>Birthday's hair was a mess, having been tugged and yanked in various directions, it was tangled, sticking out and repositioning itself every time they sparred.
>Her cheeks were alternating between that pale-white that sticks around a couple seconds after you've been slapped, to a slowly darkening hue of pink.
>Her bra was half-pulled off, one cup askew after homely had used it as a handhold for whatever punishment she had attempted to met out
>Yes that meant one tit was floppin around free.
>And lastly that skirt, leaving just the most tantalizing views of flesh and thighs as it wafted up and down with each movement
>Sometimes tantalizing shadows that i wish i could have made out if the lights were on.

>I'm not really sure what i was thinking as i watched this
>I'm not sure what any of us were thinking as we watched it
>Those same "Not Sure" thoughts that flow through most heads anytime something like this happens
>As we stared on, mouths collectively open in awe.
>It wasn't really until we started listening to what they were screaming about that we took any action at all.
>Bits and pieces of "I won" or "You lost" thrown about, except louder
>As Glasses, Raven, Blondie and Myself got up to interject
>we hear that it was a Bet
>That they had been betting against one another on something
>Screaming about it not being over yet as we rushed over to separate the two.
>Now seperating fighting girls is no easy task
>It took two of us per, i ended up trying to hold back birthday
>Elbowed in the stomach , backhanded accidentally in the shoulder.
>Angry women are not easy to pull off of one another, but we managed.
>But the screaming didn't stop
>"I WENT THE FURTHEST" -Birthday
>"HE WOULDN'T LET ME" -Homely
>"ADMIT I WIN" - Birthday

>It's not hard to piece together, this argument is about me.
>Not really about me though, these kicking screaming women seem to unveil more of the story each shout
>They had made a bet
>A friendly bit of competition of sorts
>From pieces of shouting we could tell it was about who i liked the most
>About who could get the "Farthest" with me
>To see who could prove once and for all that i liked them better
>Or that they were the more attractive one
>Or more likeable
>Frankly i didn't know the reason because it was lost in the screaming
>It wasn't a very friendly competition

>All i, and the other girls could hear was that birthday had seemingly won
>As we had gone "All the way" in her words.
>That i and her were "closest"
>and that homely was an "Ugly unwanted bitch"
>Her words not mine
>Even though i've pretty much been telling you guys the same thing the entire time
>Atleast i didn't say it to her face ya-know?
>But the cat was out of the proverbial bag
>You can see why homely was winning the fight, when her very value as a female was at stake.
>But we couldn't really defuse this situation
>I mean there was absolutely nothing i could do
>No amount of words was going to solve the problem that i had created unknowingly between these two

>Frankly it wasn't even my fault
>I was actually somewhat angry at them.
>All the attention they'd been giving me was fake
>Hot
>But fake
>Plus my sandwich died over this stupid bet
>That's like maximum uncool
>I couldn't tell if all those hot kisses with birthday were fake or just her playing a game
>I couldn't tell if homely had actually wanted my attention or just wanted to win the contest.
>It was a pretty shitty feeling, because suddenly you stop evaluating yourself as some kind of alpha badass and you realize you've been a toy the entire time.
>I mean it was hot
>I enjoyed the hell out of it
>But i was a toy
>and my thoughts after-the-fact kinda ruined the experience.

>I was no longer in a happy hot-pink-toes mood
>I wanted red, fire engine red.

>There's quite a bit of yelling between everyone
>I'm calling them both idiots
>Blondie's telling everyone to calm down
>Raven's telling everyone to calm down
>Glasses is giggling and holding homely back like a drunken fool.
>The fight has stopped, the shouting has stopped
>Well except for a few choice swear words from each of them
>They both had faces squirmed into contorted positions
>Silently screaming at one another
>They weren't struggling anymore, well homely wasn't
>Birthday still was
>Until she started screaming "LET GO, LET GO OF ME" and writhing back and forth to lose the arms holding her back
>She gets one arm free and i panic and try to jump between the girls to make sure they don't fight again
>They don't
>Birthday just glowers at me, her face a mixture of too many emotions to count
>And she stomps away
>Door slamming in the distance.

>We're all frozen
>Glasses still giggling and holding homely
>Nobody else is laughing, but glasses seems to have found something amazingly funny about that entire exchange.
>She doesn't say anything though
>Thank god
>Instead it's homely who's the first one who speaks
>It's directed at me
>It's a cry, a plea for help, for validation
>"Why don't you LIKE me?"

>That's not a hard question to answer homely
>Your personality is utter shit, and i would pay for it a thousand times over if i even hinted at liking you
>But i don't tell her this
>This would get me thrown out of the house by all the women, no contest
>Instead i say nothing
>and she continues
>"I even offered up EVERYTHING to you, and you still didn't want it!"

>Nothing but sobbing, a cold fear in these next words.
>"What's WRONG WITH ME?"

>Not an easy situation to diffuse anons
>Frankly i'm not sure i would have been even able to diffuse it at all unless she had continued
>Her next words gave me the needed fodder even if it was way worse.
>"You had... s...SEX with her and not ME!"
>That tone of voice was back to anger
>But she wasn't angry at me for supposedly having sex with birthday
>She was mad that i had turned her down and seemingly went off and did it with her friend without batting an eye
>She was tearing herself apart on the inside
>There's an easy fix to that
>I had two choices that popped into my head
>"We didn't, she lied"
>or
>"She wouldn't let me"
>Guess which one i picked?

>If you guessed the second one that's where your story ends
>I was found brutally murdered and decapitated in the living room
>None of the women were ever heard from again.
>Except for glasses, who is rumored to be wrestling bears to death with her bare hands off in alaska or something
>If you guessed the first one though
>You're correct
>For once in my life i didn't pick the answer that would have made everything a thousand times worse
>It took a bit of prodding for the truth to set in
>I had to go and re-write history, explaining with great detail that i had not had intercourse with any of the women while they got me alone in the bathroom to punish birthday.

>Blondie has questions
>Ends up she was listening outside the bedroom door at first
>"What about all of glasses' moaning?"
>This just gets giggles from glasses, who's sitting on the couch with a smile on her face.
>This is probably one of the reasons blondie was angry at me all day that i couldn't figure out.
>It takes zero effort to explain i was getting a back-massage to help my back, and she was just being loud to torment birthday
>This seems like a reasonable explanation and is accepted by everyone
>Just sounds like something glasses would do i guess
>Except raven

>Raven has no clue what we're talking about
>"What do you mean glasses was helping your back?"
>She's not angry about me possibly having sex with glasses again, she knew.
>But she was asleep when i got hurt
>Everyone just kind of stares at her silently, waiting for the first foolhardy soul to try to explain it
>I'm trying to piece together neutral words to ensure that nobody dies
>Too late
>Glasses has a better plan
>Blurt out the truth
>"Blondie almost killed Storybro"
>She says this with a giggle
>I think she's really plastered honestly
>Doesn't help
>Glasses is such a bro.
>I can barely get between Raven and Blondie in time

>Blondie ends up in a corner with me protecting her from Raven's angry assault of claws and daggers
>She gets me with an initial Kidney shot right after i put up Inner Fire.
>Breaks through my power word: shield.
>I'm trying to throw renew and a heal on myself but she interrupts me with a kick and a sinister strike
>I'm praying that my psychic scream will come off cooldown before she gets an eviscerate off.
>Her slice and dice seems to wear off just in time and the assault stops the second i fade and drop aggro.
>It's not really fighting between her and me, she's just trying to get at blondie before she gets her heartstone cast off

>My pleas of "Wait i'm fine it's ok" and "Stop, don't be angry at her" are mostly lost.
>I was lying through my teeth anyway, my back still hurt
>On some level she was probably imagining the most insane methods of blondie-assassination you could come up with
>And it wasn't making it any better that i was trying to stop her from assassinating blondie on the spot too.
>It's not long before glasses intervenes, homely wanting no part in another fight.
>Or just having no honor, your pick
>Glasses drags the kicking and angry Raven off of trying to get behind me
>And does the honors of making the situation ... different.
>I won't say better
>I won't say worse
>Glasses mumbles pretty loudly into raven's ear
>"I saved him, you should be thanking me"

>Raven just gives an exasperated sigh and asks what the full story was
>So i told everyone to shut up
>And i told as-calmly as i could about what had happened
>What i had felt
>This was the first time actually any of the girls there had learned what actually was happening to me
>They were too busy fretting over me afterwards to figure out what had happened, and they had just concentrated on my back because it was visible.
>Blondie shrinks into the corner trying to make herself very, very, very small during the course of the story.
>Glasses is heightening the story with sounds of her own, gasps and "ahhs".
>Even homely seems to be giving out various sounds of dismay at either me not dying, or how much it hurt
>Possibly the me-not dying part
>But raven is silent
>Tears streaming down her face

>I'm terrified of what i've just unleashed
>It would have been safer to just pretend nothing had happened
>I try to explain that blondie will find a way to make it up to me
>Point out she's gonna make me some damn cupcakes in the future and i'm going to get to eat all of them
>Blondie was our resident baker, cookies mostly, but sometimes cakes.
>Eat all of them probably at the same time
>With lots of frosting and everything
>[spoiler]Yeah i want cupcakes now too[/spoiler]
>This doesn't seem to be about blondie anymore
>Raven has her arms around me and is sobbing into my shoulder

>Which should be sexual, i mean we were both topless still
>But i don't know, i was used to her chest almost
>Like any of the other girls would have breasts that bounced or swayed as they moved, my attention would shift instantly if any of them weren't wearing a top
>But hers were small enough that they were firm, almost no movement.
>Like accessories almost
>Perfect size in my mind, the kind of topless where you can stare for a moment and go "Those are attractive" and look away.
>Which i'm explaining because the first thought i did have was that she was now pressing her bare chest against mine.
>A sensation that i enjoyed deeply
>It was warm.

>comforting even.
>But she wasn't comforting me
>She was comforting herself and blubbering words out like a small child that had lost her favorite toy.
>In the accident that had killed that small child's parents

>She was sobbing words into my chest, but everyone heard them
>Words about how it was all her fault for drinking
>Words about How if she was there she could have realized and stopped it or saved me
>Words about what she would have felt if she had woken up and i had been gone
>She poured her emotions out and made us feel like heartless bastards for how much she felt than we were.
>She seemed to be dealing with just the thought of losing me on an emotional scale unforeseen by all in the room.
>All i can do is hug her back and remind her i'm still here.
>I try and joke that we can have a funeral still if she wants.
>you know, lighten the mood
>it goes about as well as you would expect

>She just grabs me and sobs harder into my chest
>Of course i made it worse
>I don't think i can fuck up the situation any more i guess
>But she's back to talking
>"Don't leave me!"
>That's what i hear at least, it could be all kinds of things she said muffled at that angle.
>I just end up just patting her back
>I don't really know what else i should be doing
>the other girls aren't helping
>except for homely who is sitting on the couch now with a blanket
>She takes the lovely choice of interrupting
>"I call the couch, don't cry for too much longer; i'm tired."
>She says that as she wraps herself up and lies down
>You're a dick homely

>But it does the trick
>Raven sniffles and stops crying all over me
>I'm covered in spots of tears and snot
>t.. thanks raven
>Blondie decides to take the chance to dart out of the corner and past us
>Raven makes a hissing noise and bats at her with a claw as she runs past
>just barely missing a scratch connecting
>Blondie even lets out the appropriate "eep" noise and hides off in the kitchen
>Raven's emerald green cat-eyes, glimmering at her from the near darkness

>We're interrupted by a shirt flying at us from the couch
>It hits me in the face
>glasses is back to giggling again
>Homely announces "It was too tight..." and rolls over in her blanket.
>that's fine, i just use it to wipe the snot and tears off me and throw it on the ground.
>Thanks homely.

>Raven ends up stomping after blondie into the kitchen
>I'm about to go intercept and stop her when i find glasses in my way
>"Don't, they need to talk"
>She seems to have had a moment of clarity
>I know how important "girl talks" can be, but i'm worried about how much murder will be involved
>Glasses doesn't let me leave, her hand is on mine holding me back
>*sigh*
>I don't hear screaming, or shouting or hitting from the kitchen though, so i assume all is right in the world to the point at which i need not interrupt
>Glasses however is all over me
>She had ulterior motives i guess
>She's really drunk
>Her hands are all over in places they definitely should not be
>On my body and hers
>Comments like "My top is really tight too" are being whispered in my ear
>I have the clear notion that this is wrong
>That i should not take advantage of her at all, even though her hand is in my boxers trying to convince me otherwise.
>That i'm not in the mood after the shit that just went down
>I say some of those words
>She mentions that Blondie and Raven need time to talk
>And that i've still got a dare left
>HNNGGGGGGGGGG

>Fuck it
>I give in to my weak-will
>I know i shouldn't, that i should be concerned about the kitchen or something, but i'm not thinking.
>We're off in the bathroom
>I dare her to give me a blowjob
>I don't ask for anything more because i am still trying to work my feelings out about who i really should be chasing.
>But
>She did just get me rock hard, her own damn fault
>She can fix it

>My pants are down faster than a clown
>She's on her knees and starts sucking
>It's perfect, she's got suction, she's got tongue
>I'm in asgard for about three minutes
>Until she stops
>I look down
>She's fast asleep on her knees
>Head of my cock still in her mouth
>I'm pretty sure my laughter can be heard throughout the whole house.

>She looked absolutely absurd
>She really was drunk and tired,
>Just fell asleep mid-blow
>I contemplate using her to finish up even if she is asleep
>Maybe finish in her mouth, maybe just strip her a bit and jack off all over her.
>As tempting as they were, the ideas felt a bit too wrong when i actually had a chance to do them.
>She was still my friend
>It felt like i was degrading her as a person
>It's more fun if she's the one doing it.
>She would probably happily give me a blowjob later if i asked anyway.
>There were plenty of good reasons
>There's a real moral checkpoint you have to hurdle yourself over to want to defile a sleeping lady
>Even if she had fallen asleep willingly with my dick in her mouth.
>The moral of the story is that i pussied out and ended up jacking off into the toilet
>Still got to oggle her bra-clad tits while i did it though
>I justified that in my head
>figured she would want me to.

>I finish up my fap-session
>Clean up, wash hands, you know just gotta be polite
>It's not my house
>I still kinda feel bad, even though we didn't do anything
>My thoughts linger on the other two girls in the kitchen and i wonder how long i've been.
>I kinda haul Glasses to her feet, she's half asleep
>Decide i gotta drag her to the nearest sleeping facility
>Which would be the sleeping bags in Birthday's room
>We make the journey down the hallway
>Fighting off snakes and alligators on the river trip.
>Eventually we make it and i try the door
>Locked
>Fuck
>"Birthday let me in, glasses needs a sleeping bag"
>No response
>Fuck
>Out of all the times for her to be a snotty-attention-grabbing-crybaby

>I lug and haul glasses out to the living room
>There's only one sleeping bag here
>It takes me a full two minutes to get her into the sleeping bag, giggling in her sleep and all.
>Then another minute to zip it up properly and make sure she's got a pillow from the couch.

>I turn around and realize we don't have any more sleeping bags
>I mean we've got the one that's in the laundry room but we aren't using that one
>For reasons
>I just waltz over to the candles and decide i might as well put one out and take the other with me.
>After i put one out i hear homely behind me

>"Hey perv!"
>Me being an idiot, i turn around
>She's got her chest exposed and the blanket wrapped around her stomach
>Lovely breasts facing me of course
>"You should tuck me in like you did her?"
>It's a hopeful question
>Luckily in my post-fap clarity i'm capable of thinking rationally
>I just blow out the second candle and walk away.

>I end up in the kitchen with a single flashlight illuminating the girls hugging and crying in a corner, all problems solved
>No not really
>They're kinda staring one another off
>Decent amount of distance between one another
>I ask em the simple question
>"Everything cool now?"
>I get a "Yup" from raven and silence from blondie.
>It comes to mind that she's been beaten into submission
>But i see no open wounds or bleeding, so i assume there wasn't too much damage done.
>I start rummaging around in the drawers for matches to light the second candle again
>Don't say anything.

>While i'm doing this, i also mention the previously discovered problem
>"Birthday locked all the sleeping bags in her room"
>This is met by mixed response
>Raven just kind of shrugs
>"You and I can sleep over in the parent's bedroom together, no big deal"
>She's right, we technically had already slept together over there.
>But what about blondie
>I ask this
>Raven already has a response planned out
>"She can sleep on the floor, or the guest room or something"
>Oh there it is

>There's definitely still bitch-hate between these two
>They are most certainly not "cool" with one another
>Raven knows firsthand that the guest room is freezing cold and windy
>That she's pretty much trying to punish blondie in some kind of mean way when she shouldn't be involved.
>The saddest part is that blondie seems to just be taking it lying down
>No fight from her whatsoever
>I can't bear to see that happen
>I'm not going to consign a friend to a night of uncomfortable or cold-sleep when there's rain and wind in that room right now.
>I say all of those words
>And a couple more
>"She can sleep in the parent's bed with us"
>Raven's eyes flash with emerald fire in the flashlight's glow.
>Blondie objects first

>Lots of "I can't" and "I don't want to, the guest room is fine"
>Raven seems to agree, she's making up excuses as to why only us two can sleep together and with blondie it would be wrong or something
>I'm not playing this game
>Raven's obviously mad at blondie and beat her down with words into submission, i'd have to solve this for their own good.
>"I dare blondie to sleep in the same bed as us"
>There we go, problem solved
>Or not
>Raven's mouth starts moving like she's going to overturn my dare with her own.
>I don't let her
>"I swear to god raven you say a word and i'll hate you"
>She closes her mouth
>It's settled then
>Blondie doesn't argue, she knows it's nicer than anything else, even if embarassing.
>The bed's fucking huge anyway, she could be miles away from us.
>We're going to all eventually end up in the parent's bed together.
>When i say eventually it's because none of us are tired yet

>All that adrenaline and fighting and kicking and screaming kinda had us buzzed a bit
>Plus we hadn't drunk alcohol, and raven was asleep all day and i had plenty of periodic naps.
>Blondie suggests we eat some cereal
>This is a brilliant plan
>We spend the next 20 minutes by candlelight
>Each crunching on cereal in a slow methodical contemplative kind of way
>In not-too-cold milk because the fridge was out.

>We didn't really hurry because none of us had anything to say
>It had been a long eventful day, i don't think we needed to say much of anything.
>Just delicious cereal
>As the rain continued to fall outside.

>Cereal finished
>We're still not tired
>But there really is nothing we want, or care to do.
>Raven makes the move and blows out the candle, turning on the flashlight
>It's off to bed we go i guess
>The trip is uneventful
>Silent
>The creaking and moving of the house as we walked along the only noise i remembered
>We reach the bedroom
>The well-sat on and rumpled bed showing off all the action it had gotten over the day, various people sitting on, lying on or crawling across it.
>All that history
>Gone the moment raven flipped the covers over

>It's decided i'm going to be in the middle
>Blondie is gonna sleep on the far far end
>Raven the other end
>I point out that we haven't changed into anything
>But we don't actually have pajamas
>I make it a point to strip off my sweatpants and leave my boxers on
>I'm kind of hoping the other two women will take off more clothes
>At Least blondie maybe
>Nope
>I even suggest she take off her bra so she'll be able to sleep more comfortably
>Nope
>She's too embarrassed even though we've seen her naked.
>Oh well...
>We do that thing where we all get in place to sleep, legs under the covers and all.
>Our flashlight is rather dim at this point, batteries running low, so we aren't sure if we want to stay up and talk or not
>Raven makes the first move

>She scooches all the way from her side to right next to me
>Turns around and presses her skirt-clad butt right up to my side
>Ahh, she wants us to go to sleep spooning
>Blondie silently watching from across the bed
>Speak now or forever hold your peace blondie?
>Nothing
>Alright then
>I turn over and spoon raven, wrapping an arm around her chest.
>It's rather warm as we pull the blankets over ourselves
>She wiggles her butt against my crotch a couple times
>I'm rather lucky i fapped in the bathroom or i would have to sleep with a boner
>Which wouldn't be possible
>But i seem to remain soft enough as Blondie flips out the light
>I hear her wrap herself off in the distance and curl up with the blanket
>I fall asleep to the smell of raven's hair
>Whatever flavor that goddess rán's forsaken bubblebath was

>But i squirm awake sometime later
>I'm warm
>I'm very very comfy
>But i'm not sure why i woke up
>I might be a bit too warm actually
>My back is just as warm as my front
>But that doesn't make sense

>What also doesn't make sense is the hands wrapped around my stomach
>I realize blondie has slid over and is curled up to me from behind
>I'm being double spooned
>Awesome
>Her hands are also on my stomach, one of them half in my boxers, i get to wondering if she's awake.
>I'm not sure how to check though
>I take my free hand and kinda tap hers, see if she's going to respond
>Nothing
>She must have been asleep for a while now
>Tried to fondle me and fell asleep with her hands there maybe.
>But she could be faking it
>Brilliant idea
>I push down my boxers to about my mid thighs, wasn't too hard they didn't fit very well anyway.
>I then grab one of her hands and slowly move it to cup my crotch
>Lewd~
>I know
>But she didn't react so i knew she was actually asleep and not faking it.
>Plus i mean she put her hands halfway there
>I contemplate moving her hand away, but then i smile when i think of what she'll do when she wakes up
>Probably scream
>I doze off with an evil grin on my face

>I don't wake up to screaming
>I wake up with two soft and smooth hands below the covers playing with me
>and i was as hard as contra without cheats.
>Blondie seems to have been fondling me in various ways while i was sleeping
>Maybe curiosity, maybe a tad bit of perversion, but she probably didn't know i was awake.
>Her hands are smooth, soft... gentle and warm
>She's not being abrasive, or chafing me in horrible ways.
>It's actually quite nice, even tickles a little bit, but pleasurable the entire way.
>Her soft fingers stroking upwards and downwards, cradling, smoothly running across all my features.
>She's quite good at this, or her accidental exploration is simply hitting all the right tactile levels
>Either way, i'm not too far off from an orgasm myself

>I almost can't stop myself from giving a couple thrusts forward, even though i know nothing would happen.
>It's right after i almost give one of these thrusts that she pulls one of her hands away, and stops the movement with the other.
>I can hear her mouth open, her hot breath on my neck as i'm facing away from her
>Then a long, wet crackly sound

>Her hand comes back around and touches me down below
>It's wet and slippery
>She licked it
>With the new-found lubrication her strokes are slower, more methodical
>Every time her hand ridges the head of my penis i feel the nerves all the way up shudder a bit of a shock through me
>It's a completely different experience to doing it myself
>I have no control, no knowledge of what's going to happen next
>It's an amazing experience
>But like all amazing experiences, this one has to end sooner rather than later
>After a couple more of her wonderful strokes, i do slight my hips forward a tiny bit
>This is accompanied by a spasm or two across my entire dick, no controlling that.
>And i squirt a numberless amount of times, plastering raven's lower back, skirt, and blondie's hands with copious amounts of thick liquid
>Now THAT is comfy.
>I give an internal sigh as one of blondie's hands snakes away again
>An apprehensive pause...
>That same hot hurried breath on the back of my neck
>That same crackling wet sound
>I throw on a satisfied smile and fall asleep again.

Alright anons, that's all for tonight. , i want to say we'll do more tomorrow but dark souls comes out AND i have dinner plans.

I'll update the doc when we can order a new batch of lewd adventures.

Reasonably, probably friday.

Update #19 : April 25th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S11466232#p11466232

>Next thing i know, it's light outside
>Well inside too, there was a patch of sunlight streaming in across my eyelids
>That doesn't let you go back to bed no matter how sleepy you are
>and i was really sleepy
>So the first thing my sleepy eyesi see is the back of raven's head, her hair to be precise.
>It's got sunlight all over it, makes it look almost-blonde in the bright spots.
>Which reminds me
>My pants are still off
>I'm still sticky
>Both of my arms seem to be wrapped around raven in various difficult-to-untangle ways
>My sleepy mind struggles to remember how this happened
>It doesn't really flood back
>Not like people always say it does
>It was kind of a trickle, and then i almost jumped when i realized the last bit
>Blondie totally gave me a handjob while i was "Sleeping"
>Mental me kind of does a jump in the air, arm outstretched with a click of the heels.

>Raven's still asleep
>Blondie's still asleep behind me
>Time to return the favor
>I start planning it all out in my head as i untangle myself from raven
>I'll turn over, and rub her softly awake.
>But wait
>This is blondie we're talking about
>She'd probably freak the fuck out and that wouldn't go anywhere good
>Images of blondie screaming and burly firemen running in with gas-masks to take me away flow freely through my mind.
>Not that those made any sense, but that's what i was thinking
>Ok, ok, we'll wake her up with a kiss first, then see where i can take that.
>I'm sure if i mention that i was awake she'll let me.
>Perfect

>I finish untangling myself from raven and begin the slow endeavour of flipping over
>Sun's in my eyes so it takes me a moment to get adjusted
>I look over to where the sleeping blonde-haired princess would be.
>Nothing
>The bed's empty
>#Unhappyface
>Plan ruined
>I guess i could technically do it to raven too
>But...
>... i'll be honest, at this point and time i wasn't actually sure she wanted to be romantic with me
>It felt like everything she'd done up to this point had been a friend frantically trying to hold onto

me when i showed interest in other women.
>As if i would suddenly stop talking to her because i found other girls or something
>Like she wanted to remain friends, but pulled me into Lewd~ and Sex~ because i seemed interested and it was a way to keep me.
>This would have been all great and fine if i was any other kind of guy
>But to me it felt like i was forcing her, or she was forcing herself just to not lose me.
>Not a good feel
>Specially with her past
>There goes my stomach doing bellyflops again
>I can't even bear to look at her when i think of this.
>I quietly roll over towards blondie's side of the bed and get up.

>As i finally slide from out of the covers i realize i've only got my boxers on, and those are around my knees
>My pants lost somewhere in the sheets
>Can't afford to go back
>Have to leave them behind
>I salute the brave soldiers, served me well they did.
>I check the clock
>7:00 AM
>Fuck it's early
>Might as well just go eat something i guess.
>I pull up the boxers and tiptoe out of that side of the house as to not-wake anyone

>The Hallway is quiet
>It seems like the rain has stopped, i'm not sure if the power is back on or not
>I check the living room on my way past
>Glasses is half-in-half-out of her sleeping bag
>Which is impressive considering i quite clearly remember zipping it up
>Her glasses are like halfway across the room though
>I had placed them all folded up next to her, but whatever she did had flung them across the room
>I move around the couch to pick them up and put them on a table, probably in the kitchen where they won't get stepped on.
>That's when i realize homely has completely kicked off the blanket and is lying half-naked on her side.
>That would easily be enough to give me an instant boner, her breasts fully exposed, as well as her long smooth stomach all the way down to her navel.
>Don't forget her panties, light-pink and firmly wedged into her crotch, before we return to long shapely thighs and long legs.
>This would usually be plenty enough
>But there was more

>Her hand was wrapped around her back and around her behind, one finger nestled peacefully between her legs.
>And the panties were a dark-shade of pink where that finger was resting.
>Wet dream maybe?
>Whatever the female version of a wet dream is maybe?
>I'm sure she would have loved the treatment blondie missed out on
>But i wasn't going to be the one to give it to her.
>The thought of covering her up so the other girls didn't see and laugh came to mind
>Then i took that thought
>And into the trash it went
>No sympathy
>Fuck homely
>I sure wanted to be there when she woke up to a group of giggling girls
>It would be priceless
>But my thoughts are interrupted like-they-so-often-are by other thoughts
>Mostly of the smell that was wafting through the house
>Only one place something that smelled that delicious could be coming from
>The bathroom

>[spoiler] no silly, the kitchen[/spoiler]
>Smelled god-damn delicious it did
>Baking Cinnamon
>Sugary smells
>Like i woke up in a confectioners bakery
>Time to sneak in and find out what the rock is cooking
>Tiptoes activated
>Menacing hands-out-infront-and-pointed-downward-weirdly-activated
>Mind you i'm in boxers, not wearing a shirt and i have bandages wrapped around my wrists that are half-falling off
>I manage to sneak into the kitchen without the gang and the pesky dog finding where i am.
>Blondie's baking up a storm in here

>The counter is a mess of different cookery cutlery, there's a couple pans out and some white powder covering lots of surfaces
>She's got these two mismatched oven-mitts
>Not to mention she's got her bunny-pajama shirt back on
>and she managed to find an apron SOMEWHERE that's tied with a little bow in the back
>Fuck i don't even understand why women wear aprons when they cook things
>It's like they just can see themselves being cute from a third person view and do cute things while they do it.
>She doesn't seem to see me right away, so i watch her as she's humming some tune, swishing her hips and doing various delicious-related things.
>Yes, in multiple ways anons

>I end up watching her for a minute or two, just admiring the cuteness
>In retrospect it probably wasn't nearly as cute as i'm saying it was, but i thought she was adorable.
>I decide to reveal myself as she's bent over fumbling with the oven
>I hear the clang of the tray as she picks it up and turns around to look at me with a pan of something undoubtedly delicious in hand.
>Her face converts from a look of concentration to a beaming sparkling smile instantly
>"Storybro!" -My first name of course
>She rushes forward to hug me
>Pan in hand
>My life flashes before my eyes.

>I can see my childhood, places i'd never remembered being until now
>Smiling mothers
>Smiling friends
>Sunlight in the garden at my old house
>The butterflies that always seemed to love my light-blonde hair.
>[spoiler]Butterflies like the ultraviolet color that reflects off it, i only found that out later[/spoiler]
>Running through every memory
>Meeting everyone i'd known
>My best friend
>That was it
>I open my eyes just in time to see blondie with both her arms up in the air
>One mismatched kitten-shaped-oven mitt with another square green one
>This is the last thing i'll ever see.
>I close my eyes in pain as her arms wrap around me
>wait a second

>I saw both her hands
>I open my eyes again and just see blondie's hair in my face
>Kinda shake it loose as i'm standing there with my hands awkwardly to my sides
>She had set the pan down on the counter behind her
>All i can feel is the warm spots where the oven mitts had obviously been holding it, on my back
>I'm not dead
>Not dying
>It doesn't even hurt
>It hits me like a sack of bricks
>That fell off a three story building under construction
>due to gross mismanagement of resources and hiring of unskilled employees.
>Aliens had abducted and replaced Blondie.

>The hug isn't long, but it's long enough for me to formulate an anti-alien plan
>Wherever they're holding her, there's probably a mothership

>Some kind of teleportation device down here in the house that lets this alien come and go as it pleases.
>I'll just have to get the fake-blondie to give me context clues as to where it is.
>Therefore i'm just standing there dumbly as she backs away with a smile on
>She doesn't even seem to find anything wrong, just turns around and grabs the pan
>"French Toast with baked-candied apples!"
>She seems to be talking to me
>I can barely make out her alien-language over the alien sounds she's making
>The pitch at the end of the sentence almost turns into a squeal, some kind of xenomorph form of communication most likely.
>I've got to call backup, they tell me they're hours away.
>I'm in the pipe five by five.
>landed on an alien planet alone, i've got to fend for myself.
>"It's the best i could come up with what i could find... you don't think birthday will mind?"
>None of those squeals this time, it's a serious question
>I have to answer as to not seem suspicious
>"No, i'm sure she won't mind." You dirty alien bastard
>"Smells delicious!" Is what i'm going to say when i roast you with a flamethrower
>I try to make it sound convincing

>I've got to find clues as to where the teleporter is
>The alien asks me for some "Powdered Sugar"
>I have no clue what that's a code word for, but i assume the cabinets could be where the teleporter is.
>I start rummaging around until i find a box
>"Powdered confectioner's sugar"
>I hand her this alien substance and she spreads it all over the french toast
>Some ritualistic tribal preparation i guess
>Maybe she was fattening us up to eat us
>As i lean over to hand her the sugar i take a peek in the pan
>Sliced apples sizzling away a caramelized brown in one side, lightly browned toast soaked in eggs, cream and cinnamon on the other...
>and she was stirring up what seemed to be some kind of homemade sugar syrup, while lightly sprinkling it all with powdered sugar.
>There's no way aliens could have this mastery over human food

>I comment on it looking absolutely delicious
>This goes down amazingly well, she's beaming even wider
>She points out that it's ready and it's my job to go wake everyone up
>I give her a ship-sailor salute
>"Aye Aye Captain Blondie"
>She giggles at this
>+1 me points

>But i've got to go wake everyone up
>I trot off to the living room to start on the girls here first.
>trying to decide who to wake up first and how.
>Then i pause
>If i wake up all the girls right now, i can't return the favor to blondie
>I turn on my heels and return to the kitchen

>She doesn't even see me coming
>I'm across the kitchen and have my arms wrapped around her
>She manages to get out half of a "Hey!"
>Before i turn her around
>Before my lips are on hers
>She's not struggling against me, just surprised
>I get to watch her eyes change
>Every shade between confusion to complacency
>Every shade between sapphire to sky blue.
>She tastes like candied apples, no doubt sampling the wares as she went along.
>But that's what i was doing.
>I slide my hands under her apron
>Under her pajamas and around the back
>Lower
>My hands are slapped away.
>"It's hot"
>Damn right it is
>"It's going to get cold"
>....
>Oh

>Fine
>I don't have any sappy comebacks that would make her delay food any longer
>I could have said a thousand and one things here like
>"Can i eat you first"
>Or the tried and true
>"It's better cold"
>But i didn't
>Nope, i just let go of the adorable girl in my arms and trudged off to wake everyone up
>i was hungry anyway
>Atleast that's what i kept telling myself
>First i'll wake up raven
>I shuffle down the hallway again
>Kinda sad, kinda with a boner.
>i end up standing beside her sleeping
>She's cute, back to her peaceful reverie of dreams

>I could wake this girl up in any way i wanted at all
>she wouldn't complain even if i had her panties around her ankles.

>But i'm just kinda standing there not knowing what i want to do.
>Remember what i said earlier
>I didn't want her to feel like sex was all i wanted from her, the only way to make me feel happy
>Even if it did make me happy
>But you know, we had a prior relationship that was built on actually getting along with one another and enjoying one another's company
>All that sappy stuff
>I'm really confused as to what i should do
>Confused half almost not boner
>I play the safe card
>I decided i would wake her up with a hug
>I unwrap her slightly from the blankets and pull her up and press her against me
>Tightly
>that does the trick
>She wakes up squirming until she realizes it's me
>Then i get shoved off
>wha-
>"Bathroom" that one word and she's across the bed and has the master bath closed
>oh.. ok then
>Guess its a good thing i didn't wake her up *differently*
>I leave and start heading back to the living room

>Alright, next on the list is glasses
>She's easy
>I really can wake her up any way i want
>And she would enjoy it, and not pretend to unlike SOMEONE else.
>But i'm not sure what exactly i could pull off in the living room with homely sleeping beside us
>I go for as lewd as i can without taking everyone's pants off
>It involves one hand down the front of her pants and the waistband of her underwear
>and a kiss
>She wakes up to me lewdly fingering her as well as i can
> and the same nose-holding kiss i gave her the morning before.
>Frankly i have no clue what i'm doing
>But her eyes are wide open
>She's tense
>Instead of relaxing she lets out a loud, long muffled moan into my mouth
>Hot air and carbon dioxide flooding my lungs in surprise
>I snap my hand out of her pants because she was really loud
>And waking up homely like that would be really really bad
>We break the kiss

>She whispers
>"You can't just start and leave me unfinished..."

>Oh man that's a tempting thought
>However
>"Blondie made french toast and baked apples, it's piping hot out of the oven"
>I say this with a smirk
>She knows she's been beaten
>Her face turns to a scowl, but her eyes are still fiery
>I've awoken something inside her i hope, or guess, or am pretending to have guessed.
>She mumbles something like "I'll show you piping hot" as she picks herself up and starts to stand.
>That is before she gets a look at homely
>She lets out a complete giggle, and then clasps her hand over her head
>Hahaha, you went to bed drunk girl, that shit's gonna hurt
>specially when you laugh
>But she still points towards homely and asks me what i'm going to do to wake her up.
>That's a good question

>I get up and walk over to homely on the couch
>she's half on her side, lips kind of open and drooling
>The thought of sticking my dick in her mouth comes to mind, but that's just not what the situation calls for.
>Instead i wipe the sticky and wet finger i had inside glasses across her lips
>That's more like it.
>Appropriate meanness to homely accomplished, with more giggles and "oww my head"s from glasses in the background.
>I then ask glasses how i should wake her up
>I get various responses, most of them including cold water, or mean things
>But she's saying them in a joking tone
>She points out its homely's last day so i might as well treat her with a *special* wakeup
>I don't like what this is implying

>That's dirty whatever you have planned glasses
>Then i find out it's not that dirty
>She just wants me to kiss her
>I can do that
>That's almost no problem at all
>I walk over and just decide i can get it done with and then go and wake up birthday
>I lean down
>My lips touch hers
>Suddenly her eyes jolt wide open

>What the fu-
>I'm slapped in the face and i go reeling backwards
>Glasses had grabbed both of homely's tits and squeezed
>Her hands were still there
>Doesn't matter though
>Homely's yelling about me being a pervert
>Until she sees glasses laughing with her hands still on her tits
>And she squeezes them again
>Honk honk motherfucker

>Homely gasps an "oww" and reaches up and slaps her too
>It's my turn to laugh
>Blondie seems to have heard some of the yelling in here and announces through the doorway that the food will get cold if we don't hurry.
>I can't stop laughing
>But i manage to get up and walk over to the hallway again
>Birthday's turn for a wakeup
>This'll be good

>Well, until i get to the door
>Its still locked
>I bang on it
>She's still asleep
>I bang on it some more
>More
>More
>She doesn't seem to be waking up
>I yell her name
>She responds
>"I'm not coming out till homely leaves"
>Oh, right she totally got her ass handed to her
>I try to reason with her, even offering piping hot breakfast for her.
>Nope
>Won't budge
>Stubborn as shit, that's birthday for ya
>I tell her i'm eating her portion of delicious blondie based cooking
>She mumbles through the door something but i'm already half gone

>To the kitchen we go
>Off to see the wizard of baked goods
>I arrive at mostly the same time glasses and homely get there, raven is already helping herself to a plate of deliciousness
>"Birthday has a hangover, we should save her a plate"

>It's the only excuse i can think of to keep the notion of her still being mad at homely from interrupting this delicious feast.
>Nothing like a rivalry to ruin food
>It seems to work though, homely announces "Yeah tell me about it" and clasps the back of her hand up to her forehead in a dramatic fashion
>Her chest sways in a dramatic fashion too
>Crisis averted for the time being i guess
>Well maybe not
>"Are we having a topless party now?"
>It's glasses mentioning the fact that more than half of the people in here aren't wearing clothes at all up top.
>Homely makes some complaint about them hurting and being sore now because they were squeezed
>Eyebrows raised from around the kitchen
>Blondie and Raven glaring daggers at me now

>Oh god no please glasses save me
>Pleading looks in her direction
>She smirks
>she's going to let me suffer
>She loves to see me suffer
>"You can squeeze mine back if you want Homely"
>Or not
>She says this in a singsong fashion as she unclasps her bra and lets her breasts free as well.
>All attention from everyone goes to staring at her tits now
>I'm telling you man, everyone likes tits
>But this leaves one non-topless girl in the room

>Blondie
>All eyes set on her
>Fair is fair after all
>She realizes what we're all looking at her for
>"Absolutely NOT!"
>That's really more of an embarrassed no, rather than a strict no
>Homely seems to get the same impression and shouts "I'LL HOLD HER DOWN"
>Oh whoah hold on
>This is a little too fast gu-
>The other girls are encroaching on blondie in the corner of the kitchen now
>She's flashing her blue eyes back and forth between faces like a trapped animal
>No we are not doing this to blondie
>again...
>"STOP"
>i'm loud, surprise myself actually

>The gates hold, the barbarians halting their assault.
>I squeeze into the circle and turn around to face everyone
>I'm calm, authoritative
>"Relax, she'll let me."

>I don't even turn around to confirm this, i just figure it's happening so i might as well make it less traumatic.
>She was working all morning in the kitchen
>When a man she had recently killed
>Called her up from near where she was working
>So she looked out the window at him
>He had the same obsequious manner
>That was the reason she had him killed.
>But he couldn't calm her nerves
>So he sang her this song
>To her, across the home.
>Turn around, Turn around
>There's a thing there that can be found.
>Turn around, Turn around
>It's a human Skull on the ground.
>Human Skull, On the ground

>"Turn around"

>So she did
>I wrapped my arms around her as if to give her a backwards hug
>I asked her one question
>"Do you trust me?"
>I get one response
>"No"
>hahahahaha
>I start laughing into her shoulder
>I find this amazingly funny
>She doesn't seem to though
>She's stiff as a board
>I try to be the gentleman
>I whisper softly in her ear a way out
>"If you don't want to do this, just squeeze my wrist and i'll stop and make up an excuse"
>I don't think any of the other girls heard me
>I'm not even looking at them though
>I slip my hands under the apron

>I decide i'll start at the bottom button of her pajamas
>With my hands it's like a bajillion million trillion times easier to unbutton each one
>Bottom button undone
>I slide my hands up further
>Second button undone
>The bottom of her shirt is loose now, flapping open.
>I take my left hand and place it on her bare stomach flat palmed, as i use the other to continue up the buttons.
>Third button
>I move my left hand upwards slightly
>She jumps
>Her hand is on my wrist

>But it's soft, no squeeze
>I wait a moment for her to make a decision
>Nothing
>I whisper to her again "Squeeze and i'll stop"
>Her hand hasn't moved
>Fourth button
>Fifth button
>Sixth button
>No squeezes
>Her shirt is completely open now, just loosely hanging on her shoulders.
>I can look over her shoulder down her apron and see her bra
>Oh right she has one of those

>I slide my right hand around and up her back
>I meet my Arch Nemesis on the field of battle.
>Velcro
>fuck i need two hands for this

>Nope not gonna do it
>Not gonna take my hand off her stomach, it would mean she couldn't squeeze and stop me.
>Plus her stomach is warm and feels nice
>The band is too stretchy for me to just pull one end and have it come undone, the strap is on the bottom and folded over anyway.
>[spoiler]It's like that so it doesn't rub against your skin and irritate you ; YW non-bra wearing anons[/spoiler]
>Wait a second
>Clever plan initiated
>I pull my head away from blondie's shoulder
>I crouch down, both hands still in the same place
>I softly grasp the other half of the strap in my teeth through her shirt, and keep a firm grip while i pull the other side
>The satisfying sound of velcro can be heard throughout the room
>I let go with my teeth
>Still no squeeze on my wrist, but she did give a gasp when she felt my teeth against her back.
>I turn my head to look at the other girls
>They're all frozen staring
>I try to explain
>"Velcro"
>As if that explained anything

>I return to blondie,
>she's fully undressed now
>Well not really, apron, shirt and bra are still on
>They just aren't all tied on anymore
>Sides the apron
>But i have my hand in a great place on her stomach
>It comes to mind i can move it lower
>She'll stop me if she wants me to stop
>So i bring it lower
>My pinkie is touching the waistband of her brown shorts
>Her hand is on mine
>No squeezes
>I bet i'm home free
>I slide it into the waistband
>She squeezes
>Damn

>Oh well
>That's the limit i guess
>I don't take it personal, i've made great strides for humanity today
>I just bring my hand off her stomach and around to the sides of her shirt
>It takes a bit of wiggling but eventually i get it off without taking off the apron
>Really isn't that bad, just bring her arms back and slide it off.
>Next up is the bra
>I know how i want to take this off
>I put both my hands on her stomach
>Then i slide them up and under each cup
>Delicious breast in each hand
>I don't really squeeze them, i give her a full backwards pull with them
>Pressing her back against me
>Her breathing isn't shallow, it's smooth, but fast
>She's rather sensitive i remember
>i don't keep contact for too long
>I move my hands away until the bra is forward, then i move it upwards and force her arms outstretched in front of her to slide it off that way.
>[spoiler]It comes to mind i didn't really have to explain that, i could have just told you i took it off[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But i guess your imaginations might miss out on the glorious amount of side and topboob shots i was sneaking the entire time[/spoiler]

Update #20 : April 26th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11481014

>Well now now, here's the sight we were waiting for
>All hands off blondie as i step away
>She's still got her back facing the group
>I'm about to start singing again about human skulls again
>She wants none of that
>Does a tiny pirouette to face us.
>Still got the apron on
>This is like imagination wonderland, but i'll do my best
>Apron is creamy-tan colored, had some logo on it nobody cares about.
>Absolutely nothing on below it, simply bare chest and shorts. But you can't see that.
>It's rather big for her (probably birthday's mum's)
>Because of this, it's hanging low on her, roughly upper curve of breasts height, and it's

wrapping more around her chest than it would otherwise.
>Blondie's chest size was generally rather small (B to Small C), so the apron actually did wonders at properly covering her up.
>Even though her face was a shade of crimson reserved for royalty with how hard she was blushing
>Probably didn't help that everyone was staring.

>So the kitchen was now properly and fully topless
>Me, with my Delicious loli-flat chest
>Raven with her A-AA and pert hills
>Blondie with the previously mentioned Taut and Buzzing Bs
>Glasses, with her well proportioned and firm C cups.
>Then lastly Homely with her mountainous D's , who's still wearing only underwear
>(Not here is Birthday with her C's still pouting and being angry at Homely)
>I was in teenage-male heaven
>Maybe just all male heaven actually
>My eyes were darting back and forth between everyone so fast i was pretty sure my head was going to explode
>Even the girls were staring at one another's chests
>I swear everyone likes boobs, it's just a human thing.

>But blondie's are the best
>Because your imagination works overtime when they're partially covered like that.
>Because you can't see them, all you can get is peeks of tasteful sideboob and a tad bit of the tops
>But you know they're right there
>That makes it so much better
>We're brought out of probably two, three hours of boob vs eye staring contests by Blondie
>[spoiler]They never blink, you can't win[/spoiler]
>One word
>"Food"
>Oh yeah

>it wasn't really hot anymore
>Warm at best
>That doesn't mean it didn't still smell amazing though
>We all piled on plates of the stuff and wandered back to the adjacent dining room.
>Glasses takes up her rightful throne at the head of the table, homely and raven sit across from me, and blondie takes up the seat right next to me.
>The food was absolutely delicious, blondie 10-star chef
>But i mean it was bread, eggs, sugar and baked apples. Of course it tasted good.
>Everyone was giving compliments to the chef with their mouth, but i seem to have been taking the hipster route

>She was getting full compliments with my eyes.
>Blondie was sitting right next to me
>Which she did not think out completely
>Because every single time she leaned forward...
>The apron fell forward just enough to give me quite a bit more than tasteful sideboob
>In-Meal entertainment, who needs TVs
>She didn't seem to notice
>But someone else did
>I got kicked under the table

>Didn't really hurt, nobody had shoes on
>I also couldn't tell who it was, Either Raven or Homely who were both easily jealous of my staring.
>I didn't bother looking to find out
>Still staring
>Now blondie notices
>Back to red again, our favorite shade of blonde.
>She retracts in her chair until she's sitting straight up and down
>One of her arms placed firmly across her stomach to hold the apron back.
>She's giving me funny sideways glances
>Checking to see if i'm looking
>I've at this point just turned in my seat towards her, and i just stare her down while i'm chewing this actual ambrosia of a meal she's made us
>I realize i'm probably being really creepy
>I put on a goofy smile to compensate
>Really not sure what i'm thinking, i don't think there's any socially appropriate face for "Hold still i'm trying to look at your boobs"
>I'm probably creepier now
>Or i managed to somehow come across as being interested in her.

>Whatever it was, she gets embarassed to the point of being angry in about 10 seconds
>Or maybe she hates goofy smiles
>These ten seconds last forever, i'm enduring various kicks and attacks under the table
>Actual samurai feet wars down here
>Great losses on my side, it's 2v1 anyway.
>Scoffing hits off even though some of them really hurt.
>But she's mad
>"Stop looking!"
>Good ol-blondie embarrassment in her voice
>"Why"
>Good ol jerk me in mine
>I'm not sure why i'm not being a gentleman right now
>Maybe aprons are my fetish or something

>Maybe cute blonde girls who can cook in aprons are like multiple fetishes in one and i'm just unable to think
>Maybe i just had a serious boner.
>Whatever it was, i was being a total perv.
>She's trying to fend me off in a harsher shriller voice now
>"Because it's embarrassing!"
>Well duh
>"That's the point!"
>Uh oh i didn't just say that
>I did... i did just say that.
>I'm brought back to groundshattering earth with a foot on my crotch

>It's not hard
>It's not a kick
>It's a warning
>But it's hard enough to know it means business
>The foot just resting there, toes wiggling.
>I start to squeak
>"b... because you look cuter when you blush"
>All confidence in my voice gone
>Pervert mode deactivated
>Gotta save my skin
>Retreated away from flirting with blondie with the escape route i had planned if things went wrong.
>I don't even look at her to see how she reacted to my last comment.
>I'm looking over trying to figure out which girl is doing it.
>Looks like homely with a smirk on her face
>Whoever it is, the other girl stopped kicking me.
>Maybe because i'm not looking at blondie anymore and i'm staring at my food again.
>I know the best way to figure this out for sure

>I raise up my leg, and use my other foot to trace along hers.
>Following it
>Tracing the smooth skin with my toes, the curve of her lower leg to her upper thigh
>It's warm, and just gets hotter the further up i go
>No skirt so far, it's got to be homely
>I should turn back now, i know who it probably is
>But..
>Skin...
>I keep going
>I hit the crotch, panties, hot and soft it feels like.
>I peek a glimpse upwards and i see homely jump a good third of an inch in surprise

>I knew it was hom-
>her hand snaps down
>She's got my foot
>how the fuck was i supposed to see that coming.
>ARTIFICIAL DIFFICULTY

>i've been caught by the bosses grapple attack.
>Now this would be hot, except
>#1, it was homely
>#2, Raven could see her lap
>#3, Blondie could see my lap, and my leg.
>#4, it was homely
>I had to pray neither of the two girls looked down at what was happening before i managed to get my leg free
>To make it worse, homely still had her foot on my crotch
>Then she wiggled her toes
>Which... felt like
>[spoiler]Well it felt really good ok but don't tell anyone[/spoiler]
>Screw you homely
>I'll wiggle my toes, see how you like it
>When i do, her eyes actually go wide for about half a second
>Uh oh
>Why do i get the distinct impression this was a terrible idea.
>Oh, right, because a second later she's grasping my boner with her foot
>Actual claw and talons somehow

>To make it worse she's holding my toes against her firmly now
>I can feel the wet spot from earlier
>It's very wet now
>She starts rubbing my foot against herself in a small circle
>Eww
>Eww
>I panic
>"Ineedtousethebathroom"
>It all comes out as one word
>It works
>Homely drops my foot
>Her foot stops threatening me family jewels
>I push up and away from the table
>I'm about to stand before i see blondie is staring at me after i moved away from the table.
>Well not at me
>My crotch

>Huge boner
>I can't hide it because i'm in boxers
>I stand up and try to escape without anyone noticing
>"You gonna go jack off now?"
>It's homely
>My turn to be embarrassed
>I'm ready for laughinggirls.jpeg again
>Come on
>Do it
>DO IT FAGGOTS
>no laughter
>I peek over through the gaps in my fingers
>Everyone's staring at the tent in my pants
>I'm just frozen there

>Maybe 2 seconds of being frozen
>Not very long
>It comes to mind that i spent all two seconds staring at glasses' chest
>I really can't keep my eyes to myself can i
>She either didn't notice, or didn't care
>Because she gets up with an empty plate and says she's finished and walks into the kitchen
>Doesn't even look at me
>Raven, Homely, Blondie are still staring me down
>I'm still a petrified statue over here
>I realize i should probably move
>One foot
>Nothing explodes
>I then use all the rest of my feet and bolt into the kitchen
>Through the hallway
>To the bathroom
>Slam the door closed
>Lock it
>Turn around
>There's a human skull on the ground

>"AHJADHJASDHJASDHJASD"
>That's the approximate noise i made when i turned around and found glasses there
>Nigga must have just dropped her plate off and went full sprint to beat me here
>No wonder she wasn't in the kitchen
>She's just standing there cutely with both her hands behind her back smiling
>Holy fuck seriously scared some ghost out of me or something
>She's not even out of breath but i am

>Years off my life
>She does a bit of a wiggle of her upper chest
>"You can stare all you want in here!"
>It's a mixture of her usual hint-of-sultry playfullness
>I'll say one thing, the Devs did a miracle job on the jiggle physics
>As attractive as they are, i had the boner temporarily scared out of me
>Which meant i realized i actually did have to pee
>I swear to god glasses; Always here for my morning sprinkler eh?
>She gets the message when i ignore her tits (which were lovely btw) and walk over to the toilet.
>I start pulling down my boxers, knowing she's watching when she gives me another scare
>"You want help?"

>What
>What the fuck does that mean
>I don't have a chance to ask
>She's behind me and has her head over my shoulder watching, one of her arms wrapped around and cupping my crotch
>Insta bon-
>No, i need to keep it down
>I need to piss
>I pull my boxers down the rest of the way
>Semi boner, so no sproing
>Her hands find it sproingy enough
>Actually it looks like she's trying to aim it for me
>Hahaha way too high, i move my hand down and adjust the angle so it'll properly hit the bowl
>It's actually funny enough that we're doing this that i can somehow keep from bonering
>I let loose with a stream and she has her fun
>Aims it around a little bit , then seems to concentrate it on one spot in the water.
>I can tell she's amused
>Then my super soaker runs out, game over
>She had great aim, no splashes or anything
>She breaks the post-tinkling sound silence with a rather timid statement for her.
>"I have to pee too..."

>Sweet
>I've got my notepad out, ready to take notes
>I'd never seen a girl *Tinkle* before
>Except that wasn't going to change anytime soon
>"You can't watch"
>whaaaat
>What is this bullshit
>I point out that she just manhandled me when i was setting the rivers a-flowin
>Fair is fair man

>You can't just leave me hangin, i wana see.
>"NO"
>Firm
>Embarrassed almost
>Very un-glasses like
>But it wasn't an argument, she was seriously uncomfortable with me watching her urinate.
>I swear, women will watch you play fire engine all day, and then quit when its their turn.
>Some bullshit i swear
>I end up arms crossed facing the other way as i listened to the stream and splashes
>Jokes on her, i already know what her vagina looks like.

>She's up and finished rather quickly actually
>Then she's back behind me
>And her hands wrap around again, my boxers still around my thighs.
>My manhood gets a squeeze, i stop crossing my arms.
>"You riled me up this morning mister, you gotta finish what you started"
>That's just sexy all the way
>Alright, lets get these pants off
>I start pulling hers down again
>She stops me
>"Just me, not you."
>She pulls my boxers back up as she says this
>WHAT
>NO
>"You're gonna walk out of here just as hard as you came in"
>Pls no glasses
>Come on we can make some kind of other arrangement
>"Give the other girls something to stare at"
>She's all business
>She had this planned
>Sonofabitch
>That does sound pretty hot though
>Maybe a kind of fair-weapon against them all being topless
>Maybe glasses is brilliant
>But still):
>She fixes it all with her next words though
>Silky smooth, no hint of embarrassment.
>"If you can last an hour, i'll let you put it where it belongs"

That's all for tonight anons, longer update maybe Monday 8:00 PST

Update #21 : April 28th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11506193

>My Word!
>Is that an honorable challenge i glean from your lips?
>I accept, if only to prove my chivalrous ways
>I shall endure your proposed hastilude
>Nothing would please me more m'lady
>than joust for my own honor.
>As long as the noble winner is granted a kiss from the princess.
>And a "feast"
>[spoiler]I'm pretty sure i didn't use any of those words[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But it came across just the same.[/spoiler]

>Challenge accepted
>Glasses hops her butt up onto the counter, facing me.
>One rather un-ladylike shimmy later, and her pants and panties are around her ankles.
>No foreplay really, just an all-american naked girl sitting on the counter.
>I realized that i hadn't really been able to inspect her in HD-Blueray quality yet
>The bathroom was light enough to see, but the window was high up and didn't have sun shining directly through it.
>So i turn around and flip the light switch
>Nothing
>Seriously, power is still out?
>I try the switch a couple more times
>Really would love to see this girl's vagina in some decent light
>electricity fairies say no.
>Right well...back to the girl at hand i guess.
>She's got an amused look on her face, i guess watching me angrily flip lightswitches brought across a couple entertaining thoughts of her own.
>It seems to be her intention to get me to schlick her off
>She might want me to lick her, but she just peed
>Like, eww
>No way i'm doing that

>Fingers only option
>Alright i can do this
>I try to imitate some "Moves" i've seen in porn

>It ends up as a clumsy jab, does not go down well
>She grabs my hand and stops me real quick
>Maybe i can't do this
>Male "Good at sex things" ego crushed
>Her hand guides mine to where she wants it
>It's not a passion-filled fingering session in the bathroom like i expected
>She spends the next 10 minutes teaching me all kinds of things
>What all the pieces were, how hard you could pull or squeeze them.
>Where she liked to be touched (She didn't like direct clit play too much, said the feeling was too strong)
>How many fingers felt the best (Two fingers, curved upwards in a claw kind of shape)
>How hard to press upwards (Firmer than i would have thought actually)
>How fast to move them (Medium pace, too fast was a no-no)
>If i should wiggle them or not (Frankly i'd never even thought of wiggling before)
>Have you ever fingered a girl Anons?

>[spoiler]I can bet that many anons have, even if they're still virgins. [/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The sensation is rather simple really, hot, wet, squishy, sometimes sticky, sometimes slimey[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Take your finger, swipe it around the inside of your cheek. That's what the majority of the interior feels like, but there's a couple of places where it feels different depending on the girl.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Various spots may feel like the connection between the base of your mouth and the tongue for example. Slightly different consistency with knobbly or softer bits in between [/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Then there's one area that has a texture very unlike anything in your mouth, it's the "G" spot, which is a fancy thrown around word that most guys don't understand[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's simply the place where you can force the nerve that connects to the clit, up against the pelvic bone and apply pressure to it from both sides.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]This area, in my experience has an almost spongy feeling to it, like porous flesh, very difficult to describe, but it's very easy to aim for because of this.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Really thats it, the rest is like having fingers in your mouth, but the textures are the interesting part; YW Lonely Anons[/spoiler]

>I got a perfect lesson in girl parts from the best teacher, a girl.
>You've had this lesson in your life before, or you will have it in the future.
>Gentle words of encouragement, soft hands moving yours ever so slightly back into place...
>Laughter.
>Eventually i got the pace and angle down, i thought i was doing pretty good
>I got to alternate looking at her chest, face and making sure my fingers were still attached and doing the right thing.
>Even with my lack of experience, i'd managed to get a healthy blush across her cheeks
>Her mouth hanging open slightly

>Healthy burn in my arms, rather interesting how i kept forgetting sexy things are always an exercise.
>Wasn't bad though, i was rather enjoying it.
>And the best part is watching her face, the expressions it slides through as you're trying out different things.
>And the sounds she makes
>Little gasps
>An open lipped smile
>The tiniest moans
>Deep breaths
>Short breaths
>A firm grasp of the bottom lip in her teeth
>Little noises you can't quite place into a category
>Eyes roll back towards the ceiling, lips open in a silent "oh!"
>I wasn't an expert, but i had just gently brought her to climax
>Everything kind of changed when that happened
>Her legs clamped together, holding my hand still, then both of them shifted to the left.
>She almost straightened her back and slid off the counter, but i was holding her firm with my other hand.
>Her eyes were dreamy, looking straight through me for just a couple happy moments.

>Then she hopped off the counter
>i was being hugged
>"Thank you"
>Her voice is soft and the littlest bit shaky,
>I'm speechless
>I was fully expecting to thank her first, that was educational as hell
>I don't think most women realize how much psychological enjoyment is involved with men touching them and making them feel good.
>Don't tell them
>It's always nice to have someone be gracious and indebted to you for doing something you enjoy.
>And i had a very thankful girl on my hands
>Those are points i can redeem later for "cool and exciting prizes"(tm)
>Clothes re-assembled
>Hands washed
>Boner still at full steam
>Tent in my shorts could house a circus
>We're ready to exit the bathroom
>But there's a knock at the door
>"Hurry up, i need to pee!"
>It's blondie

>Because the sleepover gods hate me.

>Well there's no way to get out of here alive anymore
>The banging on the door means she's really got to go too
>I'm not even going to be sly and tell her to go across the house
>We can just open the door and deal with it
>Door unlocked
>She's forming a sentence outside
>"Homely's in the other o-
>Door open
>Startled blondie
>Still wearing apron, hand pressed against it
>Between her legs, knees crossed.
>Looks like she has to pee too badly to be surprised or angry or anything
>Still, her eyes dart from me, to glasses, to the tent in my boxers.
>Then she's in the bathroom
>One hand on each of us we're shoved out and the door is slammed behind us
>No words
>I give glasses the look
>The "She's going to hate me" look
>She says she'll handle it and shoves me off towards the living room
>I guess i should trust her
>Boner in pants, it's time to find the other girls

>Well, girl, singular
>Raven was in the kitchen washing dishes when i found her
>She takes one backwards glance at me and then returns to washing, no words are spoken
>She might be temporarily mad at me for staring at blondie's tits
>No way to win this game
>I might as well join her and help
>Silent camaraderie as we scrub dishes in silence
>I try to strike up a conversation, but it seems to get no response, or a simple "Yes" or "No" that doesn't let me tie any kind of dialogue together.
>I try a couple other tactics
>Physical contact is shrugged off, jokes aren't laughed at.
>We run out of dishes
>Homely shows up behind us and starts making demands
>I'm really not listening to them, but glasses and blondie seem to be somewhere back there too and hear them out
>Something to do with Birthday
>Raven is still standing silently with me and staring at the empty sink
>She surprises me by speaking up, "Yeah, i'll do it"

>She's off into the hallway, Homely and glasses in tow.
>I turn around to find blondie piling the leftovers onto a plate for birthday

>She breaks the silence
>"I'm glad she didn't let you"
>What
>I really have no clue what she's talking about
>I just play it off though because it's probably something glasses did
>"Yeah..."
>That's a good response right
>Seems to play over well
>There's banging off in the distance, various angry sounds and the girls return
>She's not coming out
>Homely has to go in like half an hour, she's off to call her brother and make arrangements.
>Fucking finally

>Surprisingly nothing really happens between when she makes that call and she leaves.
>Most the time is spent by everyone staying trying to find all of her related articles of clothing and things she's brought over.
>Loads of laundry are done, articles of clothing retrieved from corners of various rooms.
>I'm not even sad when she covers her chest with a shirt and her legs with pants.
>Goodbyes were said, "IT was fun"s were exchanged.
>Then she was out the door and to the waiting car.
>I don't think she really had to leave so early, but she was doing it out of a rare bout of kindness for birthday.
>Birthday was stubborn
>They weren't friends anymore
>They weren't friends ever again anons.

>I don't know that, not at that time.
>But i felt pretty shitty for being the cause of the fight
>Even if it wasn't my fault, i felt responsible.
>I did technically let my pervertedness get further with birthday than homely, if i had just treated them both equally it might have turned out differently.
>But i can't really help the fact that i liked birthday and not homely, no matter how much i wished i had been "Equal" i would have never treated them the same.
>Part of me is also thankful that the brother didn't actually come in here
>Because fuck if any of the rest of us knew where our various pieces of clothes were
>I'm actually amazed that Glasses' challenge has been so easy
>I mean the boner hasn't subsided because of all the topless women scurrying around, but besides passing glances at it, no girls had even acted
>I flop down on the couch, i've got like 20 minutes left, this'll be cake
>Speaking of cake

>I'm interrupted by blondie pouncing me

>She lands directly on-top of me, apron hanging lose, her pants seated firmly where my boxers are.
>I know she's seen my boner multiple times
>This might have been an excuse to feel it up, because she's sitting right on it.
>But she gives a squirm and scoots forward until she's not.
>She's oddly cuddly
>I don't understand
>I don't feel like i've done anything to deserve this, i thought she would hate me from earlier, both earliers.
>She's blushing again
>She's really cute when she blushes
>But then she asks this
>"Do you really... like it when i blush?"
>Scaring the total shit out of me
>Holy fuck she better not have been able to read minds this entire time

>I start thinking about kittens and bunnies just in-case
>None of that lewd stuff that was filling my head earlier
>But her expression doesn't change, its just a soft smile and a questioning look in her eyes.
>Oh right, i told her she was cute when she blushed when i was trying to escape homely's foot-claws
>Thingsaremuchbetterthanexpected
>I try to keep a suave attitude
>"Yeah... But i wonder how far that blush goes down"
>This worked wonders
>She's bright red again in the cheeks, shoulders and even a crimson hue on her upper chest.
>I think i'm falling for this girl

>I decide to trace the color with my finger, leaving a pale white streak where the pressure is released as i go along
>Her cheeks
>Her chin, i give a little tap
>Her neck
>Down to her shoulders, her upper chest.
>Then i use my other hand and softly slide her apron sideways revealing her left breast.
>I trace this too, following the outer curve
>Then lower, upper abdomen, stomach
>I tickle the bellybutton as i go by, she gives a giggle.
>Her skin is still pink this far down
>I trace to her navel, still pink
>The waistband of her shorts

>Still a shallow but present red, enough to warrant a further expedition i would think.
>I say this, she doesn't seem to disagree.
>I start un-clipping the button on her shorts
>The cough from behind us disagrees

>it's raven
>Arms crossed
>Not happy
>Blondie doesn't jump up and fly away like a bird though, she just relaxes and ends up fully lying on top of me instead of sitting.
>She turns her head
>I hear an absolute rarity come from her mouth, mean words.
>"I'm sorry, i'm borrowing your used-to-be *BEST FRIEND*, could we have some privacy?"
>Her tone is scathing, she's got emphasis on the fact that i was just a friend to raven
>She doesn't know, but then again i don't really know either
>I think this is claws, this harpy's song is shrill and her talons are in me
>I don't mind
>I'd protect her nest anytime.
>Raven tries to speak up
>But she doesn't really make out any words, or really many sounds at all
>I think she wants me to speak
>To say that she means more than a friend to me
>That we're more than friends now
>I stay silent

>Blondie is up and on her feet
>I'm pulled up with her
>Raven's eyes are livid, lime green with fury.
>No words from her
>No words from me
>Blondie speaks
>"Come on, let's go somewhere we won't be RUDELY interrupted"
>She's got her claws out alright
>Assertive, i like
>I trot after her, holding her hand, like a complacent dog
>We reach the master bedroom
>The door is locked once more
>I turn to face her, and she's transcending the visible light spectrum in blushing intensity.
>She's got a funny look on her face

>I realize that was as far as assertive blondie was going to take us
>She's frozen, staring at me.
>i let her stare, i'm curious if she'll do anything

>A minute passes
>Nope
>I point at the bed
>I hop onto it, fully and pat the spot beside me
>She doesn't seem to move
>God damnit blondie
>I have to get up and walk over to her.
>I'm not going to lead her hand in hand though, i bend over, wrap her arms around my shoulder and pick her straight up.
>She wasn't expecting this, but her legs and arms wrap around me tighter
>She's not limp, makes carrying her easier
>Five steps backwards and i'm on the bed again
>But this time blondie is atop me, straddling my crotch
>There's no hiding the boner, she knows right where it is.
>She doesn't slide forward and off it this time.

>She's still got a funny look on her face
>Not really a thing i can describe, i just... really liked it
>It was like she was surprised she had even managed to come this far and was just patiently waiting for me to make the next move.
>I wasn't really sure what move i should make, but i made one
>My hands go up to the bow behind her neck
>I'm about to untie it when she stops me
>"Leave it on...please"
>Do you want the apron on or off?
>Off
>Too bad.

>I wonder what this means
>If this is the only rule
>My hands ask that question for me
>Hands on her shorts
>I fumble with the button
>No complaint
>They're undone, i slip the zipper down
>The soft hiss of metal on metal as it moves.
>I realize that the apron completely obscures everything thats happening
>I'm not sure if this is a good call, or an amazing call.
>I can't really slide her shorts off from this position though, so i do the next best thing
>I pull her down to me, her back arching as i do
>And we kiss
>Not a soft kiss anymore, not like we had shared in the candlelight for a dare.
>This was a full blown soul sucking kiss

>I wondered if this was all a dream, a trance placed because i had simply been caught after escaping azkaban
>She closes her lips and softly bites my tongue
>this was no dream

>The kiss lasted a rather decent amount of time
>She still tasted like sugar, apples and syrup
>Her hands were holding mine
>Much like we had before, but they were tight
>almost as if she was holding herself down, instead of up.
>Her hips were sliding slowly, forward, back.
>the pressure was nice, but her shorts had a couple hard-spots that didn't feel too nice
>Mostly the zipper
>Zippers don't feel very nice at all
>embarrassedly don't want to point this out
>So i flip her onto her back
>We don't break the kiss
>We don't break contact
>She's just on the bottom now

>She's visibly missing the contact as i pull my crotch away
>Her hands flex helplessly against the bed when i pull away my hands and crawl backwards
>But this zipper man
>It has to go
>My head goes under the apron
>My hands go to her waist
>And the shorts go along with it
>I let out a laugh
>She's got white underwear with a cute bunny-rabbit pattern on them.
>I wonder if this is her secret favorite animal
>She's not raven, so she doesn't get up in a huff and run away insulted
>She just laughs too
>"You like them huh?"
>That laughter did her good, her voice isn't scared or embarrassed, just... trusting
>I realize i'm in a real position of power here
>In more ways than one

>I leave the bunnies on
>They're cute
>and i think i actually like this girl
>This thought may be influenced by the fact that looking-up i can see her entire stomach and both breasts from under the apron
>The light shining through, giving everything a peachy-tan kind of color.

>It's an alluring sight, her skin holding a near-tanned color underneath and pale white outside
>I pull out of the apron, the bottom flipped up
>I place my hips between hers, my manhood firmly against her panties
>It's a lovely place to be, warm, soft
>We've been over this
>It's where you want to be grinding when you're kissing a girl
>And we were back to kissing

>She seemed to have a little bit more initiative now
>I got flipped onto my back again
>My cock nestled warmly between her panty-clad buttcheeks
>I was like a happy little hotdog in a bun
>Assuming hotdogs are happy
>I sure hope they are if being cooked, placed in a warm steamed bun and being eaten is anything as pleasurable as this was.
>Actually come to think of it this felt way too good
>Cast in the name of god
>She should probably stop before i-
>Ye not guilty
>She juts her hips forcefully forward and back about three times
>BIG O
>I don't know what she was doing, or why she thought it was a good idea
>IT'S SHOWTIME
>I was over the edge before i could even shove her off
>She does get shoved off
>But there's a rather sticky mess in my boxers
>Her panties are dripping, with what could probably be a mixture of the two of us.
>But i'm rather embarrassed
>That has most certainly never happened before
>But that's what all the guys say.

>She's got a look of amazement on her face
>I'm not sure she realized it had happened, but she did
>I wasn't durasteel-hard anymore, for once during this sleepover i was completely soft.
>Mixture of embarrassment and self loathing can do that i guess.
>Maybe complete satisfaction
>I'm looking for words to explain
>But frankly none come to mind
>I do the smart thing
>I don't make an excuse
>I tell her the truth
>"You're the first girl to make me do that..."
>Which is probably not the truth she was looking for

>Because as i'm spread out in complete relaxation
>I get punched in the stomach

>Not hard
>But hard enough
>I let out a gasp of air
>She hadn't tried to kill me lately, i thought i was safe.
>I see how that could have been taken the wrong way
>But it's not, not as bad as i thought it was
>Because she continues
>"I better be the last who gets to make you do that"
>She means it
>Her voice is soft
>Her eyes are soft
>Her lips are soft...
>Inviting
>I take the chance and get her with another kiss before she giggles and rolls off me
>Sexytime is over however

>We're to our feet
>We're to the door
>She turns to me and tells me to clean myself up before going out
>Then she's opened the door and halfway out
>But glasses is standing there
>Arms crossed over her chest
>Uh o-
>I'm shoved back inside, blondie is shoved out
>The only words are "We need to talk."
>The door is locked again
>Fuck i lost the challenge

>Stained my honor all over my boxers
>Can't joust anymore
>Can't get a kiss from the princess
>Will never taste the feast of champions
>I'm pressed up against the wall
>She's close to me, staring me in the eyes
>No emotions i can read
>She's really good at that
>I'm however scared for my life
>Probably going to die
>Her hand goes into my pants and finds exactly what she expected
>A sticky mess

>I start trying to explain
>"I'm sorry, she got me in here and she was on-top and i didn't mea-
>I'm interrupted by her hand which is covered in copious amounts of sticky goo
>Right in front of my face
>Oh please no

>But its not anything as bad as i expected
>She licks it herself
>It's an odd sight, i don't know what to feel about it
>I can't tell if she's angry at me or what
>I was terrified she was going to slather it all over my face as revenge or something
>But she doesn't
>She just finishes all of it, and brings her hand down again
>Then asks a question
>Not a tease, not sultry
>Just a question
>"Was she worth it?"
>I don't know how to answer this question
>Do i lie
>Do i tell the truth
>Yeah she was worth it, i couldn't tell what mixture of emotions i was feeling
>I didn't know what they were
>But i felt exhilarated, enlightened, happy from the experience.
>I don't know what the emotion was, but it
>I didn't know how to explain this, specially not to the girl in front of me
>But i'm not really sure glasses was ever trying to catch me as her own
>Still, i tried
>"I think i like her... really like her"

>She gives a sigh
>She doesn't get angry
>She doesn't say anything, or hit me, or cry, or any of the things any of the other girls would do
>She just kneels down and pulls down my pants
>W... what
>Me being the idiot i am, point out that i didn't meet her challenge
>That i failed
>She points at the clock
>9:15
>She had me out of the bathroom at 8:05
>I know, i checked the clock
>You can't be serious
>You mean i won
>That still doesn't make sense in my head
>I'm pretty sure i completely fucked up and didn't win at all
>But her hand says otherwise
>And her lips say something completely different
>"She really likes you too... you know"

>It's a matter-of-factly statement as she's bringing my manhood to life.
>It was dead to the world, but its back at semi now

>A very confused
>Very very confused semi
>But her lecture continues
>"If you lead her on and change your mind, she'll be crushed you-know~"
>It's a singsong voice, completely disconnected from what her hands are doing
>The lubrication of my previous expenditure making it a rather sticky mess, not really conducive to a handjob
>Actually a little too much friction, i have to stop her hand
>It seems semen quickly stops being a decent lubricant as it dries
>She gets the idea
>Her mouth syncs up for just a moment with what she's doing with her hands
>She licks her hand
>And continues, both ways differently
>"You know how much raven cares about yo-
>I stop her

>I don't want to hear about raven
>I knew
>I blab for what could only be three full minutes to a silent glasses
>About how i didn't know what she really felt
>What i really felt
>I blabbed about what happened in the bathroom
>Atleast the sex bits and the conversation bits
>No matter how chill glasses was, i don't think attempted murder would fly well with her.
>I guess glasses gets the picture
>I ask her what her conclusion is
>What raven really felt, or if she was just using sex to remain friends
>She's silent, stroking me all the while
>It comes to mind how absurd this is
>Asking for relationship advice from someone giving me a handjob
>But that's just the kind of girl glasses was
>A real rarity, in a sea of crazy.

>She took her time
>I didn't mind
>Until she spoke
>Words of wisdom as always
>"She's only acting out because you're pulling away"
>Her words are heartfelt, like she went soul searching to find them
>She's not looking at me, she's staring straight forward.
>But her hand doesn't miss a beat
>Fuck, of course i knew that though
>She was being a clingy bitch

>It's why i couldn't stand her
>But my teenage mind didn't connect the dots
>It didn't realize why this was, why she was acting out.
>I didn't realize that was how the game worked

>But glasses prevents me from coming to the conclusion with her mouth
>Her hot breath, then her lips
>She was done talking
>She was thorough, i was at full-mast and clean as a whistle in less than a minute.
>Real ship shape
>She was back to her feet
>She was sitting on the side of the bed
>I didn't need to be invited
>Her pants were around her ankles and so were mine
>It wasn't really much to detail
>I was inside her faster than a bag of doritos in a room full of stoners.

>She was sitting on the side of the bed, i was standing on the floor
>She had her legs up in the air, actually over my shoulders
>It was an exceptionally interesting position, her arms holding onto my shoulders in a near vice grip, my hands at her waist.
>It was rather passionate
>Her eyes were full of lust, mouth open in a gasping smile
>I put her previous instructions to good use, aimed upwards
>Great position to do so, because she started squeezing
>I realized that every squeeze was her getting off, sometimes soft, sometimes hard.
>The mere fact that women can have multiple orgasms makes me jealous to this very day.
>But i hate to admit, i wasn't thinking that much about her at that moment
>I was thinking about blondie
>I felt bad, actually
>Her last words kinda implied i shouldn't touch anyone else
>And here i was, not 10 minutes later
>But guilt doesn't stop a writhing naked gasping and softly (very quietly) moaning girl from arousing you
>Especially not when every time i thrust, all the parts jiggled just right, breasts, legs.
>It wasn't too long before i came
>I don't know how much, i didn't care
>I was spent, not really up for a round two, but i fell into a sweaty gasping heap beside her.
>Her breath was ragged
>Her chest heaving back and forth
>I did a good job this time, i'm glad.

>She breaks her erratic breathing with a question
>"How do you feel?"
>I feel like that's an odd question to ask after sex
>what am i supposed to respond with, good, satisfied?
>But i can see what she's digging at
>I'm honest
>"Guilty"
>The half of her face that i can see from where i'm lying
>Well it smiles
>She tells me "Good".
>I wonder if she had this planned all along
>Guilty sex, something new i'd definitely not done yet
>But she laughed
>"It was great for me, no guilt at all"
>She's laughing as she says this
>F... fuck you glasses

>I was more guilty now that she'd said that
>I really shouldn't even screw around with the girls anymore if i planned to chase down blondie
>I mean it wasn't even a chase, i just had to get her alone again and agree to date her.
>Glasses rolled over and up
>Not in the mood for a post-sex cuddle i guess
>Pants and my Boxers back on
>I point out she's been wearing them for two days
>I get an "I know"
>Of course she knows
>Of course i would get that answer.
>i pull back on my red ones
>I don't really feel any cleaner
>Plus my boxers are still kind of sticky
>But i don't have anything else to wear
>Except yeah i do
>I glance over at blondie's shorts

>No, not those silly me
>I dive under the covers and find my hot-pink sweatpants
>Yess, this is what i need
>Boxers off, Sweatpants on
>Thumbs up from Glasses, i'm good to go
>Out the door, we're ready to go
>My legs are warm for the first time all morning
>Until we get to the living room that is

>Then everyone's glaring me down with ice
>Even birthday has come to grace me with her icy presence
>Now my legs are cold again
>But glasses performs another miracle
>She's put herself into a huffy mood
>"I've had a stern talking to him"
>Emphasis on stern
>I make my best attempt at looking dejected and sad
>Like i was just yelled at for 10 minutes
>Blondie buys it, Birthday buys it.
>Raven's not even looking at me.

>I'm pretty sure i know what i want from raven
>I want to smooth it out, make it clear to her that it's alright if we both stay friends
>I know this sounds absurd
>But i couldn't come to any other conclusion
>What was between us, it felt forced, as if i was willing but she wasn't
>As if she was forcing herself to be something that we weren't, to keep me close
>She was scared of losing me
>I just had to explain it to her
>I had to tell her that no matter what i wouldn't make distance between us
>That it would all be fixed somehow
>I was delusional

>I ask her to talk to me alone
>I try to make it clear that there are many things that need to be erased.
>She doesn't respond
>She turns away from me
>She strikes up a conversation with birthday
>This wasn't nonchalant
>This wasn't hidden
>Everyone watched
>Everyone saw exactly what she did
>Birthday didn't even keep up her half of the conversation very well
>It doesn't go over very well at all
>Everyone's staring at raven now
>She slowly stops talking
>And leaves

>Fuck
>Everyone's looking at me now
>Questions of "What the fuck did you do" are thrown
>This is a level of shit is fucked up yet unknown to my teenage mind

>Glasses offers to go talk to her
>I don't know what she's going to say
>She does something very-unglasses-like
>She agrees with me.
>Birthday realizes i'm not going to answer the question, and asks the next on her mind
>"Why is everyone shirtless but me?"
>I don't answer her
>Nobody answers her
>Except blondie
>"I made you breakfast, there's a plate in the fridge."

>It was a cold answer
>Empty, devoid of emotion
>But everyone felt cold
>That mood just rubbed off
>And everyone was looking at me again
>Fine
>Fucking fine ill go chase after her
>I move off in that direction, kitchen nothing
>Bathroom nothing
>Guest room, nothing
>Office, Nothing
>Master bedroom, Nothing
>Master bath. Locked.
>That's not really a problem compared to every other door in the house
>I find the pin i used earlier, there's a click and i'm inside.
>She's sitting on the toilet, lid down
>I close the door behind me
>She might pretend not to hear me but she can listen
>I start talking.

>I make the worst possible mistake i have ever made with a girl in my life
>The absolute worst
>There is no level of mistakes that can compare to this simple one
>There is no amount of regret that could fix this mistake
>It wasn't complicated
>I had great intentions, it wasn't supposed to be polite
>But i did it
>I tried to spare her feelings

>This might not sound too bad
>This might sound like exactly what i should have done
>But it wasn't

>So much of my opinion was based on how i felt she was being clingy
>On how i felt she didn't actually want to be in a serious relationship with me
>On how i felt she was being fake
>But i didn't tell her this
>I pussyfooted around the issue
>I used buzz words and phrases, like "Childhood Friends" and "You mean a lot to me"
>I tried to make it clear that i wouldn't stop being her friend no matter what
>That we could go back to the way things were.
>That she wouldn't lose me even if i dated any of the other girls
>I was heartfelt, i was serious
>I was giving her exactly what i thought she wanted
>But it wasn't even close

>She's silent for a while
>I'm silent
>Just staring
>I realize that i can see her
>I realize that the power has been on in here the entire time.
>I don't know why this was on my mind
>anything to distract me from what i was trying to do i guess
>But it wouldn't help
>Not after the words that i heard from across the bathroom
>"You're delusional, you mean nothing to me."
>She wasn't crying
>No emotion at all
>"You need to leave now."
>Those were the last words she wanted to say.
>But they didn't really hit me
>I was still enamoured with the electricity
>Wondering to myself why the other lights were out
>I just replied "Alright" and left

>I walked across the entire house, i checked the small bathroom and realized the lights in there had fried during the storm
>Living room too i guess
>I walk back to the living room, full of expectant girls
>I tell birthday that the bathroom and living room lights need to be replaced, this is met with an "Oh" and she scurries off to find spare lightbulbs
>I mention to glasses that she should go chat with raven, that she could use a "Real friend" right now.
>They weren't my words
>I didn't even hear them myself, but she walked off towards that part of the house
>Then i lie down on the couch

>And stare at the ceiling

>I don't really measure time when i'm looking up
>It was a rather nice ceiling compared to the others i had been looking at.
>Very clean
>I guess you keep the rooms you use the most, the cleanest
>But something yellow blocks my sight
>It's blondie's hair and face
>Her lips are moving
>But no sound is coming out
>Or maybe i'm really not listening
>She looks worried
>I guess i should say something
>So i speak
>But no words come out
>It doesn't sound like i made any sounds
>Maybe i just have the volume turned down low
>I grab my mental remote and i turn up everything
>Which was a bad choice
>Because not only does sound come back, but feelings do too

>and i feel awful

>Blondie seems to be asking me what happened
>I don't give her an answer, so she kinda sits down and hugs me sideways, then ends up lying next to me on the couch
>She's warm
>Comforting
>It makes me feel less awful, less like i'm going to explode
>I concentrate on Blondie and give her a kiss.
>Soft, but i pour out emotions into it
>She can share i guess.
>I feel better
>I don't know what she feels
>But we lie like that until birthday comes back
>I would expect her to be mad, to say something
>But she doesn't
>Maybe we just make a cute couple.
>Maybe she just doesn't care
>Whatever it is, she doesn't make a peep even when i kiss my partner again.
>I try to strike up a conversation about the ceiling with them
>But they just don't hold it very well.

>This is how they found us when the crime scene investigators analyzed the room
>The deadly neurotoxin was swift
>They say it's a painless way to go
>A much happier way than the story might actually end
>But alas
>In that dimension my name was john
>I hated every single one of you
>To my dismay, that dimension was not this one.
>This one i lay there for what must have been half an hour
>Blondie stayed the entire time, she knew something was wrong
>Or maybe she just enjoyed the contact
>Not having to hide it
>I enjoyed her company, the feeling of her skin against mine, her head on my shoulder.
>The smell of her hair
>I didn't have to think, while i lay there
>But birthday left, probably to go help glasses
>I didn't care
>I just wanted to look up.

>It's not long before blondie decides its time we stop moping
>Or she's bored

>Either way, she turns on the TV
>She sits upright
>I do as well, but i'm still not listening
>I see the colors
>But they're not in focus
>Only one thing is in focus
>Blondie
>That's the only thing i can feel
>So i chase after that feeling
>I take it
>She's on her back on the couch, i'm above her
>I don't think she realized what i was doing until it was far too late
>I was kissing her with almost all the ferocity i could muster
>If the only thing i could feel was blondie, then i wanted all of it.
>I wasn't even aroused, i just wanted to kiss her, that's all i wanted to do.

>And i did, i put the most passion i've ever put into a kiss
>My hands roamed, i groped everything i could touch
>Her neck, her chest, her hair
>I wrapped strands of her hair around my fingers as we kissed
>I watched it, enjoying the silky texture.
>I took every detail to memory
>I had picked this girl, i was going to make sure she knew it too.
>I don't know how long this went on
>But she kissed back
>She was receptive, not unwilling.
>I whispered things in her ear
>Words i'd never used before
>I made it clear that she was the only girl for me.
>It made me feel better
>almost
>I tried my hardest to concentrate only on her
>It was working
>Until her eyes got wide and she thumped on my back mid-kiss

>I turn around, one of my hands still firmly on her breast.
>There's raven standing there
>But she's the only girl, the others are nowhere to be seen.
>She doesn't have her arms crossed.
>She doesn't seem angry
>They're just loosely hanging by her side.
>Her eyes are grey in the light.
>"What do you want."

>I growl this at her, like a lion interrupted mid-feast
>She's timid, a small mouse compared to the words i used
>"I... i just wanted to tell you"
>She pauses
>Not just a small pause, it lasts almost a full minute and a half
>I'm getting impatient
>I growl
>"Spit it OUT"
>She seems surprised at this, like she was lost in thought
>But it gets a response
>"I wanted to tell you i HATED YOU and NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN"
>Oh, that's it
>Completely fucking insignificant piece of information raven, thanks
>I brush her off with an appropriate
>"Y...you too"
>Or something along those lines

>Whatever i said, she stomps off
>Glasses appears mysteriously from the shadows she was hiding in.
>She's smoother than a well-coded enemy spawning script
>But her words aren't smooth
>"I can't fix that Storybro"
>She uses my full name, i know its bad
>"She's not talking to Birthday or me anymore, she's furious at both of us"
>"And you just made it worse"
>I just give a mean "I know" in response
>The truth was, i just wanted to hurt raven
>In that oh-so nonsensical way, where you feel terrible so you want to hurt other people to make yourself feel better.
>It's a real thing, you've probably done it once or twice.
>It's childish, selfish and it makes everything worse
>I just didn't realize i wasn't the only one doing it.

>But glasses comments
>She points out i'm leaving finger marks on blondie
>I look over, and Blondie has a look of obvious discomfort on her face
>I look at my hand
>I'm practically clawing her breast.
>I let go
>There's white lines where my fingers and tips had been
>They soften
>They blotch
>They turn bright red

>I'm apologetic, but i get "It's fine" In return
>But glasses is still staring
>I growl at her
>"What, do you want to watch or something?"
>It's meant to shock her into being embarrassed
>But this is glasses
>And i don't really know what she was thinking, but she gave a perfect response
>"Ooh! can i?"
>But it wasn't a perfect response
>Her voice was empty, not sultry, not teasing.

>I didn't take this into note
>I offered to fuck blondie right there on the couch
>Glasses didn't flinch
>But blondie did
>Squeals of "No you can't!"
>Rather cute i guess, i asked her why not.
>She shifted her eyes
>She looked away from me, turned her head a little bit
>"Reasons..."
>I could guess at what those reasons were
>I didn't care
>I reached my hand down to the waistband of her bunny-underwear
>No longer cute, just in the way
>I start to drag it down
>I find a hand on my own
>It's not blondies
>Its glasses
>My hand is pulled up and away
>I must have an incredulous look on my face
>But i get slapped
>Hard
>I roll off the couch and too the floor
>Back to staring at the ceiling again

>I just turn off and silently try to ignore the girls and the movements they're making.
>Blondie is silently yelling at glasses
>My guess is that she would have been fine with it
>Didn't matter what my guesses were
>I was back to not feeling anything, so i didn't need blondie's sympathy
>But she presumably wanted to make things better for me still
>So she got up and left
>Probably to talk with raven

>I silently wished her luck
>Glasses just stared off at where she went
>Then sat down on my stomach like a seat, laying her head back on the couch
>She was rather heavy for my small stomach, but i didn't really care
>She was talking
>Probably to me
>I probably heard every word, but i don't remember a single one.
>I remember i could feel the vibrations of her speech through her skin to my stomach
>It felt like it was important
>It vibrated like i should listen
>I didn't

>Everyone trickled back in
>The sound came back, and so did raven
>I guess blondie fixed it
>Somehow
>I don't know how, i never asked
>We all watched TV
>Not much talking really
>Just whatever was on
>The mood was... terse, quiet
>Strained
>We watched until lunch almost rolled around
>It was a question posed i guess
>Raven offered
>Nobody argued with her
>She left and we went back to watching TV
>But we talked this time.

>I smiled
>i kissed blondie.
>I made jokes about the state of dress of everyone.
>Birthday even took off her shirt (welcome to the club you late-princess)
>and i played various games with blondie under her apron.
>Some of them not even lewd.
>But it was empty
>The mood was forced
>And noon rolled around, and passed by slowly
>No lunch
>Not a peep from the kitchen
>Nobody seemed to notice but me

>Or they were ignoring it
>Hoping the problem would solve itself
>Fuck it
>I get up
>I announce that i'm going to go help with lunch
>As stupid as a plan this is
>I might as well try to get the food out faster.
>It's a long walk to the kitchen
>Feels farther than it used to be, maybe i was just slow
>But i arrived what felt like three days later
>I wanted to sit down as soon as i got there
>But the first thing i did was shout in alarm
>Raven was curled up in the corner by the cabinets, a pool of white liquid on the floor in front of her, and she was holding her wrist with her other hand
>After yelling for the other girls, i'm on the floor beside her
>I'm yelling "Are you OK" and various other trivial questions
>The real question is answered when i pull her hand away from her wrist

>Nothing
>There was nothing on her wrist
>I look up at her face, i don't understand why she's sitting here
>I see her eyes; the cracks and splits in the usual perfect emeralds.
>She's crying.
>She's staring through me at the puddle
>It's got a measuring cup in it, i look up and around the kitchen trying to figure out what kind of acidic dangerous substance she's spilled
>But the only thing on the counter is milk and a mixing pan
>She's crying over spilt milk

>I know that sounds cliche
>I know that sounds like she's putting up a fuss over nothing
>But what's hard to understand is why she was crying over the milk
>But it's rather hard to explain in character what i thought at the time.
>I was probably thinking the same thing you were
>That she should simply man the fuck up and stop being a faggot
>But it's a little different than that
>Ill ask you a question instead
>Have you ever been depressed anons?

>[spoiler]Depression is a difficult thing to explain to people who haven't ever experienced it. But the simplest explanation is that everything is slightly different[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I can't go into why it happens, because frankly not even doctors really understand what causes depression. But i can tell you what its like[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]The world is the same, everything you do is the same, everything is the same. Except for that little dice roll in your head that lets you guess at how well whatever you do is going to turn out.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]That dice roll is now rigged[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Everything you imagine doing, seems pointless. Nothing will turn out the way you want it to. There will be only negative results from every meaningful action you take.[/
>[spoiler]This is really the easiest way to explain it, because that simple dice roll changes everything[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Things look different, situations feel different, it's like life isn't worth living. Nothing has meaning, you can't really look at the future and enjoy it.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Seriously think about it, how much would you like your life if tomorrow always looked like it would be shittier than today? and the next day even worse?[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Every, single, day.[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]This is why raven was sitting in the kitchen crying over a small puddle of milk[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Not because it was any real problem, not because it would have mattered in the least[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But because the way she was feeling, the way her day had turned out[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It was just one more thing that went wrong, the pebble that broke the proverbial bird's willingness to fly[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]So she sat down in the corner and cried, because she felt like it, because nothing she was doing mattered anyway[/spoiler]
>I didn't really know why she was crying
>I didn't really care, she hadn't made lunch
>But i wasn't heartless
>I picked her up with the assistance of Glasses, and we moved her to a stool sitting against the kitchen island
>She didn't sit very upright
>She put her head down against the tile
>I didn't check to see if she was still crying.

Well anons, i've been posting for 12 hours. That's probably enough for update #21, really that's about as much content as 21-23, so be happy.

Expect more wednesday at 8:00 PST

Update #22 : April 30th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11531888#p11531962

>I knelt down with a roll of paper towels and soaked up the mess
>It wasn't very much, so i only needed a sheet or two
>Glasses busied herself with grabbing whatever ingredients struck her fancy from the fridge
>On the counter, there was milk, flour, eggs, sugar and those little packets of instant-yeast.
>Frankly i don't know what raven was even going to make
>Cake maybe, or any manner of bread-like things.
>We don't ask
>It's no piece of cake to bake a pretty cake
>She just sits there with her head down as we busy ourselves throwing various ingredients together and making [REDACTED]
>Her way was hazy.
>It's rather uneventful, since as you would know [REDACTED] takes a fair amount of human involvement to make.

>So glasses and myself were busy scurrying around the kitchen grabbing things, sizzling others and spatula-ing the rest.
>It was fairly straightforward, Birthday and Blondie weren't involved at all
>But they didn't know they couldn't be lazy.

>They had tried to console raven at first
>But she wasn't talking to anyone it seems
>Or she was sleeping
>Or pretending to sleep
>They left her when we kicked them out for getting in the way.
>One chair being occupied was enough, we didn't try to kick that one out.
>They were off in the other room still watching TV
>Like i said, uneventful
>But eventually [REDACTED] was finished, and we topped it with a mixture of [DATA EXPUNGED] and [FILE CORRUPTED]
>We all pulled chairs into the kitchen and decided to eat there
>Crowded around the kitchen island
>Everyone loved the food, it was superb
>The way the [REDACTED] fell onto your tongue was like sunlight sparkling over the clouds on a rainy day.
>It was absolutely exotic, i had no clue glasses knew how to make something so simple yet so delicious.
>Frankly, if i didn't know any better [redacted]
>[redacted]
>[CLEARANCE LEVEL NOT HIGH ENOUGH TO VIEW THE REST OF THIS ENTRY]

>The last scraps cleared off every plate, people are appropriately full of food
>Even the quiet girl seems to have enjoyed it
>Hopefully moods will improve
>It's about halfpast noon, we have five-tummy-full humans
>Hours to waste
>What do we do?
>VIDEO GAMES
>Miss-Black-Hair is still silent, but she's not crying
>We all pile onto the couch, everyone this time
>Birthday, Raven, Glasses, Me, and Blondie takes the opportunity to sit on my lap.
>We all fit now
>Fuck you homely

>Still only 4 controllers though. Birthday gets one, I get one, Glasses gets one.
>The last goes to raven.
>Glasses hands it straight to her instead of blondie
>Nobody argues

>[spoiler]There's a wonderful thing video games do that TV doesn't[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You need to concentrate on them, stay aware, control them[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]When you're watching TV, you have time to think, your mind can wander and contemplate other things. You can pay attention to the world around you.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You play video games when you don't want to think about the world, just the game[/spoiler]
>We all silently agreed we would swap controllers between whoever wasn't playing.
>We didn't try to swap with raven

>It's odd, how i was surrounded by a couch of topless near-naked women, and i really wasn't paying attention to any of them when i had a controller in my hands
>But as soon as i swapped off on death with blondie, i went back to noticing her.
>And when i took the controller back, she noticed me
>It's odd how that worked
>When i was playing she curled up to the right and into the crook of my arm.
>Small sounds of contentment, nothing much at first
>When she was playing i wrapped my arms around her, over the apron.
>(Yeah she was still wearing it, i know right?)
>Squeezed softly, nothing much at first
>Death after death, we ended up the only two trading
>Kinda cheap on Birthday and Glasses' part
>But it didn't mind, because girl on my lap.
>I could play with that too

>There was firstly, miles and miles of skin to explore
>But i wasn't being mean
>Not like when i was playing with glasses, she deserved it
>No, i had no intention of getting blondie killed. I kept my hands in non-ticklish spots
>Unless i accidentally tickled her of course
>I was soft, caressing
>It was less playing, and more exploring, enjoying the texture of her skin.
>Enjoying the movements she made
>The unconscious shifts in bodyweight as my hands hiked along the trails of her ribcage, the curves of her stomach.
>The scent of her hair, the faint aroma of the cinnamon and sugar she had been working with in the morning.
>I tried to keep it rather innocent
>I say tried
>I was back to having a boner
>I couldn't help it
>The turnaround of the teenage body really is an amazing thing.

>I might have been wearing sweatpants, but those did nothing to hide it from her
>She knew
>The best part
>She knew it was her fault
>She was sitting on me the entire time, the growth from flacid-to-erect is a thing that a girl definitely notices.
>I think she liked it
>She had done a little more than notice
>She had shifted, slowly, over time
>Every time i had the controller, she wiggled, her butt with my bulge nestled properly between her legs.
>It's a shame we weren't playing on a Wii (it wasn't out yet)
>There would have been far more waggling involved

>It was rather a nice feeling, but far too little stimulation to really go anywhere.
>Not that i really wanted to go anywhere, im sure she was feeling nice too.
>I was rather happy to stay like that
>But as is the way with most things like this
>My hands werent
>They went off on another inquisition for that blonde-hued-gold
>I was less... innocent this time
>Let's just say my hands visited places reserved for kings, and my fingers explored valleys yet-unexplored by any other man.
>I'm not sure we were being very sneaky about it
>She was rather breathy
>only a minute or two of this second wind of exploration and i have to snap my hands away from blondie.
>Raven had just stood up
>She stands for a moment, controller in hand
>Then steps forward and sits down on the rug in-front of the TV.
>Ahh, i guess she just wasn't comfortable on the couch
>Made sense in my head

>My hands return
>I don't have to worry about raven seeing
>I don't care if birthday sees
>Glasses watching is just a turn-on
>I've made my choice
>Hand in her panties underneath the apron
>It's actually the first time i've felt her be really wet down here
>I took note
>She might actually enjoy being watched, or the fear associated with knowing there's others that can see.

>Or, as i was closer and closer to hoping
>We were a really good match
>I didn't doubt she had fallen for me too, in more ways than one.
>That blush she has, no wonder it goes all the way down

>Believe it or not, this is really the first time i'd fingered her.
>I seemed to have been farther faster with every other girl, atleast in my mind.
>Saving the best for last maybe.
>Or i wasn't sure what i had in my arms
>Either way, she had the benefit of being after glasses little lesson for me.
>So for once with a girl, i wasn't a clumsy idiot trying to get my fingers in her vagina.
>[spoiler]I lied, that part never fucking stops being a thing, no matter how many women you're with[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But i wasn't awful, and that's what matters[/spoiler]
>She was actually rather tight
>Surprisingly so
>I could only get one finger in, my pointer.
>To me though? This was plenty.

>Somehow Blondie was managing to be quiet during all of this
>But she was squirming around quite a bit
>Might have actually been rather uncomfortable for her, but her hands didn't pull mine away
>Well i guess she did have a controller in her hands, but still
>I didn't take it back when she died like i usually do.
>She was still playing like a pro
>Frankly if you were watching the screen you wouldn't have a clue as to what was going on
>But i'm pretty sure everyone knew except for raven
>So i did something mean
>I flipped the apron up with my other hand

>This was met with two stares
>One from Glasses
>One from Birtdhay
>The character on the screen stopped moving and progressing the party forward
>Maybe for a full minute
>But Blondie stared straight ahead
>I could see the back of her neck, it was as red as a barn door.
>But she didn't turn, or move
>Or stop me
>Raven didn't seem to look back either
>I did wave at birthday to try to get her to keep moving the character
>She seems to get the idea and starts moving again
>Phew

>Glasses is still staring
>But she's got a smile on her face
>A look in her eyes
>It says
>"You better be doing it like i showed you nigga"

>No worries glasses
>I took your advice to heart, i got her covered dawg
>Or, uncovered
>Birthday doesn't seem to care
>Well or she does but doesn't
>It strengthens my suspicions that she didn't really like me and was just competing with homely the entire time.
>I continue with my finger and discover
>Much to my delight
>That soft, barrier to further access.
>I don't break it
>That's not a job for a finger.
>[spoiler]Actually it is, i just didn't know any better[/spoiler]

>But i don't stop, i continue teasing and playing with her on my lap
>I keep it up, play rather affectionately around other parts with my other hand.
>Minutes, seconds, days, who knew how long it really was.
>But eventually my hand returns to her breast and i get a brilliant idea
>Broken nipple mechanic here i come
>I squeeze one
>She tenses up
>I Squeeze again
>That does it
>She lets out a squeal, not a squeak, not a small sound
>It's loud
>Her body kind of ripples, i can feel it from my fingers down below, up to my shoulders pressed against her
>Then she just loses all tension
>Which i realized at the last moment was a bad thing
>Because i had my legs more spread than they were to start, and she started to slip right between them
>And that's where i was keeping my family jewels

>Terror
>But i guess the angle was wrong, or she wasn't as tight to me as i thought she was
>She kind of lands on them
>And yeah it hurts a little bit

>But the couch is soft, and she's soft, and i manage to scoot back and solve the problem before it really hurts.
>Still though i had a hand to my crotch real quick making sure the two of them were ok.
>This is what, the third attempt she'd half-assed on my life?
>She's getting sloppy, letting her feelings get in the way of her work.
>Blondie is obviously distracted, she drops the controller
>Dies during whatever fight she was in, along with birthday and raven.
>Guess it was a hard boss, i wasn't helping

>Glasses solos the boss
>While looking at me
>She's just mashing buttons
>Somehow wins
>The victory screen comes up
>I pull my hand out
>Stare Glasses back in the eyes
>And i suck on my finger.
>I see something in her eyes
>Maybe a reflection of the red blondie has currently turned
>Maybe something else
>But i'll tell you, the finger was almost tasteless
>Subtle, rather light
>Out of the girls i'd tasted, it was the softest flavor. Hints of sweetness, tad bit of bitter, little bit of sour, like a well ripened fruit.
>Might be my favorite
>Didn't know, had to taste more.

>I tried to put my finger back
>But that wasn't happening right now
>I mean i got my hand back and everything
>But the poor girl was as limp as a wet noodle
>She kind of curled up on my lap sideways, buried her head in my arm and closed her eyes.
>She mumbles something, its quiet
>Too quiet, i can't hear it
>Or i can't make it out
>But glasses perks up
>And so does raven, but for a different reason
>She announces she has to use the restroom
>But she doesn't turn around right away
>Almost like she knows what's going on behind her
>I almost want to show her
>But i think better of it
>I flip her apron back up, remove my hand

>I pick up the controller, act like nothing was happening
>I didn't plan on telling birthday the controller would be sticky later

>Raven turns around
>No real look on her face
>Curled up girl in my arms
>I think she's going to sleep
>But raven leaves
>Silently, no stomping
>I felt like that was a good sign
>But i was still a little confused
>I thought i would be happy after getting the girl of my dreams off and having her sleep in my arms
>But i still felt guilty
>and i didn't know why

>Raven returns
>She looks rather sad actually
>Her cheeks were rather blotchy, shades of grey and red
>She stops near the couch and looks at me
>Right in the eyes, but she's not close
>Her emeralds look like Steely quartz from this angle.
>It's a color i'd never seen from her before
>She stares back
>Opens her mouth, as if to say something important
>Something on her mind for hours
>She looked as if she was really going to say it too
>But birthday interrupts
>asks if she's going to sit down so we can continue
>I would blame her for being inconsiderate, for not paying attention. But to be fair she was rummaging through our inventory equipping stuff.
>She probably wasn't even looking at raven.

>Raven closes her mouth
>Sits down on the floor again
>I can't see her face
>All i can see is her smooth skin, and the ridge of her spine
>She's hunched over almost
>Concentrating on the vidya i hope
>We don't get much farther into the game
>I'm no good at blondie's character, glasses can't stop staring at me and birthday keeps dying.
>So you know, the usual when blondie isn't around to heal us.
>Yeah, i know

>Ironic
>She was peacefully asleep in my arms though, i wasn't going to interrupt that cat-nap

>We have to stop because it's just not fun when you're not progressing
>Plus the difficulty mode we had it on made it impossible to really progress at all without a good human healer.
>It gets swapped out to some 2 player coop game.
>Birthday and I give up controllers
>And as a result, glasses hops off the couch to sit on the floor with raven
>And birthday
>She scoots over to talk to me
>Not really as much talking, as non-verbal communication
>She doesn't seem to be jealous
>She's just examining blondie
>I get a couple statements from her though
>"You two look cute together" is whispered.
>an "IF you break her heart i'll kill you" is implied

>Couple more lovely statements, most nice
>Some more threats
>You know, it's birthday
>Overprotective
>But i think she was overall glad that Blondie was happy
>We'd been over the how-little-friends blondie had before we picked her up part before
>But she was rather lonely at school
>I didn't even know if she'd ever had a boyfriend before
>Guess it was something i should ask when she woke up
>Even though we had really skipped that step
>Lots of talking we needed to do, about everything
>Wouldn't be so bad, we weren't very distant before the party anyway.

>I did however have to use the bathroom
>The #2 kind
>Which meant miss-blondie was going to have to wake up, or i would have to scoot her off
>That part actually goes by amazingly well
>Just kinda lifted her and left her sitting where i was sitting before, she didn't even wake up
>I manage to escape without being followed
>Do my business
>Wash up
>Open the door
>Raven's sitting outside with her back against the wall
>She looks up to my face when i leave

>I don't see her eyes, she's in a shadow
>But her mouth opens again
>She tries to put words together, i don't think it's very easy for her
>I just patiently wait
>I owe her that much
>But probably not
>Still, she gets half a sentence out
>"I'm... happy...for"

>Then she pauses
>She really doesn't have to finish, there's only one thing she could say
>But she does anyway
>"Her..."
>Well now she's proven there was more than one thing she could say
>That was not the word i expected
>It felt wrong
>Like she was using the wrong word
>I couldn't tell what it really meant
>Like it was a passive aggressive way of telling me she was still angry at me, while pretending to be happy
>It felt low
>It hurt
>It made me feel guilty all at the same time.
>I react appropriately
>I call her mean names
>I tell her she's full of shit
>I leave her there with mouth open
>Shocked look on her face
>Didn't go anywhere near as badly as she expected
>That rigged dice roll, was throwing negatives.

>I return to the living room
>Raven doesn't
>Birthday has the controller and is on the floor now
>I sprawl out on the couch and use Blondie's stomach as a pillow
>Comfy as fuck
>I can feel her breathing, rise and fall
>I think she might actually be awake
>There's a hand on my head
>Running through my hair
>Yeah, she's awake
>[spoiler]Heads on stomachs are not lightweight things anons[/spoiler]
>But she runs her fingers across my scalp

>It actually feels really good
>I don't know why
>It's like a thousand times better than doing it yourself.
>Sometimes i think humans are big cats, getting scratched on your scalp always feels great enough to make you purr.

>Glasses eventually gets up and zips off to somewhere
>I'm given the controller
>I give a rather half assed attempt at playing sideways
>Birthday wins like every time we have to compete.
>My head really isn't in the court either
>Slam, Bam, Thank you ma'am
>Want to get on the floor and jam.
>Girl, you got me in a zone.
>Least i didn't feel bad about what i'd said
>Somehow skin contact with blondie made everything better
>Even if i was harsh to you-know-who.
>I think i dozed off partially thinking about that, after handing blondie the controller
>Glasses didn't come back either.

>I wasn't asleep for very long
>really only so long you can sleep for on a couch with your head on a very-awake girl
>Maybe a couple minutes, maybe half an hour
>I wake up to blondie squirming though
>Ends up she has to pee
>I've got my head sitting on her bladder
>Oops
>I roll up and off of her
>Glasses still isn't here
>She's actually over in the doorway watching us when i look around
>I sit upright
>I realize raven is there too
>Her eyes are grey from this distance
>Lifeless
>But she approaches me and they glint like neon green quartz in the sunlight
>I know that glint, she's got a plan
>But it catches me off guard
>It's nothing i would have expected
>Her mouth opens
>Words come out
>Half sob, half strangled wail
>"I'M SORRY"

>She repeats this
>"I'M SORRY"
>"I'M SORRY"
>Different variations
>Different pitches
>She starts apologizing for things
>She tells me everything's her fault
>She's taking a step towards me with every word
>"We can start over!"
>Keeps telling me it's no big deal we can fix everything
>She's rather close now
>"I'll do whatever you want to make it better!"
>She's actually on top of me now, i realize she's not quite right in the head at the moment
>Which is reinforced by her hand on my crotch
>and her quick statement of
>"I'll fix everything i promise"
>This is far too crazy for me
>For her, this last couple days has been crazy
>But this is really psychotic crazy
>Not what i want at all
>So i shove her off
>And she comes back pummeling me with her fists
>Tears streaming down her face

>I'm not sure what color her eyes were
>Fist colored maybe
>She was screaming things but they were incoherent
>I didn't care what she was screaming, this shit was crazy even for her.
>I grab her arms as they come at me, stop her cold
>Roll her over and force her down to the sofa
>She's got wet streaks down her cheeks
>Face just confused, no expression, but no lack of expression either
>I try to ask her what's wrong, talk her down, try to get her to explain anything, everything
>She seems to calm down
>Then i take a chance and let go of her hands
>wrong move
>She starts flailing at me again

>I do this two more times, each time getting her to what i feel is an even calmer place than the last
>Her eyes are radiating a mixture of fury and sadness, Glasses is standing behind me watching, and i can see blondie from across the room watching too.

>I didn't look at birthday
>I let go one last time, when i feel the fire has gone out
>I get punched in the jaw
>head swivels completely around 3-4 times, you know the drill
>But before it stops spinning, her arms are around my back
>She's hugging me, squeezing as hard as she can
>I'm half bent over the couch, she's actually lifting herself off it by holding onto me.
>She's actually half choking half strangling me by doing this
>But it's not as bad as the pain in my jaw from getting punched
>I growl at her to let go
>I have half a mind to punch her back
>But she squeezes tighter
>As if that was even possible
>"Don't make me"
>It's a child's voice, scared and afraid

>I could have let her, why not right?
>Except i wasn't in a very letting mood
>Wasn't up for rewarding hitting people with hugs
>Its a shame, because i struggled
>Shoved her off to the couch and i stood up straight
>She gave a kick towards my balls
>Which i managed to avoid by inches
>Had a couple choice words
>With everyone watching
>Most of them were "Fuck you"
>The others were that i didn't want to talk to her again
>She didn't take that too well, and came at me again

>Glasses stopped her with her arm
>Birthday was holding her back from behind
>Raven had her lips extended as if she was trying to kiss me, or bite my face off.
>At this point, she could have done both.
>But because Glasses had her stopped, she was paused only a couple inches away.
>We stand like that for a moment, frozen, eye to eye.
>Raven's eyes. cold, misted over and empty
>We stand like that for a mere moment in time
>But it was enough for her face to shift into rage and for her to rip herself away from birthday
>and stomp angrily away.
>A door slammed in the distance.
>fuck

>That was not what i needed right now
>Whatever that just was, it felt like shit
>It left me confused
>It felt like shit
>It left me guilty
>I felt like shit
>Everything hurt again
>Everything.
>It felt like i'd just had a fight with a vicious enemy
>Lost
>Fallen out of a third story window
>And hit the ground
>Glass raining down around me
>Real Folk blues you know?

>Wasn't a good feel
>Back to my favorite passtime
>Lying on the couch
>Staring at the ceiling
>Except i was interrupted by everyone else staring at me
>What
>Like i could fix that
>Seriously
>Like i could fix any of that
>They obviously thought i could
>Alright
>Fuckin tinkerbell over here, i guess if you believe in me i can go fly and shit
>I get off the couch, jump out the window, do like five laps of the house in midair and fly back in.
>Showed up at the door i expected had been slammed
>Wasn't birthday's room
>Check the bathroom, voila
>Another fucking locked bathroom
>I didn't break and enter this time
>I was polite
>I knocked
>And yelled
>"FUCKING LET ME IN"

>Unsurprisingly, nothing happened
>So i knocked again louder
>Maybe she didn't hear me right?
>Still no response
>Well, whatever, i tried

>I return to the living room
>All the girls are staring at me
>Its a look of
>"You're a fucking idiot"
>I get it from everyone, until birthday runs off to go try to talk to raven.
>I plop down on the couch right as i hear a yell
>"IT WAS UNLOCKED YOU ASSHOLE"
>It's birthday yelling
>I don't feel like an asshole though

>She comes back after 15 minutes
>She didn't look very happy with me
>But it wasn't really me
>That kind of second hand anger that sometimes happens.
>she sits us down, blondie and I.
>I know what's coming
>Some speech about how blah blah blah
>But that's not what happens
>Birthday explains that she's not really sure why Raven's so... moody
>As much as i keep thinking otherwise, I'm the only person she's said a word to most the morning.
>Every time a girl has gone to talk to her, it's been one sided
>She'd been silent every time
>I didn't realize this
>I actually do feel like an asshole now
>And there's another feeling
>It's rather confusing, deep, shallow, painful, enjoyable at the same time.
>I don't have a word for it, but it hurts.

>Birthday asks us something rather simple
>She asks us to stop
>Stop showing affection for one another
>Stop making a scene
>Stop being lovey-dovey
>In fact, she suggests we just stop all that stuff and everyone puts on clothes
>I play dumb
>I ask her
>"Why"
>I don't need to explain her answer
>But it made sense
>The less clothes we were wearing, the more tension formed between everyone.
>And for raven's sake we should stop
>I don't like it very much, i spent valuable time and effort unclothing everyone step by step

>But i'm not dumb, it was looking to be a very-unfun last day if this continued
>so i agreed
>Shame it didn't matter.

>Clothes went on, shirts mostly on everyone
>I didn't bother checking if birthday had panties on again under her skirt
>Blondie didn't put pants on, i didn't put underwear on
>But other than that, shirts were the main thing.
>Blondie even took off her apron and had bunnies back.
>Shame, but we're taking a hit for raven
>Even though there's a thousand and one reasons we shouldn't be nice to her, we weren't heartless
>So we got her to come back
>well... i did, she just kind of came when i asked her.
>wouldn't respond to anyone else
>She wasn't very responsive when blondie forced a shirt on her either.
>Just trudged back to the living room with us, head hung

>It was a little bit of rearranging to get everyone seated again.
>I got the couch, raven in the middle, glasses at the other end, birthday and blondie on the floor playing the game.
>It was really maybe 10 minutes of silence
>Then things began to get weird
>Raven struck up a conversation with me
>About nothing, nothing at all
>But every sentence was a question, carefully designed to just be something i could answer.
>Like nobody else was invited to talk
>Like she just wanted to talk to me, and me alone
>It went on like that for a while, and i started trying to lay in hints to other people.
>Trying to get them to answer too
>I wanted her to be talking to everyone, not just me
>I felt like it would help
>No responses, or they missed my hints
>So i was blunt, i asked a girl at random saying "I don't know, let me ask"
>I ended up asking blondie
>I swear i wasn't playing favorites, or any of that
>But that's when the conversation stopped
>When she stopped responding to me.
>To anyone
>I couldn't get a word out of her, she just stared straight forward at the TV.

Update #23 : May 1st

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11545614

>A stupid
>Pointless
>Question
>That was the last thing she said
>From that point on she was silent

>We tried to invite her into our conversations, bring her up in topics so she would feel inclined to respond.
>I even tried mentioning a few topics i knew she loved, silly things, trivial things that she should have even given a shift of her eyes in response to.
>But she was silent
>Stared forward
>Hands neatly folded in her lap
>Not a word, Not a movement
>She wouldn't take a controller, wouldn't move from her seat.
>So we went back to symphonia, beat the game.

>We hadn't been too far, but the ending bits were tearjerking to say the least.
>We lost all of our party one by one to various traps, had to fight Kratos, then Mister-this-isn't-even-my-final-form.
>Angels, space travel, all that yank
>And the ending was something we all wanted to talk about, so talk we did
>We discussed the balance between the worlds, the relationship between the two main characters.
>No its hot, no its cold, no i lied its hot.
>Various things about magic being people, all that snazz.
>Was a game that influenced my youthhood deeply, but the conversation was heavy
>There were bouts of awkward silence in between some of the topics, stares that lingered a bit too long.
>It's tough to hold a conversation like that, to pretend to be cheery
>To banter about a game and the ending
>Whats on your mind, what you're thinking right now
>Well it's obvious to everyone at that moment
>But what the fuck do you do about it.

>What's the real problem
>Did she love me?
>That's the problem, i didn't think so.
>Her actions seemed shallow, if glasses could be considered "Casual" sex, then raven was like she was throwing it away.
>She didn't seem to enjoy any intimacy with me
>Like a friend forcing herself to be more
>For my sake
>That wasn't what i wanted
>Casual sex might be fun, but i was living in the dreams of media and anime
>I wanted romance, love, all those important things that don't really work the same way IRL as they do on TV.

>You might have only known this girl for the short three days of this party, but i had years

>She was never unstable, never had hit me before, never had thrown a tantrum and stopped talking to anyone.
>She was usually the most sane out of the group, but this had somehow changed these last days.
>She had progressively degenerated into something completely different
>It was like she was destroying herself and trying to remake her personality as something new, just for me.
>Failing every step of the way
>Trying approach after approach as differently as possible and failing.
>And something caused it
>I had no clue what
>But it was my fault

>So what did she want?
>Did she want a fake relationship to pull me away from someone i might have a chance of actually connecting romantically to?
>Blondie had been completely receptive every time, shared the passion
>Even when she wasn't buzzed
>Raven had only been passionate the first night, when we were both rather drunk.
>Even then i couldn't be sure i wasn't just forcing her and she went along because she trusted me.
>Everything past that? It felt like i had done it all, lied to myself to imagine she liked it.
>She had it in her mind that sex was the way to win me over, just like homely.
>Did she want our old friendship back?
>I had tried to give it to her
>I thought i had
>But i just made it worse, a thousand times worse somehow
>So that really was the question.
>What was i supposed to do, besides charge on like an idiot and hope it all turns out fine.
>But the feeling in the pit of my stomach was back.

>That was the thinking, the thoughts that flowed through my head for almost an hour.
>I don't remember what we were doing, it was 4:00, maybe 5:00pm
>If i'm honest, it was probably TV
>But it would have just been boring without those thoughts
>Nothing happened, no more sexy things
>No more cuddles with my new-found girl
>It was a quiet, empty, hour of relaxing and just chilling
>And the fact that nobody wanted to break the silence
>Because talking felt wrong when one in our company wouldn't.
>Better all be quiet than only one i guess.
>It was thirsty eventually from all that thinking
>I left to the kitchen, offered to get everyone drinks

>Blondie offered to help
>She really shouldn't have, she knew what birthday said
>But it happened
>We ended up in the kitchen together
>She just wanted to talk

>About lots of things
>About us, mostly
>We didn't really say it, but there was a relationship between us now
>Boyfriend, girlfriend, couple. We didn't use any of those words
>But it was implied
>I think blondie preferred the term "Item"
>But some things weren't so much implied
>Like her flat out telling me that i wasn't going to touch anyone else.
>I wasn't actually going to argue, Blondie was the only one there that i kept telling myself i had a connection to.
>There was electricity every time we kissed, just being around her made me feel better, and i had that generous urge to ravish her until she couldn't be ravished anymore.
>In my mind, that was more than a crush
>But Andromeda was shining brightly that evening.
>Glasses was behind her, and interrupted with a small cough
>She had that tendency, to show up right when she was summoned
>and absolutely ruin everything
>She mused, almost half thought ,half real words
>"Don't go ruining my fun just yet~"

>I expected blondie to actually turn around and stab her
>But luckily there were no knives within reach
>Instead she just swiveled
>Some kind of angry frown on her face
>Blondie wasn't in a good mood anymore, her eyes were dark and stormy.
>Cat's out of the bag
>Thanks Glasses you giant je-
>"I still need to get him naked, it's on my list~"
>She pulls this out of nowhere
>It's half joke, half serious
>Fucking amazing acting, i believed her even
>Glasses the true master of the ruse
>But she held up a glare towards blondie.
>Which meant one thing.
>Blondie softened
>Like a delicious serving of 15% milkfat old-style ice cream.

>Which for those of you un-used to such treasures, was nearly her hair color.
>She folded right over on herself
>Typical really, she wasn't very confrontational
>Her words, the ultimate compromise
>"y... i mean when the sleepover is finished"
>Hahaha
>If you haven't noticed
>Blondie is beta as fuck

>But she leaned over and whispered in my ear
>"B...but to me first please"
>Timid, quiet
>Not really a demand, a request really
>IT made me feel awfully guilty
>But it helped me realize something.
>That pit in my stomach
>Wasn't guilt.
>I forced a giggle when she whispered this
>Even though i didn't feel like giggling, it was cute
>she needed to know it was cute
>Glasses even gave us the appropriate grin.
>She had managed to convince blondie she was winning the race by a fair amount
>I mean she was, but in different ways of course.

>We kept talking, Glasses busied herself gathering liquids for human consumption and listened in.
>These kinds of talks, they just happen when a relationship is starting out
>They're always different
>They're always about completely different things
>But they're always about the same thing
>It's a bit confusing
>You've had one in your past, or you'll have one in your future.
>Maybe a couple that never went too well and nothing great came of it.
>Maybe one that went perfectly
>But as we talked, the guilt went away
>I felt better
>I liked feeling better
>We consummated this feeling better with a kiss
>It was a lovely kiss, i could tell glasses wanted in on it too
>She even asked
>Rather awkwardly i might add

>I was full-on-ready to give her one
>Until she winked

>Oh fuck she was being clever
>I was closing in on her as i realized
>I backed out of the kiss
>Pretended i changed my mind
>Turned around right to blondie and said the words glasses was secretly feeding me through a microphone in my ear.
>"Sorry, kisses are off limits to everyone but Blondie"
>The mentioned girl was back to saluting me, a proud look on her face
>Humming the national anthem, i could see the reflection of the american flag in her eyes.
>Communism, had lost , Democracy had won.
>Red chinese victory, impossible.
>Communism, is the very definition of failure.
>Thanks to glasses, i now had enough points to get past the trash tier trinkets at the glass case, and go for one of those fancy electronic things behind the counter.

>So i gave glasses a hug and a pat on the back
>Winked back
>"Best i can do"
>Fuck i'm dying of laughter on the inside
>So bro
>But that was that, discussion over, kisses were off limits
>Wasn't even a bad compromise, but frankly i knew pushing anything that wasn't focused on blondie would just end badly.
>Was more of a trap than any kind of real benefit to myself.
>[spoiler]If anyone you're with ever agrees to let you touch other people, it's either a trap, or its hurting them and they won't admit it[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Unless they're personally involved too[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I could make sure that happened[/spoiler]

>We streamed back into the living room, i ended up on the couch again, glasses plopped down beside me.
>Blondie sat down next to birthday and whispered something.
>She was trying to be quiet
>But not quiet enough
>Raven stiffened, visibly
>First real movement she'd made, which in itself was impressive
>But she was up and out of the room in half a second
>Gone
>It's not hard to guess what blondie was whispering

>Birthday looked happy at first until raven vanished, then it was just a sad look
>Blondie too
>Glasses too
>Me too.

>I didn't keep track of what happened, but blondie ended up between glasses and myself.
>Snuggling me again
>I guess she wanted to comfort me, or wanted me to comfort her for fucking up everything.
>I didn't shove her off, she made me feel better anyway
>Birthday glares at us
>But i shoot her an unhappyface and she allows it.
>It's back to cuddling i guess
>I just wish this other feeling would go away.
>Glasses gets up and follows raven
>Returns a couple minutes later, leading her by the hand
>Comb in the other
>Glasses is on the couch first
>Raven is forced onto her lap, and has her hair peacefully assaulted by the bristles.
>Which does the trick, even if she's trying to hide it.
>She's relaxed, soothed by the brushing.
>It makes me worry that glasses really can read minds
>Brings back memories even i've forgotten.

>Used to be something i did, years ago when i was just spending time with raven.
>Another one of those things we hadn't done in years, we grew up and it didn't happen anymore.
>My stomach hurt, right at the bottom.
>Just remembering those things brought back the realization that "friend" was no longer talking to me, or anyone really.
>Left me with a sad empty longing feeling
>Like i missed those days more than i knew
>Blondie was watching, and she pulled herself upright and whispered in my ear
>"Maybe you should be the one doing that"
>She was honest, trying to get me to re-extend bridges with raven
>She didn't know how right she was
>So i offered to take the comb and let raven sit on my lap
>I felt like it was foolproof, an easy way to win her back into the world of the talking
>She wanted more friendly physical intimacy, that was the only thing left
>That was what she wanted, right?
>Except she doesn't respond, Glasses had frozen waiting for it too.
>So i put my hand gently on raven's
>She snaps it away.

>Well that was it
>That was the last thing on my list of things she could possibly want
>I didn't realize that she was doing the same thing i was doing earlier.
>But i was lost myself
>So i asked
>"What do you want from me?"
>I tried to be as serious, as sincere, as emotionally invested as i could ever sound
>I wasn't sure why i tried to be this way, but i did
>No response, no reaction
>IT didn't matter what i sounded like
>But one thing changed
>The pit in my stomach felt worse
>Now i knew what it was

>Well... why it was
>You know, the girl i talked to all day every day for years not talking to me.
>Guess up till this point us fighting didn't seem real, wasn't setting in correctly.
>But now it was.
>But i didn't know what the feeling was, only that it hurt.
>A heavy weight, growing every time.
>I was still rather angry at her for attacking me, and my chin was probably bruised, but
>My stomach told me i had to try to smooth this out
>But realistically, my talking had done nothing to make this better
>I just had to wait for her to talk again
>She would talk
>She had to talk...
>Right?

>It didn't work out the way i wanted
>Never does
>Blondie decided she needed a nap, had woken up way too early to make breakfast and was dead tired.
>Said she was leaving to birthday's room, asked me to wake her up in an hour
>Can do boss
>Raven was slumped over against the pillow, relaxed and maybe sleeping
>Birthday still on the floor, glasses still brushing.
>We were rather relaxed, i figured now was as good a time as any to try to re-initiate contact
>Various probes sent
>Multiple languages, hoping one will meet a tangent of alien life.
>No responses
>):

>I wish i could say things were more interesting here
>But they really weren't
>I tried multiple times to get raven to talk to me, the other two girls tried too.
>It really just, wasn't going to happen
>And the pit wasn't going away.
>So i said fuck it, after maybe forty minutes
>I left the room
>Ended up wandering around the house
>Aimlessly
>No real thought
>Until i reached Birthday's room
>Stepped inside
>closed and locked the door behind me
>And turned to stare at the sleeping girl.
>My sleeping girl.
>Figured it was time i wake her up
>Like i wanted to this morning.

>Now normally i had a thing against molesting sleeping girls
>But i could put up a waiver because this one had already broken that rule on me.
>Fair turnaround
>I flipped up the covers
>She was adorable, sleeping with a little pout on her face
>Blonde hair a mess all over the pillows
>Shirt hiked up above her bellybutton
>That's fine, i didn't plan to disturb that
>With both hands i grab the edges of her panties and wiggle them down her legs
>She's got em bent, so it's a tad bit more wiggling than pulling.
>Really only takes a couple seconds of movement before they're off
>Discarded to the floor
>No need to do anything with them, not where i'm going

>With my lack of experience i quickly determine that all the pieces are in the proper place.
>I press my head between her legs, separating them enough for room to breathe
>And i get to eating her out
>Really i'm not going to go over what it's like, because i've told you already.
>But i can tell you her flavor was the same one i'd sampled earlier.
>Imperceptible, light. Like drinking flavored sparkling water.
>No sugar, only bubbly, with a hint of fruit you wouldn't know if the label didn't say so.
>It's not like i had any technique or anything, or magical plan for doing this
>It was just the way i wanted to wake her up.

>I wanted to imagine in my own little world that waking up to a blowjob must feel great
>So therefore waking up to the girl equivalent must be just as good.
>Well it's just never that simple is it

>It was rather fun at first
>Tons of things to do with my tongue, plenty of places to explore
>Delicious flavor
>But that all kind of came back to reality real quick
>Firstly the flavor went away, really just vanished after a minute or two.
>Then at minute 3-4, i realized i wasn't really able to get my tongue as deep was i wanted and was running out of ways to play the swirling game.
>About minute 6, i realized the only reason i liked playing with women was because of the reaction they give me.
>Minute 7, i forced myself to go on, expecting the grand awakening of the sleeping girl
>The face she'd make would make it worth it, assured.
>Minute 8, and 14 i think she actually had some mini-Os in her sleep.
>I couldn't tell for sure, but she shifted and tensed a bit
>I licked her for what must have been fifteen minutes.
>Then i gave up

>My tongue was sore and tired
>My mouth ached
>My back hurt from the angle i was in
>I gave up
>Had a semi- but i wasn't going to care
>I was done with this entire lewd-wakeup thing
>I got up, i was contemplating waking her up just like that, leaving her panty-less
>Maybe taking them with me
>But then i got an evil plan
>I grabbed her panties off the floor
>The lovely black-bunny ones.
>Stuffed em in my pocket
>And i walked over to Birthday's underwear drawer

>And by that i mean i searched the room for like four minutes trying to find it.
>Because fuck if i knew where she kept any of her clothing
>But i found it finally
>It was full of various unmentionables, and some very... uhh
>Lewd
>Objects that we're just not going to mention here.
>[spoiler]It's no secret that if you've ever been to a teenage female's room[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Any long, or even remotely phallic object has probably been inside of her at one point.[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]Women like to pretend they aren't just as sex-crazed as men, but they often are[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]From the typical hairbrush, to the often-requested sharpie. To even odd objects like rulers, umbrella handles, and vibrating toothbrushes[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]After a while they may find favorites, or they may keep looking[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But we can just say that i found where she kept her favorites[/spoiler]

>Either way, i pulled out a pair of blue panties
>The girls were about the same waist size, i figured they would fit.
>Then i spent a seriously painstaking three minutes trying to get them back on without waking her up.
>Tactical precision
>Success
>Threw the blanket back over her
>And left
>I just hoped she hadn't been pretending to be asleep the entire time.
>Would run all the fun
>Specially since i returned to the living room and mentioned offhand that someone should probably wake up blondie
>and that i "Didn't feel like doing it"
>I winked at glasses a couple times
>She would get the idea
>She did
>She got up and went to wake blondie
>Left raven sleeping
>So i left her to have the couch alone, she was talking up half of it anyway
>And i sat up front with Birthday

>I didn't actually have much time
>But i still had that burning question in the back of my mind
>Had to get it answered
>So i told her i had a question
>But i didn't ask it
>I put my hand on her leg
>No complaints so far, just a funny look
>Then i slid it all the way up her skirt.
>Skin all the way
>No panties
>I laughed
>I didn't have any intention of doing anything, but i just had to know
>Even offered her back her old pair.
>I was amassing a panty-army in my pockets
>But she refused

>Said she liked the "Breeze"
>I laughed, pulled my hand away and stood up.
>She was still a tease, even if she didn't really like me.

>I mentioned that we should start thinking about food again
>Lunch was rather light, even if delicious
>Birthday gets up, notes we should probably move to the other room to discuss it
>I agree, but take a couple seconds to grab a folded blanket in the corner and throw it partially over raven.
>Birthday stares
>It's a mixture of worry and understanding.
>Like its saying "Yeah i'm worried about her too"
>I'm not really worried about her myself
>But it's what the pit in my stomach told me to do, and felt better after i did it.
>I wish i had a couple more blankets to throw.
>We arrive to find a still groggy blondie half under the covers.
>Food is mentioned
>It's decided Birthday and Glasses are going to throw down some soup and toast.
>Simple, canned, yummy
>Blondie gets up and starts to move towards the door before stopping
>Looking down with a look of concentration on her face.
>Glasses and Birthday whisk off to whisk up some soup.
>Aka start a fire and wait

>I ask blondie how well she slept
>I get a "I had funny dreams" in return.
>Hahaha, i wonder what kind of "Funny" dreams
>I make sure to ask this question
>I get this long winded story
>">Well, i think i was in some kind of boat. Sailing on a huge lake or ocean, it was beautiful"
>">Crisp blue as far as the eye could see, but silly me i managed to hit the only rock for miles"
>">Boat kind of got a hole, and started taking on water"
>">But it was a nice warm day, the water was actually really nice, and i managed to get to land while bailing most of it out"
>">Only my pants got wet"
>Well
>Th...
>Well
>Yeah
>Ok
>[spoiler]Most women won't have erotic dreams if you lick them while they're sleeping.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Atleast none i've been with, because i've god damn tried[/spoiler]

>I'm rather dejected, but atleast i got her pants wet
>Right guys
>Right?

Sorry anons, something came up
I can't hold tonight's update, double next time i promise. .sat 8:00 for sure

Update #24 : May 3rd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11569512

>No that's bullshit it didn't count for anything.
>But i smiled
>I made her boat leak
>giggled to myself a bit as i took her hand and led her out into the hallway

>Entire time she's asking me "what's so funny?"
>So i stop her, turn around
>Put on a shit-eating grin
>Reach into my pocket
>and pull out her panties
>Wag them right in-front of her face
>can't wait for her reaction
>I can see the blushing and laughter now.
>Except
>One problem
>I wasn't holding her bunny-rabbit panties
>I was holding birthday's from earlier
>Wrong pocket
>To blondie's perspective i had just pulled out another girl's panties and started waving them around.
>I bet in your mind i was dancing around like a monkey with both arms above my head too
>[spoiler]I might have been, but i'll never tell[/spoiler]

>That went over rather dramatically
>No screaming though
>No yelling, or hitting, or any of that
>But her eyes said plenty
>Lots of things, like her feeling "Cheated" at whatever i was doing with the other girls when she was asleep.
>Heartbreak
>Anger
>Crossed arms, she backs up against a wall and continues the glare.
>For once i don't have a snappy comeback to get out of this.
>So i just drop birthday's panties on the floor
>Reach into my other pocket and grab the other pair and pull them out
>Flash a cheesy smile
>She's not amused
>Not laughing
>Bloody hell, that's what i get.

>I resort to just pointing out the other panties were from the dare last night.
>"But why did you still have THEM?"
>I open my mouth to speak
>Raise my finger as if i've got a point
>I don't say anything
>I lower the finger
>Good question

>I don't have an answer for that, slipped my mind maybe
>hand on my chin, trying to think
>raise finger again
>lower it again
>There's no point in saying anything really
>No matter what i do, it's like ordering bacon at a jewish restaurant.
>Never going to come out well

>I just end up not saying anything, head towards the floor
>Blondie still leaning against the wall, arms crossed
>I'm ready for my beating now miss, just make it quick.
>Please.
>She speaks instead
>"Why... do you have my underwear?"
>It's back to her rather embarrassed tone of voice
>She makes it clear she had realized something was up with her outfit
>but couldn't figure out what
>and i had all the answers
>So i told her
>Which i expected her to find entertaining, or funny, or endearing or anything
>But she doesn't
>She's not amused
>She's angry
>Maybe because of the other underwear, maybe i had just soiled the mood entirely.
>But i watch her face
>Her eyes turn to cold-cut sapphires
>"You jerk!"
>Damnit Athena goddess of wisdom, why don't you just let me do the right thing for ONCE.

>"i was asleep, you big meanie!"
>I know, i know
>Fuck im sorry it was wrong and a breach of your trust and i'm retarded an-
>She interrupts me
>"No, i just...."
>She kinda trails off
>Back to blushing again i see
>u jus wat m8
>"I just wanted to know what i felt like..."
>Hoh boy, situation not even remotely as all-kinds-of-fucked-up as i thought it was.
>If there's one thing i can fix
>I mean it was my intention to continue after she woke up
>Take that girl to the candy shop
>Lick her like a lolipop

>I actually consider doing it right then and there in the hallway.
>Push her back against the wall, arms still crossed
>Kneel down
>Stare
>The cloth, attractively cloven down the middle.
>But i'm interrupted by yells from the kitchen about food being almost ready.

>Man, why does soup and toast have to be so easy to make
>Throw a couple cans in a pot, turn on the heat and throw bread in a toaster.
>Literally done in minutes
>We arrive in the kitchen looking like we had just done something naughty
>Nobody notices.
>Glasses is stirring a pot, Birthday flippin bread over.
>We get asked to set plates, so we grab spoons, mugs and a plate for five people.
>Dining room it is
>I call head of the table, for once
>Blondie sets her plate next to mine, which is confusing there's only one chair.
>I get winked at when i stare at the plate
>Fucking hell blondie
>You heard what birthday said
>Keep it in your pants
>In *Public*
>This is what my eyes told her
>And her eyes got all sad
>So her plate moved to one of the sides with a dejected little sigh
>Pot of soup ready, everyone piles into the dining room
>Except raven is missing

>Birthday goes to find her
>We start filling mugs and piling delicious toast in the mean time
>(Birthday buttered that toast up before toasting it, oh man it was so good)
>We're all sitting and crunching away on toast, waiting for birthday/raven
>Fuck saying prayer, or waiting for everyone
>Hungry teenagers give no fucks
>But when birthday returns, it's empty handed
>Raven isn't hungry, or is sleeping on the couch, or something
>Which i know instantly is a lie
>I doubt birthday is lying, but raven is.
>She's never "Not Hungry"
>She's always hungry, fast metabolism and all.
>But she just doesn't eat very big portions, it made her rather skinny.
>Always snacking on something
>I guess if she didn't want to eat, it meant she didn't want to eat with us.

>Painful realization, but i had plans to fix her attitude soon.
>I make it a note to store a mug and some toast in the fridge for her and sneak it in a covert message, she'd have to be hungry later.
>When i return to my plate of food though, i realize blondie's plate and mug are now next to mine.

>She's grinning
>She's on my lap
>But not really on my lap, more like straddling my leg with her crotch
>Not a very stable place to be sitting
>I can't see how it doesn't hurt her crotch or something, my legs are rather bony
>I shrug and wrap my left arm around her to keep her steady, use my right to eat my soup.
>Its clam chowder
>Not even that low quality tiny-tiny clams stuff, this one was like 50% Clams, 30% potatoes and the rest delicious
>But i was having a tough time concentrating fully on the food because i had to keep a firm hold of the girl that was acting very-much like a little-girl on my lap.
>She was kicking her legs randomly, and her weight was shifting everywhere
>Like holding on to a bustling toddler
>Hell, the fuck was she doing down there.
>Without any pretense at all, i don't even drop my spoon or anything
>I just duck my head under the table

>Samurai foot wars
>Glasses is trying to play footsie with me, and blondie is deflecting her blows
>Like, circular kicks that look like they actually hurt, and because blondie's legs are out farther glasses can't get past without sustaining serious injuries.
>Looks like she's lost many troops
>Probably even going to have a limp for the rest of the day.
>I raise my head above the table again and watch both scenes unfold
>Glasses has no expression on her face, she's eating her soup like nothing's happening
>Reminds me of some kind of monk who fights while holding a bottle of alcohol and never spills a drop even though he does backflips and things.
>But she's giving it away slightly, her hand is shaking and dropping soup
>Not a master monk yet i guess
>I watch and listen to a huge thwack
>very audible
>blondie managed to hit her ankle directly against glasses, frankly im pretty sure both of them would be limping after that.
>Blondie takes a gasp of air in as this happens
>Glasses visibly grits her teeth
>I applaud blondie's bravery, that's like headbutting the ball in soccer
>Awesome, but not ever worth the pain.

>So i give blondie's stomach a pinch, and she stops kicking
>I whisper the request in her ear to stop fidgeting and she goes limp
>Glasses' battered troops of toes find solace in my own
>Blondie's toes find solace in my other set of toes
>All is good in the world
>Except for my stomach, which is killing me.

>I really wish it would go away, but contact from both the girls seems to be soothing it far more than one.
>It's relaxed like that, we start joking and playing
>I really enjoy the girl's laughter
>Its a sound i had almost forgotten, it soothes everything i was feeling.
>Softens it all, made me smile.
>Back to the usual sleepover antics.
>Well, until we hear another loud boom from outside.
>The thunder is back
>Its raining again.
>Birthday curses and says she hopes the power doesn't go out, blondie visibly jumps half a foot and lands on my leg when the explosion happens.
>Glasses doesn't seem too shaken, i think she loves when it rains.
>Frankly it wouldn't have struck me as odd if she had said "Jinkies" right then. She was always the rather reasonable one.
>I didn't mind the rain and thunder, but i knew someone who did.
>With the clouds outside, and the drop of the sun, it started getting real dark real quick.
>Which means lights need to go on to see.
>I had finished my soup, so i grabbed the last plate, piled toast on it and filled a cup.
>Gave blondie a polite pick up, and place down on my warm seat
>And went off to the kitchen to wrap it up and put it in the fridge.
>The kitchen was bright, but the living room was rather dimer than it usually was

>So i grabbed some rope, the miner's hat we had on a nearby rack
>And i went spelunking
>Which meant i really went feeling around in the dark for raven, i didn't want to wake her up if she was actually sleeping.
>Turning on the light ya-know, even though we would probably want the living room back eventually.
>It's not too dark, and most the house was dim during the day anyway.
>Doesn't take more than a couple seconds to find her, sitting on the couch curled up against an armrest
>Rather half draped over it, staring at the Television.
>Which was off
>Eyes just staring
>Come on raven, don't be all spooky like this

>I let her know i left a plate of food for her in the fridge
>grab her hand and give it a squeeze
>trying to be the good ol-comfort i used to be in a thunder storm.
>She pulls her hand away, slowly but with force
>Not having any of that
>I grab it again harder this time

>Firm grip, she's not getting away
>She starts squirming
>Hand on mine, trying to pull my fingers off
>The kind of situation any other girl would be screaming "Let go!"
>But she wasn't
>I was hoping she would atleast say something if i grabbed her like this, but not a word.
>She was silent, not even a squeak.
>So i use my leverage to pull her upwards, arms raised above her head and to her feet off the couch
>Still struggling
>I start dragging her, she's digging her heels in to stop me but i know we both need to have a long firm talk
>Eventually the heels stop resisting and she follows me
>Her two hands still on mine, as if begging me to stop
>A silent physical scream

>Eventually i've dragged her to the bathroom ,forced her inside and closed the door behind me
>I flip on the light and open my mouth
> turning to try to have a firm talk with her about how childish she's being.
>I'm stopped
>Cold
>Not by her, but by my eyes
>The bathroom is well lit, birthday did a great job in replacing the light
>It's one of those high-wattage ones that are illegal now
>But it's a curse, not a blessing
>Because the way raven's staring straight forward, looking at the mirror away from me.
>Lets me see her neck

>Crisscrossing it are blotches of red, and white
>And worse
>Bruises, of darker skin
>Blues, Purples, Yellows
>Places where fingers had been, places where i had squeezed
>How had i not noticed these
>How had nobody noticed these
>I'm frozen staring

>She's frozen staring at her own reflection
>She's known all day
>But we didn't have many of the lights on, birthday never got around to fixing the one in the living room where we were all day.
>You can't see bruises in a dim room with only the TV
>The blue green glow hides them
>or we weren't looking at her like we should have been.
>My mouth is dry
>I realize how badly my own throat hurts.
>Just another ache i had been ignoring all day
>I realize how badly hers must feel

>Have you ever seen someone who has been recently strangled anon?
>[spoiler]You may know of similar scenes from crime shows, murder mysteries or other such dramas on television[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's rather visible, it's rather messy. It's rather going to get you in a load of absolute shit[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The act of squeezing breaks countless blood vessels in the soft tissues of the neck, causes minor internal bleeding and leaves bruising and marks for days, if not weeks.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Not to mention how painful it is later, making it hard to speak, laugh or even swallow[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's like having the worst strep throat you've ever had. [/spoiler]
>[spoiler]And the bruises hadn't shown up instantly, like anything they took a day to really bare themselves[/spoiler]
>But it all made sense

>Why she wasn't talking to me
>What she was struggling with all day
>Why she didn't want to eat toast and soup.
>It didn't make complete sense, but i thought it all pieced together so much more than what picture i had before
>I'm truthfully speechless
>But i manage
>"Oh my god..."
>I can't say it was any other emotion than worried, scared.
>Could she even talk
>Was it so swollen that she couldn't say a word
>Was this all my stupid fault
>Was i really this fucking retarded to not notice
>Had she just been silently in pain all day?
>Was i really treating her for acting like a child when it was just me being a child that caused this?

>I'm throwing a million questions back and forth in my head

>It was all my fault, i step towards her
>I put my hand out, to touch her neck
>I don't know what i'm thinking, to comfort her, to caress it with the back of my hand and try to figure out something to do.
>I can't imagine any solution
>Wrapping it in gauze would cause just as many questions as any other girls seeing her as soon as we turned on lights.
>Do i use alcohol, do we take her to the hospital
>If she can't speak this is really bad
>The back of my fingers make contact
>And the girl in front of me roars
>"DON'T"
>My hand is slapped away with an amazing amount of force
>It bangs and clatters right into the glass sliding door of the shower
>Reverberating off it as my knuckles make a hard contact and a huge bang
>It REALLY hurts
>It's only a second, but i have my hand held in my other and i'm wincing in pain
>I drop to my knees
>I swear to god she's broken something it hurts that bad
>she screams
>"TOUCH ME"
>I'm looking up at her
>Her hand coming around in an arc, straight for my face

>I watch in slow motion as it comes closer ,and closer
>Not curved into a slap, it's contorted into a claw
>Three fingers, three sharp fingernails
>Her face contorted into rage
>Hurt
>and a mixture of things i couldn't read, but wished dearly i would never see again
>Then the slow motion gets even slower
>Her hand is frozen in time, her face, her movements
>Right before impact
>I tense up, try to lean backwards and avoid it
>But i can't escape, i'm at the wrong angle and far too slow
>But it never comes
>She's stopped
>Moments away from hitting me
>Frozen, in real time
>Her face a startling replica of what a true valkyrie must look like
>Until her hand drops, and she barges out of the bathroom

>My muscles collapse
>I fall backwards
>Everything hurts
>Mostly from tensing my muscles leaned backwards like i was doing
>And that pit in my stomach?

>It's split, fragmented
>Some pieces moved higher, some lower.
>Everything from my abdomen to my navel lurched, rolled and tumbled
>Squeezed and tensed, released and hurt.
>Like my intestines were writhing around
>dozens of agitated snakes.
>everything fucked up beyond reason doesn't even begin to explain the range of feelings i was experiencing.
>First on my mind was the knuckles
>They hurt like hell, but as far as i could tell with various squeezes and prods they were alright
>Nothing broken i hoped
>Then i lurched to my feet
>a couple thoughts crossed my mind, most of them at the same time.
>She could talk, that's good
>Although it probably hurt to say anything at all
>And on that note, i was the only one she had been talking to
>What does that even mean
>Not to mention i was now going to be disemboweled when anyone turns on the lights with her in a room
>It doesn't take a genius to put the scratches on my arms together with the hand marks on her throat
>Atleast i didn't think it did
>I don't have any way to explain my way out of this
>I don't know if i want to explain my way out of this

>I don't even know how to help her, or what she even wants from me
>I realize that maybe everything i've been doing, trying to get back in her good graces is wrong
>That she truly doesn't want me in her life and is just biding time until this party is over.
>That thought does backflips in my head
>Over and over
>Getting worse every spin
>I can't bear
>Considering the signals she's giving me, it's all i have to go on
>So i stumble out of the bathroom, head in a haze
>Have to find her
>Wherever she is
>But i'm not going to talk to her

>Me talking has in no way made this situation any better at any of the eleventeen points i've tried
>I start my search around the house again
>I assume she's hidden herself in some room somewhere

>Birthday's room, nope
>I even check under the bed
>Guest room
>Office
>Master Bedroom
>Master Bath
>Laundry room
>Kitchen
>Dining room
>She's not in any of these places
>I check the living room, only 3 girls there playing video games.
>Fucking fuck where is she
>Front door is still closed, and has that chain lock still on, so no way she went out that way.
>There's a bunch of other rooms that i checked that were rather unimportant, closets, cabinets and everything i could imagine.
>I give up, its pouring outside, there's no hint or clue as to where she could be.
>Except
>She wouldn't.
>I rush to the back of the house and try to peer out of the glass door
>I can't see anything

>Absolutely pitch black
>I search around for a light or something, find a switch but it does nothing
>I find one inside, it lights up the room i'm in
>A small amount of light floods outside
>It's really raining heavily again, i can hear it pattering and pummeling the patio deck
>And i can see a silhouette
>I open the glass door
>It's pretty fucking obvious by the blast of chilly air that it's freezing cold rain
>Really had a string of fantastically cold storms that year
>But i brave it and step outside
>It is freezing cold rain
>I'm soaked before i even get both feet out the door
>But i rush across the patio to the table and chairs we sat at earlier
>There's a girl with her head down against the table
>I hope its not mine, just any lost girl from the neighborhood would be a thousand times better than one that's going to hit me the second anyone tries to move her.
>I get close enough to make out the hair color

>Wet, sticking to her like a plastered wig
>Jet Black

>She'll freeze out here
>Or get really sick
>I look around the patio
>No umbrellas
>No cover
>Just more chairs
>Alright fuck it
>I pull up a chair and sit as close to her as i dare
>I know she knows i'm there, but i announce it anyway
>"I'll sit here, till you talk to me"
>I'm not sure any kind of emotion can get through over the sound of the rain
>But it was there
>It's silent for a while, i put my head down too
>It's less cold this way
>Even though its colder than chewing spearmint gum and drinking ice water at the same time.
>Or that girl you tried to date in highschool.
>Pick whichever one was colder
>Then she speaks
>"Then we both freeze"

>Yes, perfect
>A joke!
>Or wait
>that's a threat isn't it
>Or maybe it's a statement
>Because i can tell she's shivering, i can see her shaking
>I'm soaked as well
>I can feel that prickly sensation as goosebumps begin to cover your entire body
>arms and legs first
>Hair stands up on end, trying to trap more warmth against you.
>Then came the shivering
>Soft at first
>Little tiny shakes
>Then comes the uncontrollable ones
>Then the teeth chattering
>Clacking together as your muscles spasm and try to warm themselves up.
>I was a real teeth-clacker when i was freezing cold
>I'm pretty sure she could hear it
>But i sit like that with her for another couple of minutes
>Until i can't feel my hands

>This is stupid
>If i can't feel my hands, she's probably numb everywhere.
>Or just can't feel anything anymore
>So i make a bet with myself
>A bet that she can't even move to hit me if i try to move her
>So i stand up
>And i didn't realize how fucking cold i was until i stood up
>But my legs were stiff
>Actually hard to move stiff
>[spoiler]Being immersed in rather cold water for even 10 minutes can wreak havoc on your internal body temperature, especially if that water is continually cooling itself[/spoiler]
>But i had willpower
>Or angerpower
>I might have been willing myself to be angry again at how stupid this was.
>But i begged her as loudly as i could not to hit me
>Beant over
>Deadlifted Raven, that stupid girl
>From her chair, into my arms
>I'm not actually sure how i managed that
>Frankly i'm not a strong guy
>But it happened
>Power of friendship or some of that shit
>Or you know it was cold and the faster i dragged her ass back inside the faster i could get warm
>primitive survival maternal instincts kicking in.
>You can pretend its the friendship one if you want.

>I was right though, she couldn't hit me
>Or didn't try
>But eleven steps later we were inside
>and two steps later i collapsed and dropped her
>You can pretend i tripped and fell, but i didn't
>My knees gave out, they just stiffened up and stopped working
>She fell a good three feet to the floor
>I made sure i didn't fall on top of her
>But i hit the ground just as hard
>No time to be hurt though
>Or shocked
>This stupid girl is trying to crawl out the door
>I try to yell at her but my throat is stiff, nothing but air comes out
>All i've got is my arms and head near her leg
>So i grab it

>I'm holding on with all my strength
>And she's kicking
>Which i'm not able to resist in my cold state
>Which means she's escaping
>Fuck
>I do the only thing i can think of
>I throw my head forwards
>And bite her ankle

>She's loud, a yelp
>I get kicked off
>I'm not sure i've done anything useful
>Until i hear multiple pairs of footsteps come running our way
>What a fucking scene we were
>soaked to the bone, one of us crawling outside and the other trying to stop them.
>When you think back to stupid shit that you did as teenagers
>those fucking alcohol induced moments of shame your friends find you in and bring up to make things awkward later in the future?
>That's the kind of scenario this was, and neither of us had had a damn drop to drink.
>Glasses being the smart one, closed the glass door
>Raven didn't get up
>Just kind of clawed at the door once and stopped trying
>I would mention that blondie and birthday were screaming
>But i don't want to tell you that for a bunch of reasons
>Mostly because i can't remember a damn thing they said
>Secondly because they were screaming and i didn't care
>The important thing was that glasses closed the door
>Could rest in pieces in peace down here on the floor

>I'm kinda out of it, i think i'm good with not doing anything
>Too cold to do anything
>Shivering
>Probably delirious
>But next thing i know i'm being forced to sit up and blondie is ripping my shirt off
>Blondie not now plz, i'm probably shriveled up like those straw covers when you put em in your back pocket because you feel bad about dropping them on the floor even though they're biodegradable and it doesn't really matter too much and you'll just find them and throw them somewhere dumb in your house later.
>Well look at that, birthday is doing the same thing to raven
>Hi raven
>I wave at raven in my head
>Her shirt comes off
>Hi raven's tits

>I wave at those too
>Birthday is saying things
>I hear the words "Sauna"
>Awesome, i didn't even know we had saunas in los angeles
>We don't
>2Spooky

>They start dragging us
>Leaving huge wet puddles the entire way
>Go over some carpets, get rugburn
>Some slippery floors
>Master bedroom again, leave a soaking puddle across the entire thing
>Master bathroom, dragged inside, door closed
>Sure like our privacy with everyone in the same bathroom eh?
>I've actually got no clue why they closed the door
>and Birthday moves to the shower and starts fiddling with some metal cup thing in the corner of the shower
>I saw it before but had no clue what it was, thus ignored it
>No time to watch what she does though
>Because blondie attacks me with a towel
>Through gaps in her assaulting my hair, upper chest and face, i can see raven is getting the same treatment from glasses.
>And then my pants are off
>Not wearing those boxers anymore
>Great

>Yeah i'm shriveled up and soaking everywhere
>Leave me alone
>Except unlike my horror mind fantasies
>Nobody laughed
>Until blondie attacked my stomach with a towel
>I was cold, but that tickled
>I was giggling and embarrassed as she proceeded to rub down anything and everything she could get a towel near
>Except it really wasn't very funny
>I was still freezing
>Plus something is hissing like a god damn snake
>It's not raven, who's not even struggling it looks like
>She's just staring off into the distance as she gets an embarrassing naked towel-down just like me.
>Is it birthday?
>I look over and birthday is standing over in the shower, surrounded by steam
>Oh, it's that little metal cup thing

>It makes steam
>Neat
>Steam is warm
>Steam is good
>Praise Gaben

>I'm back on my feet again
>Not my choice
>blame the blonde girl
>don't blame her though, she's nice
>She put me in the shower, warm water was turned on
>Black hair girl put here too.
>Warm
>Competent thoughts returning
>I can look around without failing to pass intelligence checks with my thoughts again.
>Firstly i can look at the other three girls
>Birthday who's actually undressed
>Blondie who's topless and glasses who is pantless
>I would make some snappy comment about it being harem time or something
>Very similar to that shower scene from that anime we saw earlier that week
>But i was still a little cold
>Which was probably going to change by the looks of things

>The bathroom was actually rather steamy, it was like wisps of steam and things were clouding just the right bits of vision as i watched everyone undress.
>The one i was interested with was actually birthday
>Who was the only one i hadn't "Seen" naked yet.
>She was smooth shaven, but not really hairless smooth
>It was more stubble, like five-o-clock shadow
>[spoiler]Women don't really get smooth without waxing, or electrolysis[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Which one hurts like hell and the other is permanent[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Real women just don't tend to be smooth like your chinese cartoons anons[/spoiler]
>She was also rather puffy, an innie, but it stuck out quite a bit.
>I'm not sure i was aroused
>but interested for sure
>Least until she caught me staring
>And blondie caught me staring
>I don't think glasses saw, and raven was just staring off into the distance and hogging most the hot water.
>Some things never change

>Besides making my best effort to crab tunnel out, blondie was still half naked and halfway across the room before i could blurt out

>"Come on she's shaved, its neat ok!"
>I'm not even joking
>Its cool alright
>all the other vaginas in the room are covered in various hues of jungles
>You can't really look at naked unshaven women from a distance, it obscures the form, the figure.
>It's why spying on your nextdoor neighbor's mom is sexy, because it leaves so much to the imagination.
>And why seeing the daughter undressing upstairs in her room is just hot
>It's the same reason women wearing clothes are often so much more attractive than women without.
>Your imagination fills in exactly what it wants.
>Birthday's crotch?
>That was hot
>Glasses over there, who was for all the thoughts in the world i could understand, was posing as she undressed.
>That crotch was sexy.

>In reality, this depends on if you want to have sex with said crotch too
>And hygiene, and various other things.
>But you know, we're talking male mind, viewing from a distance kind of thing ya-know.
>I can't go over the intricate details of this with your right now anons
>there's four naked women all piling into this rather spacious shower stall with me
>It seems to have been the sentiment that technically i'd seen all of them naked.
>They all knew this
>Only Glasses knew the truth
>Raven was simply silent, staring off under the hot water
>thinking during a hot shower
>Blondie and Birthday were just imagining all the other girls were whores.
>Probably
>But it was a shower with naked women right
>It's got to be a great big grope/soap/rubadubdub with a rubber ducky in the tub fest.

>right?

>Nope
>Remember how i was talking about 2 person showers being logistical nightmares?
>Now how the hell are you going to get five people under a single shower head?
>Don't tell me "By all huddling in a big writhing mass and hugging the boy"
>Because although that would be awesome for me, that would be pretty gay for all the girls
>Now you're thinking "Oh well girls love to get all soapy and hug in the showers"
>But that's the corporate media brainwashing you
>Imagine you and three other men hugging in a hot soapy shower trying to fit under a nozzle with one girl in the huddle
>If your gaydar doesn't scream, it might be broken
>And this was 2005 anyway, being gay wasn't socially acceptable yet.
>Or Bi, or any of that
>We settled on the only possible solution
>We took turns
>That's how real men do it.

>Which, to be honest wasn't too bad
>After raven was done hogging the shower, we each kind of took turns.
>Because of the awesome steam nozzle thing, the shower was rather warm.
>Hot even
>Sweaty even
>It was a sauna
>Which is interesting because honestly i'd never been in a sauna before.
>We all ended up lined against the tile wall
>It was cool, soothing on our backs
>Really a stark contrast to the hot steam filling the rest of the room.
>We talked
>About nothing really, while waiting in turn for the shower
>It was the most casual thing, a room full of naked teenagers and it wasn't sexually charged
>I do admit i had a boner
>But it was an innocent semi
>Pretty naked women? I'm not going to pretend that's not enjoyable on a mental level.

>But physical contact was far, and scant if any.
>Blondie brushed against my arm a couple times with her breasts, possibly intentional, i don't know.
>But she wasn't hugging me, or cuddling.
>She knew the rules, and so did i.
>A full commitment was what she was thinking of.
>I wouldn't get this from any other girl.
>That sinking in my stomach
>I want to tell her how i'm feeling
>Make her understand.
>But we weren't too sure of one another yet
>and there wasn't really much other physical contact.
>Besides glasses seemingly washing everyone's back.
>Which was innocent enough i guess.

>The real big thing that happened first was blondie.
>She found a razor, a blue and green one.
>One of those single blade disposables at the time.
>Then she confronted me, face to face
>"Hey... storybro... do you like shaven better?"
>She saw me staring
>Blushing is an understatement
>Even her eyes were the color of a sky at sunset.
>It was rather cute, offering to change her appearance to suit me.
>But i wasn't sure what i liked

>I was about to comment something to this effect, when she's stopped by birthday
>A couple words changed her mind real quick
>"That's my dad's razor"
>Blondie took one look at it
>Squealed "Eww!" and dropped it.
>It skittered off into the corner.
>Birthday is really good at making people drop things.

>Laughter was had
>Everyone except raven, still mindlessly staring off into the distance
>I wanted to reach out to her, try to make her chat with us, laugh.
>I couldn't even remember what she sounded like when she was laughing.
>I get out of the shower, i guess it's raven's turn
>I lean against the wall near her
>Raise my arm, i'm contemplating touching her.
>Somehow
>Not sure how
>But i just w....
>I see my wrists
>The gauze wrapped around them is red
>Bloody
>The steam broke the scabs and its bleeding freely
>right.
>I drop my arm and turn back towards the women in the shower.
>They noticed too i'm sure
>But i mean it was in the shower, which is supposedly good for cuts like that.
>So i strike up conversation with blondie about nothing
>Which quickly turns into something
>About us
>no blondie you know better

>The bad part is glasses joins in
>And then birthday
>And all of a sudden it's about how far we've gone, and what we plan to do after the sleepover ends
>and all kinds of important things that probably would be fine if not for she-who-must-not-be-startled
>Then blondie mentions something about sex
>And about how she's not on any birth control so we can't
>I'm too busy trying to tiptoe around the wailing to notice
>Don't they fucking know how to listen to the spawning sounds
>Birthday points out the condoms are in the top drawer of the parent's bedstand.
>And that's when the black-haired girl in the shower freezes

>And turns towards me
>God damnit francis.
>YOU HAVE STARTLED THE WITCH
>ABORT ABORT
>EJECT

>Then she proceeded to start screaming and maul all us four survivors with her claws
>But she doesn't.
>She just rushes out of the shower
>I throw up my arms in fear
>and she hugs me
>Right up against the wall
>It's a rather odd hug
>Everyone's staring and there's a couple glaring problems
>One, my arms are up in the air and she's keeping me from putting them down
>Two, my semi hasn't been a semi for the last 5 minutes (sex talk, what do you expect), and is a full-mast boner between her legs
>Three, she makes a very loud sigh of contentment as she hugs me.
>I don't mind at all, not even in the slightest
>Any physical contact she initiates is good right?
>But that's not how my life works anons
>If i had just said something
>Anything
>Everything would have been fine.
>But that's not how my life works.

>Blondie stepped behind us, saw the boner.
>Yes, it was happily nestled between raven's legs
>And Blondie was one thing
>Jealous
>Her hand went to raven's shoulder and she pulled back, not hard.
>I always tell myself she didn't pull hard.
>It was accompanied by words
>They almost proved she had no malice, no negative intent.
>"Hey! I... get to do it first"
>Blondie was bright red as she said this, but i didn't see the bright red for long.
>Because as she pulled back, Raven wasn't expecting it
>She slipped
>Fell right on her butt in the corner of the slippery shower.
>Banged her head a little against the tile, not too hard, but enough to hurt.
>And blondie, who was half-way to straddling me the way raven was a second before
>Just turned and stared.

>Raven was looking up at blondie
>Tears in her grey eyes.
>She opens her mouth, as if to say something.
>"We had... s...s..."
>She's quiet again, like she wanted to say it but couldn't bring herself to
>"I gave him... my ...."
>Again she stopped
>It's like she wanted to scream it out to blondie
>Glasses knew
>I knew
>The entire room was staring at the scene before us
>But she didn't say it
>She couldn't bring herself to ruin what was obviously making me happy
>She just didn't have it in her, made her last action as a real /bro/
>Then she turned towards me
>She tried one last time
>"I..."
>Silence
>"I....."
>Then she just got up, turned around and ran away.
>No tears, no crying. Nothing but the echo of her footsteps.
>She didn't make it very far, slid on a puddle on the tile floor and knocked herself forward
>took a hard tumble, and was up again and running, door opening to the master bedroom
>Those were the last words i heard her say.

>Blondie knew she fucked up
>She was out the door and after raven before anyone could say anything
>I tried to follow, i felt like it was important i follow
>Except eris had thrown her golden apple of discord
>and i slipped on that same patch of soap Raven had hit.
>My feet went off the ground
>There was that lovely second
>That one where you're in midair, you know there's nothing you can do
>Just enough time to scream, but you don't
>You just think to yourself
>Fuck
>And then i hit the ground.
>Unlike raven, i landed flat on my back
>Hit my head pretty hard, enough to make everything ring
>Everything silent
>No big deal, raven had been silent all day
>I got to stare at the ceiling

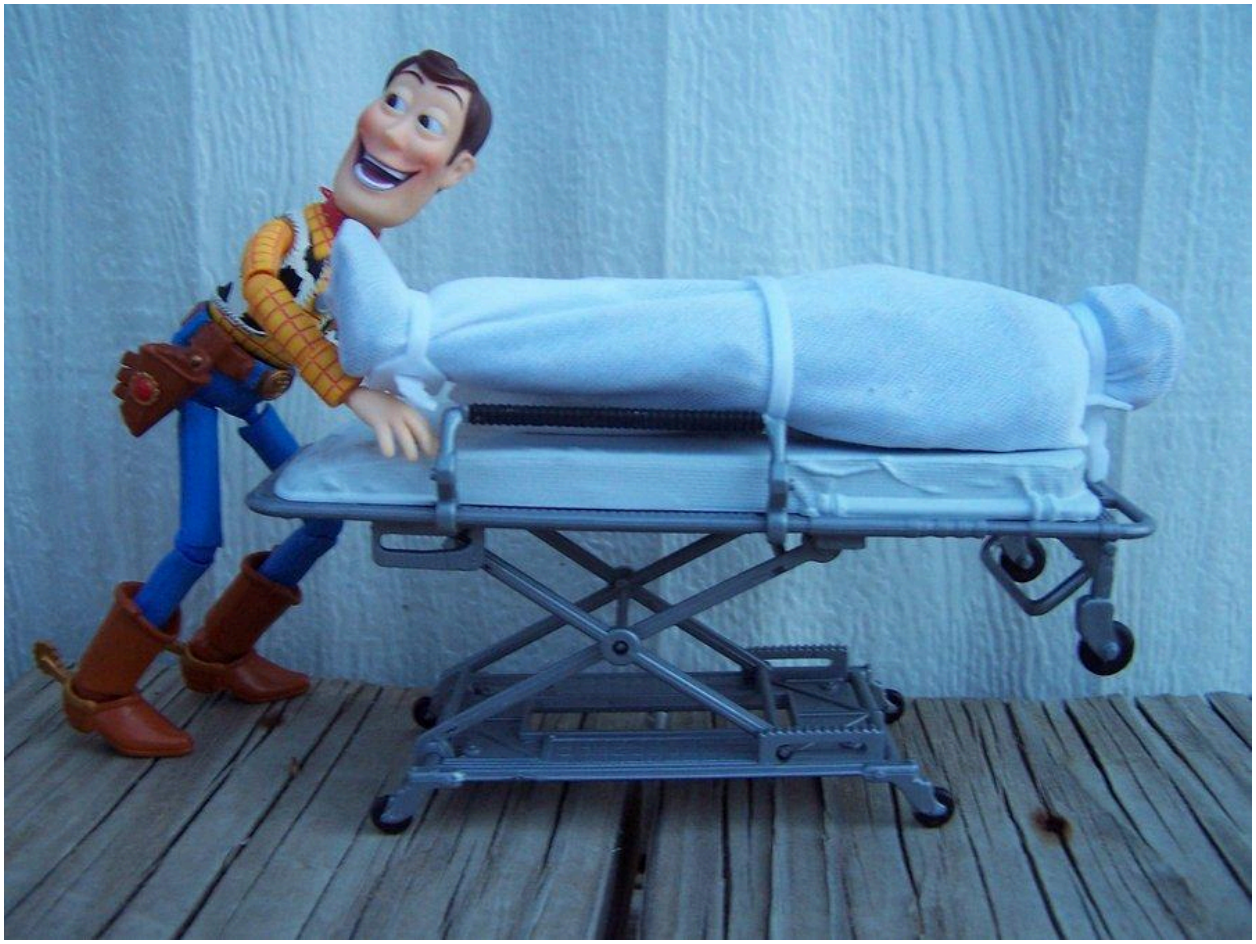
>Count my lucky stars for not landing on that razor, wherever it was
>Since i figured it had landed in the corner i was in.

>Couldn't really see the ceiling
>Obscured by foggy steam really
>But the silence was nice for once
>I think water was falling on my leg, one of the girls was bending over trying to make sure i was alive or something.
>No big deal, i could just calmly watch them.
>Don't need to hear anything, feel, anything.
>Until Glasses and birthday jumped
>Something loud had happened somewhere in the house
>It wasn't long until blondie came back
>Crying
>Loudly, i couldn't hear it. But the vibrations of a crying girl carry through the air softly.
>She came to my side, and bent over me
>And i could see her face.
>That's when the sound came back.
>I heard her crying
>And she turned her head
>She had three bloody scratches down the side of her cheek.

>I was up
>Across the room
>I didn't slip on a damn thing
>Rolling up my invisible sleeves
>The other girls behind me probably giving medical attention to blondie
>I simply walk over and put back on my soaking wet sweatpants
>I don't know why
>I don't care why
>But i feel like i need pants on to properly kick someone's ass.
>And i'm across the house
>I'm trailing blood from my wrists the entire way
>I don't care
>I spend my time, checking every room
>Thorough, like some kind of psychotic murderer
>Everything i checked before, but in reverse.
>Must have been 10 minutes, or more, or less.
>I didn't know.
>But i found where she was hiding
>Birthday's room, light still on
>Door locked
>I bang on the door, three loud times with my fist.

>No response
>No sounds
>Nothing
>I have a bad feeling
>Just a whisper
>It's in my ghost.
>So i pull back
>I take a running start
>and i smash shoulder first into the door.
>It's kinda like the last time i tried
>But different
>My shoulder doesn't hurt, or maybe it's just numb
>Maybe everything's numb
>But i hear cracking
>Splintering
>Like
>It was working
>So i try again
>And again
>Three times i smash into the door
>And three times it gets looser

>Until it's the fourth
>Then the metal segment that holds the door knob-lock-part in the door gives away
>I broke the doorframe and not the door
>The door flings itself open
>I follow
>That's when i find her
>Lying in the middle of the hardwood floor
>Her lifeless emerald eyes staring up
>The true color returned.
>That's when i found her lying in a puddle of her own blood
>Wrists slit
>Razorblade
>In her limp hand.



>That's when i realized
>My great discovery, my moment of clarity.
>What that sinking feeling, in the pit of my stomach was
>Thats when it rose up
>Higher and higher until it reached my chest
>A pressure i was trying to escape, trying not to confront.
>That was the moment
>When i realized what i had told you all before
>When i realized why i didn't know, until that last moment.
>Why she was acting the way she did
>Because it all made sense
>Because of the greatest rule of life.
>[spoiler]You only know what you had, when its lost[/spoiler]

>That was the moment i realized
>She wasn't clingy.
>She wasn't psychotic
>I had Almost died,
>Started to pull away
>Scaring her i was leaving
>And she realized she loved me.
>So she tried to hold on and made things worse
>Changed the dynamic
>From two friends, to a shattered shell of itself
>It wasn't that she was right for the way she acted
>It's just that in my eyes, i understood why.
>I would have done them too.

>I understood that i loved her.

>That feeling in my stomach
>Now in my chest
>Centered over my heart
>I knew what it was now
>I told you what heartbreak feels like anons, what kind of pain that is.
>The stabbing, the burning, the icy tendrils of pain throughout your nervous system.
>This was that, and more
>My head hurt, burning, aching, a pressure that tried to willed me forcefully to one knee.
>My muscles burned, my heart ached, my very essence.
>My soul, whatever mystical attachment that was.
>If i could pinpoint it for you, it was on fire.
>this wasn't heartbreak anons.
>This was...
>Lovebreak

>That sounds like something someone's made up
>A word that doesn't exist
>But there's a difference.
>Heartbreak is what happens when exactly that
>Someone
>Something
>Some event, breaks your heart
>It hurts, it burns.
>But it's nothing as bad as when it's all your fault
>When everything you did is the direct cause of the pain you've created
>And nothing you ever do will fix it.
>When you had so many chances and took none of them.
>This isn't just your heart anons, it's every positive aspect of your being.
>Hurting
>Because you blame yourself.

>Because you're the one at fault.
>Because you'll know that for the rest of your life.

>I take a step forward with the only foot i have on the ground
>From across the room, it's obvious
>She's motionless
>No twitches, no breathing
>I can see the bruising on her neck.
>The telltale signs of my abuse
>My torment, that caused this.
>It didn't matter what i said
>Or claimed

>There was a dead girl here, with my finger marks all over her throat
>as far as the cops were concerned, i killed her.
>I was an abuser far worse than her father.
>As far as i was concerned
>they were right.

That's all for tonight Anons. We'll have more sunday, 8:00 PST. Short update probably.

Update #25 : May 4th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11582143

>WHELP, time to make like a banana and kill myself.
>Or rather that's the choice i've made.

>The sublimation of all options here, the right one is to take
>In this case it was the easiest
>Oftentime it's not, oftentime it's the toughest choice you'll ever make
>But when you've made all the choices up to that point, it's tougher to live with them.
>I stumble forward, mind in a haze of thought.
>Towards the same blade that took my best friend's life.

>Now Anons.
>I realize that no story is complete without an ending.
>Just like no story is complete without a beginning
>So before i tell you how my best friend and i ended up lying on that cold hardwood floor.
>Drenched in our own blood.
>I'll tell you where we met.
>Because every story needs a beginning.
>and it should always come before the end.

>I'd love to say i had a rather typical childhood, but that was far from the truth.
>I was problematic in many ways
>Most of it is rather insignificant, unimportant details that don't matter.
>But there were a couple things that changed the person i would always be, and a couple that changed the person that i always was.
>One of these was that during my young childhood, i got sick
>Very sick, deathly ill
>I was prescribed antibiotics, some of those harsh ones they don't like to use anymore.
>They saved my life. As they are intended.
>If you ask a classroom of students how many were sick when they were younger, took antibiotics and wouldn't be around today without them?
>It's an amazing revelation when you count.
>I'll just say that i was one of them.
>But i was too young, prescribed medications far too strong and given dosages wrong for my age.
>There were consequences, my gastrointestinal system was wiped nearly clean.

>All those digestion organisms that let us eat food, the ones i had were completely wiped out
>This happened when i was very little, but it ruined my stomach
>I couldn't eat foods i had loved before, entire swaths of menus were off limits and even things such as my metabolism changed over time.
>Now i'm not telling you this so you'll feel bad for me, or emphasize with my situation or something.
>Nobody gives a shit about those things.
>That's the honest god damn truth, nobody cares about how hard your childhood was.
>I'm telling you because it changed the kind of person i was
>We bought fancy pro-biotics from health food stores, i was fed a healthy diet of various crazy

things.
>My metabolism came back stronger than ever.
>I was skinny, in a family predisposed towards rather "Big Boned" individuals, i was a twig.
>I wasn't ever very tall, always the same height (or a tiny bit taller) as all the women i knew. I guess two years of fucked metabolism does this to you.
>I was also sick all the time for a good while.
>And this made me antisocial, i had few friends
>I was a jerk to the ones i did have because i took out being sick on them.
>Then i had no friends.
>And without friends there's really only one thing that happens
>I hated school
>I HATED school.

>PreK, Kindergarten, 1st, 2nd
>All of them were different schools entirely. I went school to school every year until we ran out.
>Sometimes even multiple schools per grade.
>I lashed out at teachers, friends, principals, got myself expelled once.
>Then we moved, different climate supposed to be "Good" for me.
>It was, it really was
>California, warm and sunny.
>I was enrolled in a fancy school, some kind of private place that i don't remember the name of.
>That doesn't matter either
>What matters is that we moved, lovely huge house in the middle of los angeles.
>My family was middle class when we moved, back before that monetary caste vanished.
>Neighborhood full of people i'd never met.
>Huge, friendly, not too high a chance of getting kidnapped or having a cap popped in my ass if i roamed around alone.
>But i didn't know anyone
>So i still had no friends, and still didn't want to have any friends.
>The self propagating cycle so many of us know.
>Because it's easier to pretend its not your fault, than to change yourself.

>My parents made friends though
>Every neighbor on the block knew them, ends up the entire neighborhood was ripe with children of different ages.
>Middle of summer, kids in the streets.
>But one serious problem
>No boys my age.
>Not a single one
>There was one 5 years older, and one three years younger.
>The entire rest of the neighborhood was too young, too old, or females

>And at that age, boys and girls don't mix
>But we were invited by the various parents to a fireworks celebration for 4th of july.

>It was out on some giant field somewhere
>Big potluck, bring food, spread out a ton of blankets and everyone joins from the neighborhood and eats.
>With a bunch of girls, or so i was told by my parents
>All of them were older or younger, so i didn't give a shit.
>And as expected when the time came to walk, we piled all our food and things in a green plastic wagon and started off as a neighborhood-type group.
>Lots of little girls, an older girl or two.
>Nobody my age here either.
>):

>We get to the field, set up huge blankets and tons of food
>During the setup i smell a kettle corn stall off in the distance and i beg for money to get some
>I mean who doesn't love kettle corn
>So i get some dosh from me mum, and head off.
>Pop into line
>and to my amazement, i'm behind three other boys who seem to be about my age.
>all wearing various t-shirts with silly logos and kahiki shorts.
>Blazing california style, i looked out of place there.
>I'm not a sperg, so i said hi.
>Bam, wham, instant brothers in arms.
>Funny how that always happens when you're young ,and never again when you're older.
>I'm off to tell my parents and they're ecstatic or something i'm making friends
>Free reign of the place, and i'm given a tour of the grounds
>Which means we just run around playing tag and doing various things the entire time.

>I would give them names, but most the time we didn't do anything.
>We can call them redfish, bluefish and greenfish though.
>Because Doctor seuss was the first book i learned to read, and that's a useless tidbit i've wasted your brain space with.
>Redfish was loud and boisterous, he was pretty neat and had lots of cool things to tell me.
>Greenfish was timid and quiet, seemed like he had something to hide
>and Bluefish was a mixture of the two.
>We roamed for maybe an hour, and then the announcements that the fireworks would start soon were echoed across the various groups of people.
>And Redfish had to leave.
>his parents needed him back or something
>I got his name, and where he lived in the neighborhood
>Pretty far away):
>Sucks

>So being three young boisterous boys
>we did what anyone would do
>Looked for the best place to watch the fireworks
>Which just so happened to be a giant oak tree kinda off to the side of the field
>Which we climbed (bluefish and i had to help greenfish up)
>Giant sprawling branches with plenty of room between the leaves
>We all ended up leaning against different things, Blue and I against the trunk, and Green sprawled out on a branch of his own.
>It was pretty awesome
>The fireworks were loud, brightened up the night sky
>Flashes of lights across all our faces every time
>Bits of greens on our noses
>The whites lighting up our cheeks
>The reds across our hair and foreheads

>It was loud and explosive
>Pretty much what all boys like at that age
>The wonderment and brilliance of each firework lighting up our eyes as we watched.
>But like all cool explosiony things, they were over pretty quick
>But we didn't move
>We just stayed in the tree, staring up at the sky
>Watching the stars
>Staring at the sky.
>But green soon heard his name called across the field
>He had to go
>Names were exchanged
>Green lives by red
>):
>But blue didn't have to leave yet
>So he followed me over to the blanket with my parents
>They were happy to meet him, he gave them his name and we helped ourselves to food.
>Ended up lying, backs on the grass staring at the sky some more
>Still in all but thought
>Just thinking, or talking shit about stars and whatever we could see
>It's a habit i seem to have retained.

>But the night was growing later, and eventually Blue has to leave
>So i followed him, met his parents
>Who weren't very happy actually
>The father was rather angry, the mother was happy to see us hanging out together.
>That's when i heard her full name
>And not her nickname

>There was some stupid reason she was in trouble
>It's like he didn't care where she was, or who she was with. Just that she hadn't said hello to someone important or other from the father's work.
>I share where i live
>And her eyes light up
>That beautiful emerald i love so dearly to talk about.
>My first pair of favorite eyes.

>She's a block and a half away from my house
>Her parents get introduced to mine
>The parents end up walking home along with our neighborhood group of chatty mothers and the gaggling giggle of little girls.
>Many whelps, east-side, handle it.
>I show her where my house is on the way to hers.
>Wave goodbye
>She's on my doorstep the next day.

>We're off to being great friends, and best friends in what felt like days
>Then her friends became my friends
>Most of them girls
>All of them went to my school too, since it was local
>That was stability
>Atleast she was.
>Rather life preserver in a sea of friendlessness
>And introduction to being friends and growing up with mostly females.
>Being born into the darkness, ect ect.
>It wasn't that bad, it's just like hanging with guys really
>They just bitch about different things
>And pretend they're nothing alike one another.
>But i digress
>That was the beginning i wanted to tell.
>The start of the story, so now that story can end.
>I just hope you were taking notes.

Update #26 : May 5th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11594658

>I was shambling
>Like a zombie that had sprained an ankle in some dramatic TV show, and was chasing the first meal i'd seen in days.
>A family of dirty, battered and beaten survivors
>Trapping them in a room with no escape, no weapons to fend me off.
>Before i sink my teeth into the jugular of one of the screaming...
>Well it doesn't matter
>I couldn't feel anything.
>The sight of those eyes
>My favorite emerald green eyes
>Wide open, unmoving, upwards

>It turned my faucet of emotions to full
>The pouring deafening me to anything else
>I blocked it all out, every feeling i could
>In that way that feeling nothing brings you the only solace you can achieve
>But in feeling nothing, everything ceases to work
>My legs became jello
>Jello, a very unsuitable medium for shambling, brought me down.
>My arms didn't stop my fall
>I hit the ground headfirst
>But i didn't feel a damn thing
>No ringing in my ears
>No pain
>No pressure
>I watched the floor come at me
>I watched as i bounded off my forehead, and bounced again
>Then i watched as the floor came back, my nose resting against it
>My eyes staring into the depths of the shadow my void had created.

>I realized i didn't feel any pain
>My wrists
>My back
>Any of the myriad of places i had been injured this sleepover
>For once, i was completely at ease in a sea of comfort.
>Nice way to go i guess

>Until i breathed in with my nose, and snorted an arcid and metallic liquid
>I could taste it
>I could smell it
>Two senses i hadn't learned to turn off, i had never needed to.
>It filled my nostrils
>But it was her blood
>I was lying in a pool of blood, by her side.

>I coughed, and sputtered, and leaned my head upwards to grab the razor from her hand
>distancing myself from the pool, i could barely see as is
>I guess i had splashed it all over my face, and it was dripping down into my eyes.
>[spoiler]Ever had blood in your eyes anons?[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It feels like water, it's always warm and drips right down your eyelids and makes you blink[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You can't feel it, your tears are just blood with elements removed anyway.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] but you can see it[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Blood swims in your vision, waves of red and pink float across your sight[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Until you blink, and it's all gone, only for another drop to replace it and it to start all over again.[/spoiler]
>I was seeing red, and i grabbed the razor

>My fingers caress hers for a moment, then it's in my hand and i pull it away
>Watching as her fingers curl upwards after the lack of weight holding them down
>That natural position that all hands curl, that resting position your muscles normally relax to.
>Blood rolling down her arms in happy little rivulets.
>I looked away
>Pulled my head out of the puddle of blood and looked down at my own body
>Down at my own wrists
>Seeping softly
>a trail, a smear of red where they lay as well.
>My wrists
>That's right
>They're already cut to hell
>I wouldn't get a clean cut anyway
>I start off in thoughts on how to kill myself
>That's the worst part
>Lots of em are far too complicated
>Sudoku, too painful, would be hard to add with this blade
>Temporicide, i'll let the time-traveling anons do that one for me.
>i can't even deicide how i would accomplish that anyway.
>Legs are too far, i'm not sure where to cut on my chest without it hurting.
>It's really not an important decision, but you pretend it is.
>It gives you power, over your fate

>Last important decision you'll make.

>Slitting my throat it is
>I wasn't really thinking.
>you don't really think in this kind of situation, it's just do.
>I know where that jugular thing is, i can cut that
>The chemicals flooding my mind made the process easy
>Painless, i hear that's quick too.
>Influencing every movement, letting my muscles move cohesively towards my end.
>I bring my hand forward
>Then i stop
>The chemicals in my mind, the fog preventing thought lifts for a mere second.
>Her fingers moved when i took the razor
>That means she's alive right?
>At the time i didn't know any better
>I didn't realize that muscles consist of a relaxed and taut state.
>I didn't realize that the deceased relax all muscles in their body
>I didn't realize how your hands curl when you let them hang
>I didn't know any better

>But i was up
>I willed all my muscles to work
>Dragged myself across the floor, smearing streaks of crimson liquid across the wooden boards.
>Hope is better than hopelessness
>That's all that was in my mind
>As i was dreaming of hope
>But there was nobody there to pinch me and wake me up.
>Even though i was dreaming.

>Blood's dripping down my face and into my eyes
>I have my arms around her
>Hoisted up, on my knee
>I lean over, my head blocking out the glare of the ceiling lamp
>Casting her face into shadow
>Examining her details
>The serene restfulness of her features
>The sunken cheeks
>My favorite eyes.
>Her sparkling yellow eyes shining dimly in the leftover light

>I stare at that face forever
>I finish my job as a cartographer

>I don't have to be scared of breathing, or shifting the bed.
>If only that would work.
>I'm holding her there for ages, i don't know where the razor went.
>But i'd end it happily right here
>And i watch the blood drip down my face
>A droplet rolled down my nose
>Slid to the end, hovering on the very tip.
>I could see it contemplating the jump, the impact, the fall.
>Until gravity overcame, and it fell
>Down and down
>Splashed into the ocean of her open eye.
>A majestic droplet no more.
>Then.
>I decided i would kill everyone else.
>[spoiler]Or something even better[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]She blinked.[/spoiler]

>That's a lot of thoughts and thinking i don't have to explain
>But my arms were around her and i was squeezing the shit out of her in the most bear-like-bear hug.
>Frankly even the bear who invented those hugs would have keeled over in embarrassment in his lack of bear hugging capabilities.
>The important part is that eyes blinking mean a couple really good things
>One, that she's alive
>Two, that she's alive
>Three, that she's conscious
>Four, that she's alive
>Five, that she's alive

>Six, that she's alive
>Seven, that she's alive
>Eight, that she's alive
>Nine, that she's alive
>Ten, that she's alive
>Eleven, that she's alive
>Twelve, that she's alive
>Fourteen, that she's alive

>Fifteen, that she's alive.
>Sixteen, that she's alive.
>But who are we kidding
>This was all a dream, remember anons?

>I hit my head when i fell
>Knocked myself out cold
>Just like her body when i woke up.

>But you've been paying attention
>You're smarter than that.
>You remember what i've told you
>I don't dream.
>And i can't state how important it is that you experienced it this way.
>The same way i did
>Because of how this changed everything.
>But i heard her.
>She squeezed out words, nothing complicated
>Just a
>"You're hurting me"
>I bet i was
>I was squeezing the life right out of her
>But that was bad
>She needed that stuff
>So i let go, looked back
>Tried to understand how i could be so wrong
>Her wrists were still running with crimson
>But the puddles were smaller than i thought they would be
>Just small pools , fawning out over the area
>Atleast the other side was, i didn't understand. I fell feet away and landed in one myself.

>I try to trace the puddles
>They don't touch
>She's seemingly alert
>Is studying me with an intent look on her face.
>Her hand to my head, comes away covered in more crimson than it had otherwise
>I hit my head when i fell
>I'm lying in a pool of my own blood
>Sorry fucking mess i look myself, let alone her
>She's got some splainin to do.
>But i don't ask the right questions
>And it doesn't matter
>I just tell her
>Blubbering into her shoulder like a small child
>I tell her that she tried to kill herself
>Like she didn't know already
>But that's the thing
>She didn't

>"I... i didn't"
>Those were the words she said
>The wrists i look at
>The cuts are across not down
>Clotted over already
>Only seeping sadly
>Her eyes are shining, crying
>She sees the pain i'm in, the inner turmoil in my eyes.
>I know she must.
>"I... i couldn't feel anything, think straight... hear the rain outside"
>"It was just all silent, empty..."
>"I just wanted to feel something!"
>It wasn't even a statement, or a declaration
>It was like a question
>A searching question
>I knew that feeling far too well

>"It didn't even hur-"
>She stops
>I'm in tears
>Practically sobbing all over her
>She was just doing what i always do
>Staring up, blocking out the world
>Watching the ceiling when everything's bad.
>When nothing seems to go the way you want it to
>When it's easier to just stare
>When i think it's easier to pretend you're one of those deaf mutes.
>Pretend you can't hear anything but your ghost whispering.

>This wasn't time for talking
>It was time for crying
>But everything in my mind had changed
>Priorities thrown out the window
>Everything else in shambles
>A poor janitor in the corner trying to stomp out a fire in a wastebin.
>I realized everything
>Because as i keep telling you all
>You only realize what love is.
>What you actually value in life
>When you're sure its gone.
>You, dear anons.

>You had to give up hope.
>To feel the same loss i did.
>You only know what true love was, when you experience the heartbreak after.

>So i told her
>Words that until this moment i didn't understand
>Words that until this moment, i couldn't fathom telling anyone
>"I love you"
>Her face was blank
>But it wasn't her reaction i was looking for
>It was my own
>The pit in my stomach was gone
>I would tell you i felt alive
>I would tell you i felt amazing, endorphins running through my system
>I would tell you that birds sung out in lively song at these words
>These three words
>But nothing happened
>I felt nothing
>Her expression didn't change
>All i heard was the sound of the rain outside, softly pummeling away.

>But it changed in my mind
>We'd known each other for so long
>She doesn't know what i was going to do.
>My heart had been aching
>How close i was, i couldn't tell her
>Too shy to say it.
>She holds up her wrist
>"Look! We match now"
>She's trying to make a joke
>Like she doesn't want to talk about anything else.
>I laugh
>I don't know if it's real or forced
>doesn't really matter
>I reach into my pocket
>My sweatpants stained with smears of red
>*Eh* its pink, it'll wash out fine.
>I pull out the gauze i've had all this time
>And i start carefully wrapping her wrists too.

>Now, we match
>I drop her arms to her side
>And i lay down on my back beside her

>Staring upwards
>Silently both watching the ceiling
>Inside, we both know what's been going on.
>Lifelessly
>Motionlessly
>In pools of our own blood.
>What a wonderful night this was turning out to be.
>Well until birthday screamed

>Her legs seem to work, because she finds us quite quickly
>And she's shaking me
>I make it clear we're both fine
>And that she's welcome to join us
>But there's hysterics and frankly i'm not sure she heard any of it
>The screaming from glasses didn't help either
>Or blondie
>There's a frantic amount of screaming over the blood
>Over the markings on raven's neck
>Over the blood streaming down my forehead
>I can't really remember how i managed to calm that mess down
>I don't think i did
>I think raven said something, some set of words that magically worked to make the situation better
>That set of words that every girl knows, and every man should know
>But as soon as they say them, every male listening forgets.

>But i think we're labeled as idiots
>Second time in like an hour, that those three girls had to clean us up and stitch us back together.
>We're carried, not dragged
>To the kitchen floor
>Both of us dripping the entire way
>I have my head looked at, not really anything but a small cut
>Headwounds just bleed.
>A lot.
>Blondie playing nurse
>Lovingly grabs a rag and starts cleaning me up.
>Blotting bloodstains, wiping up streaks and smears.
>Hides the previous rivulets.
>But it was different than the loving care before
>I really don't think it was her being different
>It was me

>I knew what i felt about her.
>She was fun, attractive, charming...
>She was crushing on me, would let me do whatever i wanted (practically)
>But when i think about it
>All the ways i'd acted
>I was probably using her to make myself feel better
>But i didn't really feel anything about her
>Maybe if we took time together, but not yet.
>Not like when i looked at raven
>It was like a radiance of smiling energy welled up when i could look at her
>see her breathing
>blinking
>Alive, even if not... very vocal still.
>I didn't bullshit blondie
>I addressed the crowd
>"I didn't know what love was... until tonight"
>This has everyone's attention
>I put on a proper abe-lincon voice, have to play the part i guess.
>"Then i walked in on raven... covered in blood"
>"I love her"
> I scoot closer to raven and wrap my arm around her as i say this
>She doesn't react
>Just stares straight forward

>But the other girls are too busy in imagination land
>Blondie stopped halfway through replacing the gauze on my wrists.
>I can hear glasses and birthday going "Aweeeee" in that kind of dreamy way.
>When something's cute, something's happily ever after.
>I don't know if it was
>But it's not confusing in my head.
>I chased blondie because she was ideal
>Cute, a princess, perfect
>But in the real world that almost never works does it?
>You overlook flaws for perfection to exist.
>Perfect is usually the worst choice.
>Blondie doesn't say anything
>But she's not a dumb girl
>I never told her i loved her

>Blondie stands up
>Says she's going to bed, and leaves
>She's mad, or... who knows

>Glasses gets up and leaves too
>Which means i've fucked up haven't i.
>But its glasses
>She just comes back with underwear and a nightshirt for raven.
>Birthday finishes the nursing
>I'm not sure i remember what was said
>But i think they're going to stay up later
>I'm not, i want to sleep
>I'm not bleeding, but i hurt.
>Everywhere
>I don't ask
>I haul raven to her feet
>She's coming with me
>She doesn't complain
>Just follows
>We end up in the master bedroom
>Lying on the bed, facing one another
>I wrap my arms around her
>She's still silent
>But i'm not letting go
>And i drift asleep
>Staring into her emerald eyes in the darkness.
>Then i wake up from my dream
>But you know better by now.

Update #27 : May 6th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11606991

(The archived thread is an absolute shitstorm)

>I feel a rumbling in my heart, or in my soul
>Or, just the bed vibrating
>Could be gas too, who knows man.
>Guess i'm awake now.
>I open my eyes to find two globes of green shining.
>The tableside light on behind her.
>She's been staring at me for however long
>Mapping me out like i did her.
>I wonder if her job as a cartographer is complete, or i should pretend to sleep just a little longer.
>But her eyes latch to mine
>She knows i'm awake.
>I don't know what time it is

>It doesn't matter
>I've still got one of my arms around her, the other fallen uselessly to my side
>Well, trying to be around her.
>She must have pulled me off to turn on the light
>That thought pangs against my psyche
>I explain it away
>Couldn't sleep maybe
>The room is still otherwise dark, so i know its not morning.
>But her eyes are still piercing me
>Looking through me, as if i'm not actually there.
>When i say we stayed like that, silent, for minutes.
>We did, real, full, minutes.
>Until she spoke
>"I don't believe you."

>Wow...
>I didn't know what to say
>That could be so many things
>So many fake girl questions, or circular logical lies
>But it wasn't
>I knew exactly what it was
>I didn't need to think it out
>There was only one statement in my mind
>She didn't believe what i told her earlier
>She didn't believe that i actually loved her.
>I don't know if that's a thing i can ever explain
>Because if there's one thing you can't ever prove to anyone when you're asked on the spot.
>It's that you love them
>Not without telling them a story.

>I was young
>Dumb
>Inexperienced
>And all i knew was media and television, anime and stories i had read.
>So i did what so many young men and women do when they're asked this question
>I confused emotional love, with physical love.
>I wrapped my arms around her and pulled raven close.
>I pressed one arm into her upper back, and the other hand against her buttocks
>Her chest to mine, her legs intertwined with my own
>I told her that i wasn't ever going to let her go.
>I told her that i would "Love" her all night
>I heavily implied sex, as if that was true love.
>[spoiler]But don't ever mistake those two anons.[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]Sex may be something you do with those you love, sex may be a way you reinforce the fact you love your partner.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But it is not the way you prove love.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Too many of us had made this mistake this sleepover, and i was the last[/spoiler]

>Her eyes glint with sadness
>And she struggles
>Pushing me off, pushing me away
>The only contact left, her hands on my chest, my hands on her shoulders.
>She had a look in her eyes i've rarely seen before
>But i recognized it
>Regret
>When she spoke, it was like a thousand blades, whispering across my flesh.
>"Those things we did... "
>She didn't even need to tell me
>Her tone had me hurting without another word
>But she didn't know that, so she continued.
>"I didn't... i wouldn't ever... i only did them"
>She's struggling to come up with the right words
>"For you... because you wanted them, because i wanted..."
>Stumbling over each one, each pair until she can find what she wants.
>"I wasn't ready"
>Those are the right words

>They hit me like they were the right words
>Like an invisible wall of force comes up between us
>Like we're no longer lying side by side, like the rain outside has stopped and i'm far away.
>But i still hear that voice
>Far off in the distance, as if it's yelling thousands of feet away.
>I make out little bits and pieces over that long distance
>"I gave you...."
>"Took it..."
>"....Threw it away"
>"Slept with..."
>"....Hurt me"
>But my ears focus for the last line
>"I can't take any of it back"

>It's rather clear
>I'm an Asshole
>A real football head

>The biggest fuckup the world has ever seen
>And i'm here pretending it's all good, all fine
>When its not
>She bared her heart and i crushed it, then came back expecting seconds.
>Really? she should get up out of the bed right now and leave
>Never to return
>And she tried, she shoved me off
>Tried to get up and leave
>But if there's one thing i'd learned this sleepover
>Out of everything
>I grabbed her arm, pulled her back
>Wrapped my arms around the struggling girl, and pulled her close.
>She was tense, shoving me away
>Struggling, kicking, but i wasn't going to let her go
>I just squeezed harder
>And i told her a story

Anons in the thread were treated to copy/pastes from the beginning of the story here. I'm sorry, stop throwing shoes at me.

>It was an epic tale
>With knights, dragons
>Ghosts, and demon dogs.
>Sinking ships and krakens
>Princesses that hid beauty behind armor, the visor only showing sparkling eyes of green.
>and a headstrong knight with that princess as his dear fighting companion.
>About the allure of sirens, the kreening call of mermaids.
>The talons of a harpy, and the battlecry of a true Valkyrie
>and the fall of that Valkyrie, by the errant swing of the knight's foolish sword.
>As he followed the harpy's alluring song.
>The story was far grander than the one you read today, engrossing, and meaningful.
>It was possibly the greatest story in the world.
>This is just a tribute.
>But the ending was the same
>The knight, finding his warrior princess dead, her armor in tatters and true beauty shining through, takes his own life.
>That's the story i told
>So that she would know

>And she did know now
>She had long since stopped struggling, listening to the sound of my voice.
>The calm ups and downs in the heroic tale.

>She knew the truth
>The reason i told her the story
>Because my life wasn't worth living if i ever made her go away.
>Sappy
>Cliche
>A shallow overused plot device indeed
>But it was true
>The only difference is that you watched it all unfold.
>You understand why it was this way, why something so sappy and cliche came to be.
>Instead of an awkward one-liner in a romantic movie.
>And now she knew too.
>But it didn't really have the intended effect i wanted

>Even the greatest stories forget details
>Or maybe i just told it badly
>Because she was crying, and i never wanted that
>She squirmed one arm free, and slapped me across my face
>And she told me, malice in her voice
>That she wished the knight had gone through with it both times.
>That i never should have come through the door
>That she should have cut deeper
>And i wasn't alright with that
>I wasn't sad, or depressed for her
>I was angry that she could say those things
>She wasn't talking sense, like i needed to slap her to make her understand
>So i grabbed her cheek to stop her moving and brought back my hand
>But i didn't, i froze
>Her eyes locked on my upright fist
>and she spoke a matter-of-factly tone.
>"You can hit me."
>"I deserve it"

>But it was empty, meaningless
>Like a little girl repeating the words her father had told her time and time again.
>So i didn't
>I lowered my hand and brought it back around her
>and hugged
>and squeezed
>and didn't let go
>For what must have been an hour
>Our breath relaxed, but not deep and peaceful, both still fully awake.
>I learned many things over this tale and one of them was to wait for her to talk first.
>Very important, never forget it.

>So i did
>And eventually she spoke
>It was soft, a whisper to my ear.
>"I'll forgive you, if you forgive me"

>Its a deal
>Our hug changes to match the decision.
>From a normal embrace, to a lover's intertwinement.
>There is no difference between the two in position, angle or intensity of the hug.
>What changes is how relaxed the participants are, both calm, completely and finally at peace
>With no unwilling and tense muscles, or bodies to match.
>We both lost all tension, and relaxed finally.
>Drifted off into a peaceful slumber, in one another's arms.
>But that would be the dream world
>We relaxed sure, held on for another 10 minutes
>But her stomach grumbled.
>And we weren't very tired.

>So i let go and sat up
>And she did too
>But her hand found mine, not the other way around
>Moved out of bed, stood up and we were off
>Raven led me to the door, to the hallway
>We had another tiptoe adventure
>Avoided all the creaky boards even in the pitch darkness. Stumbled over soft pillowy things in the hallway, but never stubbed our toes once
>Never hit the sound landmines we did the night before
>She's still beautiful in the moonlight
>Her hair's not even a mess this time.
>But we cross the entire house, end up in the kitchen.

>Lights go on, Fridge is opened
>We share soup, and the extra leftover french toast.
>We're smiling, i hear a laugh as she deflects my fork from the last slice of apple.
>Its strained, but real
>It's lovely, i hadn't heard her laugh what felt like far too long.
>And we filled up on our delicious midnight feast.
>Or whatever time it was, it didn't matter.
>We put the plates in the sink, the clatter echoing through the house.
>No need to be silent really, who would care if we woke them up.
>We're hand in hand again, arm in arm.
>To the living room
>To the couch

>She hands me a controller
>Turns on the TV

>We end up sitting, arm and arm still intertwined on the couch.
>Just enjoying one another's company
>And playing video games
>Just the two of us
>I tell her to jump for the ledge.
>We can make it if we try.
>Throw down some blocks
>Building castles in the sky
>There was truthfully in my mind. No way i would have rather spent that last night of the sleepover than this.
>And it was how we spent it, hours later found by glasses.
>The early bird.
>We were both peacefully asleep
>Arm in arm, leaning against one another.
>Controllers still in hand
>It's a shame she turned off the console
>We didn't save.

>The morning of that day was a mess.
>Cereal was the breakfast of choice, nobody wanted to cook.
>We didn't even all eat at the same time. Blondie and Raven were never even in the same room.
>There was enough blood throughout the house to make an animated blood golem or something.
>So we had to clean all that up
>Hide the water damage as well as we could in the bathroom (it wasn't really that bad)
>Pick up every set of clothes in the house we had brought and toss them in the dryer.
>Load after load
>I must have handled every girl's pair of underwear atleast three times. All the pairs.
>Floors are swept, beds are made, clothes and sheets folded.
>It was like that scene from Snow White, where all the birds are picking up things and flying around tweeting at one another.
>Except none of the girls were talking much.
>I think everyone was angry, or busy or simply mellowed out.
>But that's just what the day after a sleepover is like, that's how they all end.
>Then that dreaded part came
>The phone calls to parents
>We were rather worried raven's mom would get scared.

>Explaining my injuries
>Raven's injuries
>The bloodstained (Some of it) clothes
>Head wounds
>Strangle marks
>That bruise on my back
>Yeah we were fucked.
>We lucked out there
>Raven's mom was busy, her stepdad was at work.
>We didn't bother begging or pleading with her.
>We could hitch a ride with someone else, or stay longer.

>No, i was done with the sleepover
>Don't worry anons, it ends here.
>So was raven, we made a call
>Packed up our things, everything we remembered bringing
>goodbyes were said.
>well between most everyone, Blondie didn't seem to be around.
>She didn't want to say goodbye, i could understand.
>I had broken her heart, it wasn't going to be easy to get her to talk to me again
>But i would try next time we were at school
>So raven and i walked to the door.
>And we left the house hand in hand.
>Walking down the path, and whistling for the waiting cab.

>But when it came near
>Raven noticed the license plate said "fresh"
>There were dice in the mirror
>If anything, we could say this experience was rare
>But i thought i'd forget it, we're going home to raven's house in Bel-air.
>Pulled up to her house, not worried about being late
>Yelled to the cabby "Yo holmes, smell you later!"
>Looked at our kingdom, we were finally there.
>To sit on our throne, as the prince and princess of Bel-Air.
>[spoiler]I shit you not, that's where we used to live[/spoiler]
>But we didn't notice.
>behind us, peeking out of the trunk.
>was a blonde haired girl
>Three bloody scratches down her cheek
>And a knife in her hand.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u1UZHXB_r6g

That's the true ending anons. It was fun.

End of Rine

But here's a tad about that **week after**, closure if you will.

>Raven and i ended up dating. We were wonderfully well matched for one another, and since i always love to tell everyone "The girl you date should be your best friend first, lover later", it worked out rather well.

>Her parents flipped seven, or eight shits when they found us asleep on the couch at her house (We hadn't slept too well at birthday's, so we just went to sleep again). Then they called my

parents and they flipped the rest of the shits. Mostly because my wrists were bleeding again and i had dripped blood all over the hallway. I explained it away quite well perhaps, i told the truth that we had been fighting the entire sleepover in one way or another. Our parents always treated us like a pair of boys, so i guess bloody battered injuries just go over better with those kinds of teens. I smoothed it over slightly by telling them i loved their daughter.
>They still sent us to a doctor the next day for a full physical and to make sure nothing was infected or anything. No permanent back damage on my end, her throat was alright as well, so that's pretty lucky. We were pretty much fine, but we both would have permanent scars on our wrists.

>Blondie had miraculously stopped trying to kill me for the last day of the sleepover. Which i didn't ever figure out the real reason behind. I think the theories of her being an intergalactic time-travelling assassin sent to kill me and going against her orders are well founded. Whatever she was, after we broke it off in that rather harsh manner, she went back to trying to kill me and raven.

>Birthday's house wasn't as trashed as we made it sound like, but i was forced (i offered) to replace the moulding on the door i broke and i spent a day of hard work paying for my moment of heroics.

>Because of the events at the sleepover. Blondie was no longer on very good terms with us, and eventually neither was birthday for a decent amount of time. It somewhat fixed itself (via glasses mostly) and there were more adventures in the future. lewd and otherwise.

>I never got my boxers back from glasses.

>Nobody cares what happened to homely.

Thus, i'm going to leave it as is. **Everything else is a lewd story for another time.**
(But if you liked it you can do one of two things. Donate or leave comments/feedback. I'll absolutely read every single one; and i definitely plan to tell more stories. *I'll put every penny and letter you leave towards more! It took me probably about 250-300 hours to write this.*)

As always, you can also reach me at StorybroAdventures@Outlook.com. Or join the skype group

As i promised, here are the Woody Archives
http://www.mediafire.com/download/df66qgapydtupnx/Sleepover.rar

1422 Woody images were harmed in the making of this story.

If i do any future work, ill leave a note here for ya. Don't worry. (It'll probably involve raven and the gals, we have tons of stories)

I'm thinking the cross country trip we took when we were about 17 over the summer.

This is going to be the new document.

Story #2

Storybro's Magically Lewd Road-Trip Adventure
https://docs.google.com/document/d/1hL48bw77wJ6SnC5g6J5ux82EN7Wtinp7lOqOha6Kzls/edit